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Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

OCTOBER
1944

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INDEX ON PAGE 5
ADV. INDEX ON PAGE 192

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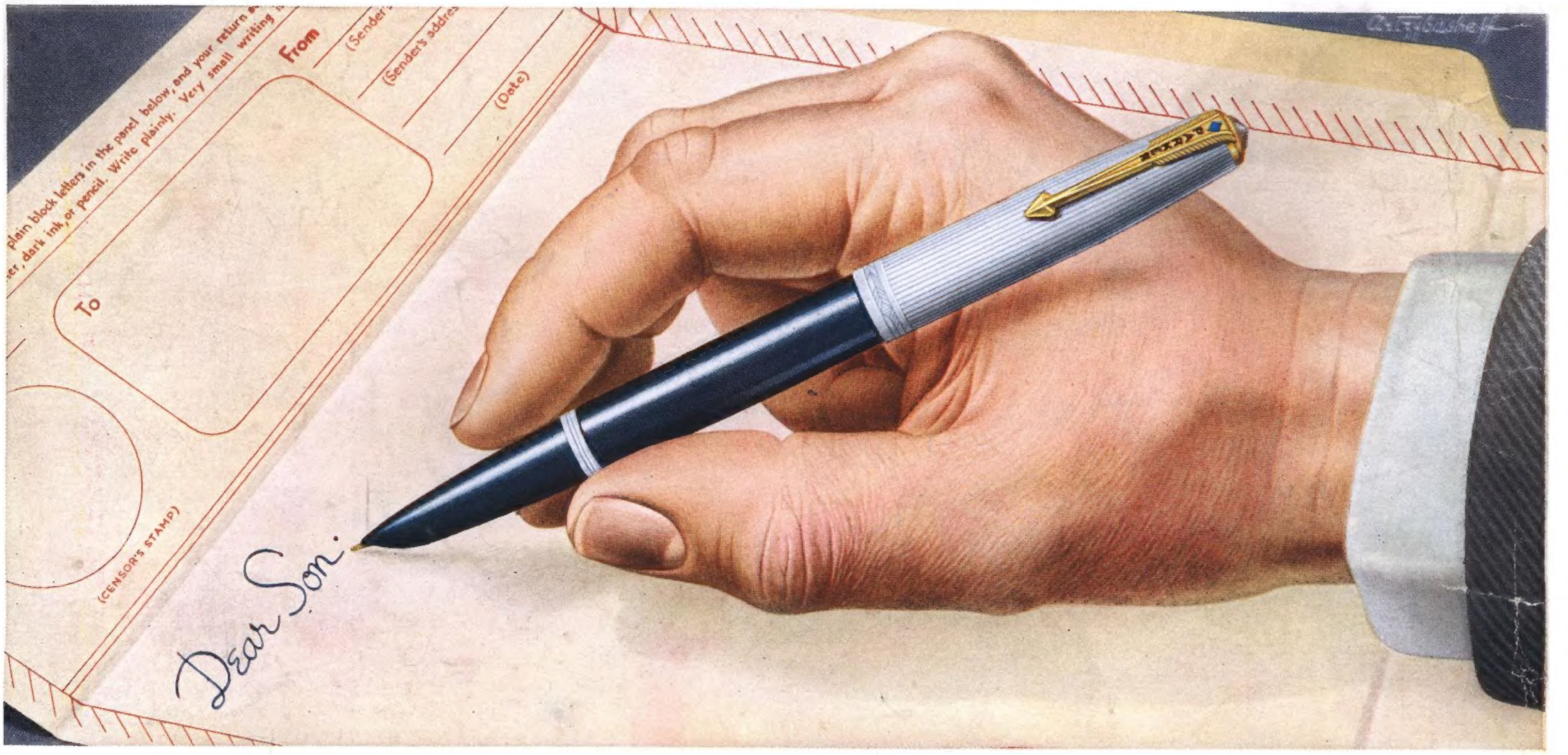
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To
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"Writes dry with wet ink!"

Parker "51"

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1944

Page

ARTICLES

The Wages of Cinema Sin . . *Backward look at two decades in which sex was discovered and enthusiastically exploited by Hollywood* . . . . Paul Frederic Heard 40
Tommy Hitchcock: Ten Goal American . . *The hard-hitting polo star demanded a combat post and flew the hottest plane in the Army* . . . . Paul Gallico 42
"Gentlemen of the Jury . . ." . . *When you enter the jury box, try to disprove the ancient wheeze that wise men plead causes but fools decide them* . . Paul W. Kearney 48 ℞
The Amazing Mr. Sims . . . . *It's nice work if you can get by with insulting august scientists, jurists and bankers to the point of murder* . . . . Alan Hynd 59
Britain's Wirepullers . . . . . . *Prime Ministers turn an attentive ear to murmured suggestions of the powerful and secretive 1922 Committee* . . . . . Frederick Kuh 66
Hitler's Strangest Division . . *A few of the anti-Nazis in the 999th Division managed to escape the Führer's ingenious death sentence* . . Guenther Reinhardt 80

DEPARTMENTS

Correspondence: The Sound and the Fury . . *The reader's bench* 10
Contributors: Backstage with Esquire . . *More amazing than fiction* 34
Opinion: This Man's World . . *War stories about a dog, a girl and a gunnery sergeant* . . . . Paul Gallico 82 ℞
The Lively Arts: Oh, Rare Miss Bergman . . *She rises above the great American fraud* . . Gilbert Seldes 84
Jazz: The Rhythm Section . . *On the genius of Art Tatum* . . Leonard Feather & Paul Eduard Miller 94
Camp Humor: Goldbricking with Esquire . . *Servicemen's wit* . . . . Bruce Patterson 98
Theatre: First Nights & Passing Judgments . . *How to make a musical sing* . . . . . George Jean Nathan 100
Books: Five-Minute Shelf . . *Disputing some predictions of Leo Cherne* . . . . Bennett Cerf 103
Potables: Respite for Thirsts . . *The situation eases on whiskey and gin* . . . . Lawton Mackall 108
Edibles: Man the Kitchenette . . *On that greatest of cosmopolites, the goose* . . . . Iles Brody 127
Wearables: Tricks of Fashion . . *Apparel advice for well-upholstered men* . . . . O. E. Schoeffler 132
Discs: Esquire on the Record . . *Of albums, loose numbers and* Love, Love, Love . . . . . Gilbert Seldes 134

FICTION

Glad to Be Home Again . . . *When they met at the village post office the soldier told the girl she was attractive, but much too bossy* . . . . D. Malm 47
Fair Trial for a Nazi . . . . . . *Atrocities were all too evident in the Russian town but Maria Ivanovna sought to discover something more* . . . . Curt Riess 60 ℞
Education of Eddie the Great . . *Though Eddie Nixon had discarded the Blue Sox for khaki he still carried his press notices in his heart* . . . . Ron Broom 65
The Lion and the Mouse . . *Steve Logan, the fighter, had roared his amusement when the Major advised him to stay away from his girl* . . . . Edward Price 78
All Bessie's Children Got Wings . . *The pilot advised the bomber crew to hit the silk, but they all elected to take their chances* . . Steve Richards & Robert Gold 96 ℞

SEMI-FICTION

Black Sheep Number One: Johnny . . *The first of a series of characters varying from well-meaning dopes to uncompromising stinkeroos* . . . . . Theodore Dreiser 39

PERSONALITIES

Artist in Search of a Medium . . *Karl Zerbe uses an ancient technique called encaustic* . . Harry Salpeter 77
The Legend of Dorothy Parker . . *Her genius was submerged in the wisecrack* . . Richard E. Lauterbach 93

PICTORIAL FEATURES

Tommy Hitchcock: Ten Goal American . . . . *Painted for Esquire by* Tony Palazzo 43
Varga Girl . . . . *Some Pumpkins!* . . . . *Painting by* Varga: *Verse by* Phil Stack 45
Among Hollywood's Nebulae . . *Gertrude Moran* . . . . *Photograph by* Henry Waxman 51
Broadway for the Boys . . . . *Daphne Hellman* . . . . *Photograph by* James Snyder 52
Hollywood . . . Set to Music . . See My Lawyer . . . . *Photograph by* Ray Jones 57
Stage Door Esquire . . . . . . *Hands across the Lexington* . . . . *Photograph by* Sydney Ravitz 58
The Esquire Canteen . . . . Skating Vanities . . . . *Photograph by* Anton Bruehl 63
American Beauties, Western Style . . *Diana Lewis* . . . . *Photograph by* Hurrell 64
Esquiregraph No. 1 . . . . *Bob Hope* . . . . *Photocollage by* Ravitz-Palazzo 73
American Beauties, Eastern Style . . *Jean Garver* . . . . *Photograph by* William Ritter 74
A Group of Five Paintings . . *Courtesy of the Downtown Gallery, New York* . . . . *by* Karl Zerbe 76
Brown October Ailments . . *The outlook bright and chill* . . . . *by* Irving Roir 88
Our Navy's Sunday Punch . . *The Helldiver* . . . . *Painting by* Alexander Leydenfrost 91
Kerry Blue at the World Series . . *Fashion's autumn shade* . . . . *Painting by* Leslie Saalburg 92

SPORTS

McKeever into Leahy's Shoes . . *Notre Dame's dark horse became her football coach* . . . . J. Ray Hunt 50
Boxing Boom at Wisconsin . . *"Chin down and seat off the canvas" is Badgers' maxim* . John J. Walsh 62
Poppa Joe Cambria: Talent Scout . . *Colorful Cambria drives a sharp bargain* . . . . Jake Wade 68
The Sporting Scene . . . . *Concerning the un-American snobbery of golf clubs* . . . . Herb Graffis 115

BRIEFS

Football Calculist . . . . . . *Math wizard fighting t. b. forecasts gridiron scores* . . . . Jake Wade 120
South Dakota Shoot . . . . *Where pheasants grow wild, and guns too hot to hold* . . . . . . Dick Cullum 122

TRENDS IN DRESS

Clothes and Accessories . . . . *Sketched by* Goodman, Saalburg and Fellows . . . . *beginning on* 85

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EDITORIAL: Skimming the rising tide of public resentment against the Postmaster General

The Esquire Post Office Case—Blow by Blow:

(Condensed from *Tide* Magazine)

Sept., 1943: Postmaster orders *Esquire* to show cause why its second-class privileges should not be revoked because of 23 allegedly obscene pieces of art work and copy.

Jan., 1944: After a three-week hearing, Walker overrules the decision of his hand-picked Post Office "judges," decides *Esquire* does not promote the public good and therefore is not entitled to second-class privileges. Claims he welcomes "judicial interpretation" of the second-class statute.

Jan., 1944: *Esquire* sues to prevent Walker from revoking its privileges. Walker meanwhile permits *Esquire* to continue mailing by second class pending final outcome of the case.

May, 1944: After some delay Walker replies to *Esquire's* suit, completely reverses himself, claims his action is not subject to review or control by courts.

July, 1944: *Esquire* loses its appeal in the U. S. District Court when the court upholds Walker's action, opines that freedom of the press is not involved.

Future Course: *Esquire* plans an immediate appeal in the U. S. Court of Appeals, declares that, if it loses there, it will take the case to the Supreme Court and even to Congress, if necessary.

Meanwhile, subscribers will continue to get their copies by second-class mail.

The Constitution got the brush-off in Federal Judge T. Whitfield Davidson's decision upholding the revocation of *Esquire* magazine's second-class mailing privilege.

Free speech, ruled the jurist in Washington, did not even enter into the case.

Not enter it? It was THE issue.

Judge Davidson asserted it wasn't censorship, but that Walker was exercising the duty of grouping and classifying the mails.

Call it what you will, the effect is censorship. We want no censorship of a free press by the Post Office.

—Philadelphia Record

The fact that a Postmaster General of the United States can by edict deny to any publication the use of the second-class mails on the ground that it does not meet his idea as a publication of educational value, is an amazing development.

The court has ruled that Mr. Walker's denial of mailing privileges to *Esquire* does not come within the meaning of censorship, but falls only within his powers to classify different kinds of mail. All he needs to do henceforth, to place an obstacle so great in the way of the right of any publication to live, is to reclassify it according to his own lights. He thus, in effect, may limit the constitutional guarantee of a free press to whatever line he may choose.

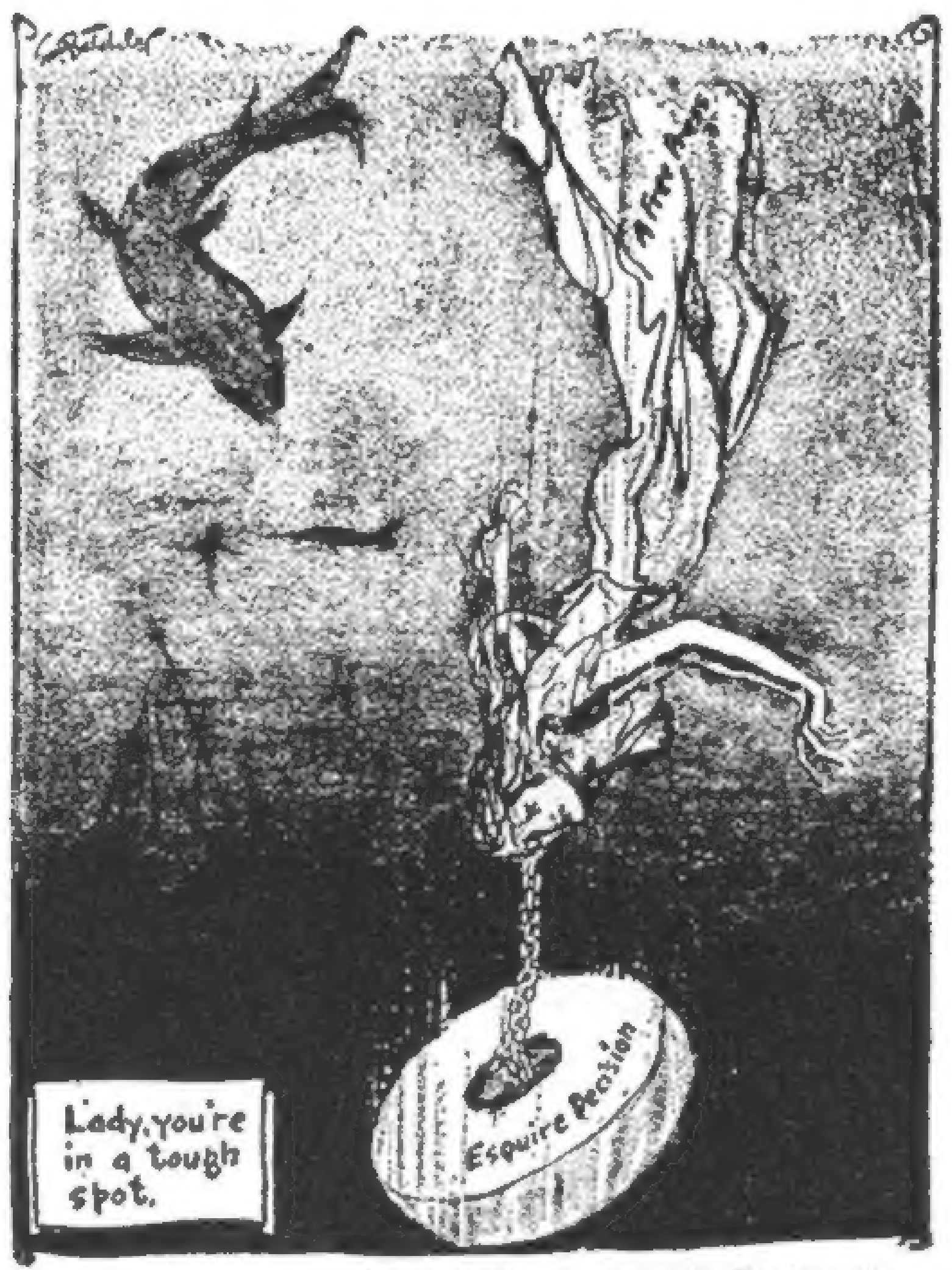
—Columbus Dispatch

Should the ban on *Esquire* stick, no other publication in the country would be safe from the Postmaster General's capricious judgment as a censor.

The action against *Esquire* is in fact a dangerous assault on the freedom of the press . . .

The threat has been seen by those who are threatened. The American Newspaper Publishers Association more than a month ago entered the case as a friend of the court and filed a brief asking that Mr. Walker's decision be set aside as outside his authority and in violation of the First Amendment. This was felt to represent the views of all those who sensed the implication of the decision.

—New York Daily News


Lady, you're in a tough spot.
Esquire Decision

—Batchelor in N. Y. Daily News

What is "educational"? Judge Davidson was of the opinion that the members of Congress who enacted the law under which the Postmaster General acted meant material like that which was enshrined in McGuffey's Readers. If this test were literally applied to second-class mailing material the consequences would be picturesque and perhaps appalling. One need not care a rap about *Esquire* in order to see the dangers of this procedure. The Postmaster General has too much power over publications.

—New York Times

Free speech and whether or not the magazine was obscene, said the judge, do not enter the case, for the law under which it was barred was passed by members of Congress "brought up on the McGuffey Reader." The McGuffey Reader has not been in use for two generations. If its ideas of morals are to be followed generally, women will have to go back to long skirts, stockings and waists with sleeves when they go bathing.

The ancient law under which the magazine was barred provides that to receive second-class mailing privileges, a publication must contain educational matter. The list of contributors to *Esquire* contains the names of America's most distinguished writers, including Theodore Dreiser, Ernest Hemingway and others. One of Mr. Walker's crown witnesses, asked whether he did not regard these and other men named as writers of matter having educational value, said he had never heard of them . . .

There is no place for an official censor in the United States.

—Jamestown (N. Y.) Journal

Should the Supreme Court sustain the Postoffice ruling there may result a drastic revision of publishing in this country. Costs may cut rates to authors and increase rates to advertisers. Many familiar publications may disappear . . .

For the educational phase of the matter we have read stories and articles in *Esquire* that were far more educational than much of the pedantic tripe often to be found in magazines devoted to education and in Government publications distributed free.

—Lynchburg (Va.) Advance

. . . we fear the ultimate effect on freedom of the press if this action is allowed to stand as a precedent. Some future postmaster general might not like comic strips or political cartoons.

It may be time to modernize the act of 1879 to make the law cognizant of the fact that McGuffey's Reader is now a collectors' item.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer

Do our people want Postmaster General Frank Walker as a one-man censor of morals, with arbitrary authority to penalize magazines and periodicals? That is Mr. Walker's present position as a result of his attack on *Esquire Magazine* and a federal court decision upholding his order canceling *Esquire's* second-class mailing privilege.

The inception of the case was the Postmaster General's accusation—doubtless under pressure from self-appointed "reform" groups—that *Esquire's* pretty-girl pictures were offensive to public morals. "Obscenity" was one of the original charges, and Mr. Walker did not drop it until his own board of examiners, after a hearing on the magazine, ruled against him.

No one need approve everything in *Esquire* to see that if the Postmaster General can bring such accusations and then, when overruled, continue to attack a magazine on general grounds he possesses extraordinary powers of moral censorship. He can grant second-class mailing permits to women's periodicals concentrating on light fiction. But toward some other magazine, designed for a mature audience, he can apply the Act of Congress demanding "information of a public character." The victimized publication does not even have the opportunity of defending its ethical standards. The Postmaster General is established as a Mr. Grundy, with tyrannous powers.

—Chicago Sun

Postmaster Walker has been upheld by the court in what is obviously an unduly Victorian bias against the Varga girl, the little sultan and the unrestrained mountaineers.

The point in which the press and the public generally should be interested is not the decency or lack thereof of the issue or so of *Esquire* which Frank Walker read or had read for him.

Second-class mailing privileges never should have been left to one public official for decision.

—Greensboro (N. C.) News

Postmaster General Walker barred *Esquire* because he said it did not have educational value. It is obvious that he acted because he considers the magazine's contents objectionable. Mr. Walker by his act bars from the mails what he is not pleased to read. To have the second-class mail privilege subject to the whims of a politician appointed as postmaster general is an absurd censorship which might be carried to undefinable limits.

—Toledo Blade

If postal officials are allowed to interpret the broad definition governing second-class mailing privileges according to their own whims, they are going to be possessed of a weapon that could be dangerous to many a publication far less frivolous.

—Bangor (Me.) News

Whatever his legal justification, Mr. Walker was most unwise, we think, in exercising this authority. The letter of the law under which he acted had fallen into a state of innocuous desuetude or respectable oblivion. Its spirit has been interpreted with a liberality sanctioned by long usage. *Esquire* itself has enjoyed second-class mail privileges for a decade; and so have a host of publications manifestly less entitled to them. To draw a line between what has educational and artistic value and what has not is a difficult and indeed a highly dangerous task. For the effect is to impose upon the public the taste of a particular official.

—Washington Post

Everyone would be under the compulsion of a law which would enable a Postmaster General, and his postmasters, to set themselves up as critics of literature, and to deny second-class mailing privileges to publications that did not happen to coincide with their prejudices. And by bigoted censorship every American who believes in the precepts of our Republic will be offended.

—St. Louis Post Dispatch

We disagree emphatically with the judge's conclusions.

With all due respect to McGuffey, we suggest that a new definition of what should entitle a publication to the second-class mailing privilege is not only in order but overdue. Our magazines will not function with the freedom they should have if a politician, by pushing a button and dictating a sentence, can force them to suspend publication.

—Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

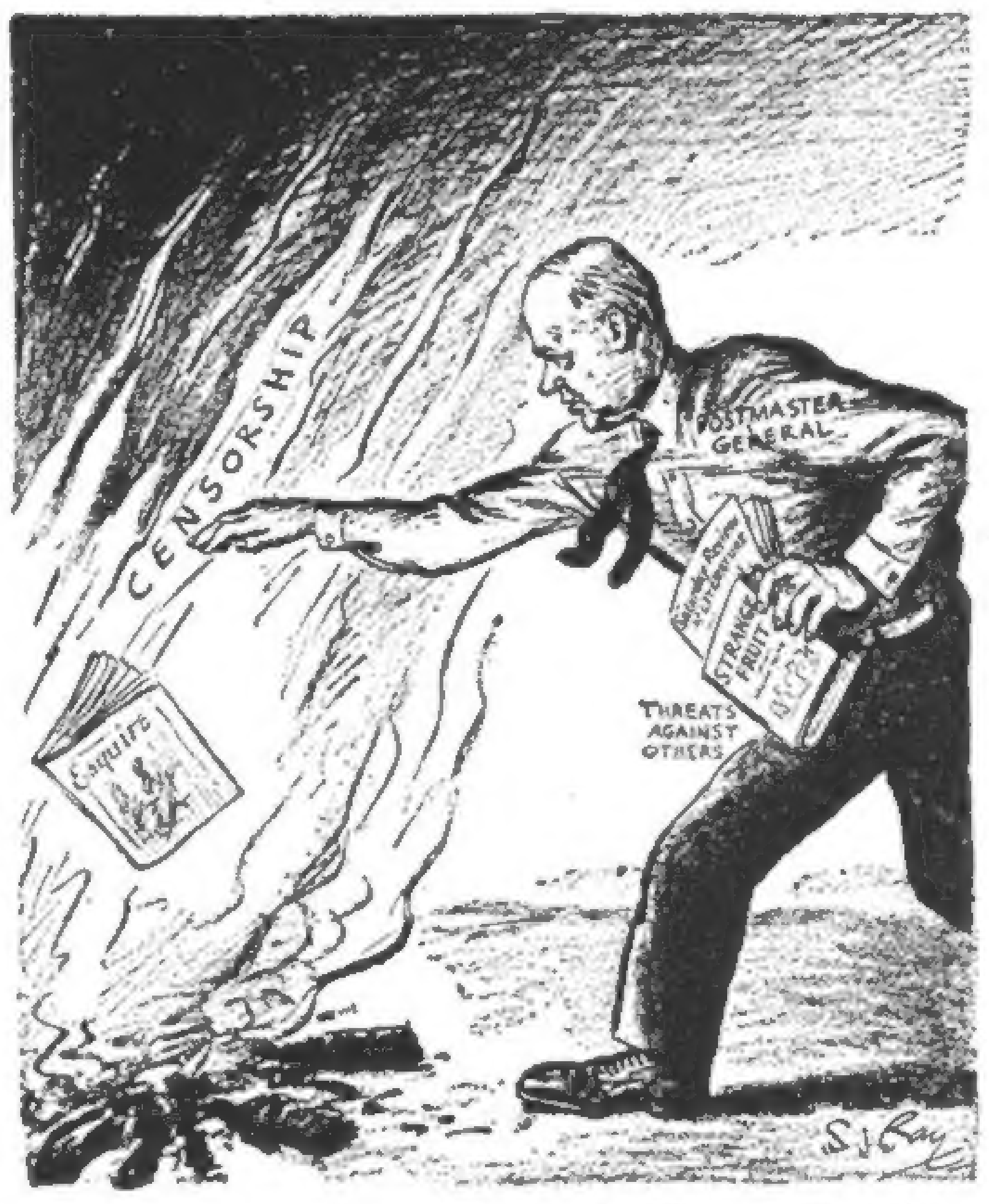
It can only be regarded as unfortunate that the court left unanswered the main question at stake, namely, whether the Postmaster General should have the authority to say that a publication is not mailable as second-class matter because, in his opinion, it contributes nothing of value to the public welfare. That savors too much of dictatorial government, such as Hitler exemplified in suppressing in Germany all publications that presented information not in accord with the Nazi philosophy.

—Hartford Courant

Postmaster General Walker has chosen to use the discretion vested in him to clamp down on printed matter which is objectionable to him personally, or objectionable to some of his subordinates.

The objection first raised was obscenity. But finally the Postmaster General retreated from this position to the contention that the contents of the magazine were "not of a public character, devoted to literature, the sciences or the arts." Yet it carries informative and literary articles much like those of such magazines as the *New Yorker*.

It is obviously intolerable for the Postoffice department suddenly to set itself up as the Dr. Goebbels of American life, letting people know what they can read and what they are barred from reading. Apparently Postmaster General Walker is ready to supervise a new burning of the books.



—Roy in Kansas City Star

If the decision of the district court is upheld then it's up to Congress to change the law, or to the President to get a new postmaster general. The American people are sensitive to the Walker brand of censorship.

—Kansas City Star

The Judge who rendered the opinion seems to feel that this gives the Postmaster General the right to crack down on any literature that would not have made McGuffey's Reader.

The ruling is ominous. Congress, after all, calls the tune on mail classifications and rates, and it is not impossible that the Supreme Court would also hold that *Esquire's* remedy lies with Congress not with Courts.

It hardly allays apprehension that so many publications could be disqualified under such an interpretation that Congress would surely amend its definition of second-class mail eligibility, because there is little reason to expect that strict and even-handed application of the law would occur.

The disquieting feature of the *Esquire* case is that the Postmaster General can apparently single out a publication not essentially different in educational value from a host of others and force it to carry unaided the burden of fighting for survival in the Courts and before Congress.

—Philadelphia Bulletin

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Talking Shop with Esquire

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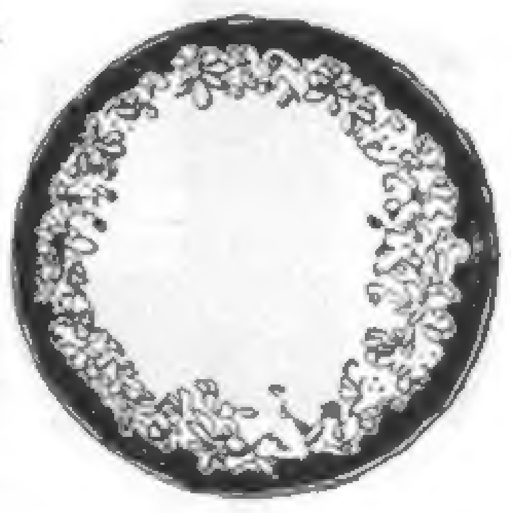
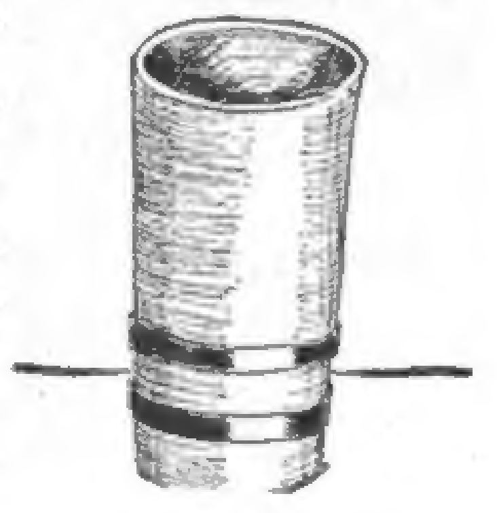
FOR CHAPPED CHAPS. Fellows in the SWP and other hot climes are often troubled with rough, dry, chapped lips. Don't run the risk of discomfort, keep one of those lip lubricators on hand and smear on daily. Shaped like a lipstick, the colorless, medicated stick spreads a soothing film of protection. If your skin is abnormally dry, there's a special soap treated with milk solids and lanolin (sheep fat or oil nearest to that of humans). We have it that surgeons who perforce must submit hands to constant scrubbings, use this special dry skin soap.

FOXHOLE BARBER SHOP. A set-up for a shampoo comes in flat, compact envelopes filled with powdered shampoo soap. A tin helmet full of water, a dash of the powder and you have a rich foamy lather. The stuff dissolves pronto in cold water, hard water or even salt water! And is scented with that old masculine standby, Old English lavendar. The stuff comes five envelopes to a carton, and there are at least four to five soapings in every separate package.



ADVANCE CHRISTMAS GIFT TIPS. Want to send something unusual to the Little Woman or Mom? Newest table mats are of leatherette which can be casually washed off without benefit of laundry or laundress. They're huge circular affairs, 18" in diameter. Half the circle goes on the table to act as a table mat, the other half hangs down to form a decorative table valance. You can buy them in plain colors, or have them hand-painted in a design to match the pattern of her chinaware. Verra chic indeed.



AND FOR DAD: a set of those non-slip high-ball glasses, designed to minimize breakage at parties. They come in pale green glass, pinch bottle style, with more dimples than Shirley Temple. Trick is, you can dig your thumbs in anywhere, and get a non-slip grip. Another set of 8-inch high crackled glass high-balls have a double glass bracelet base which acts as an excellent non-slip, good grip feature.

Ranger

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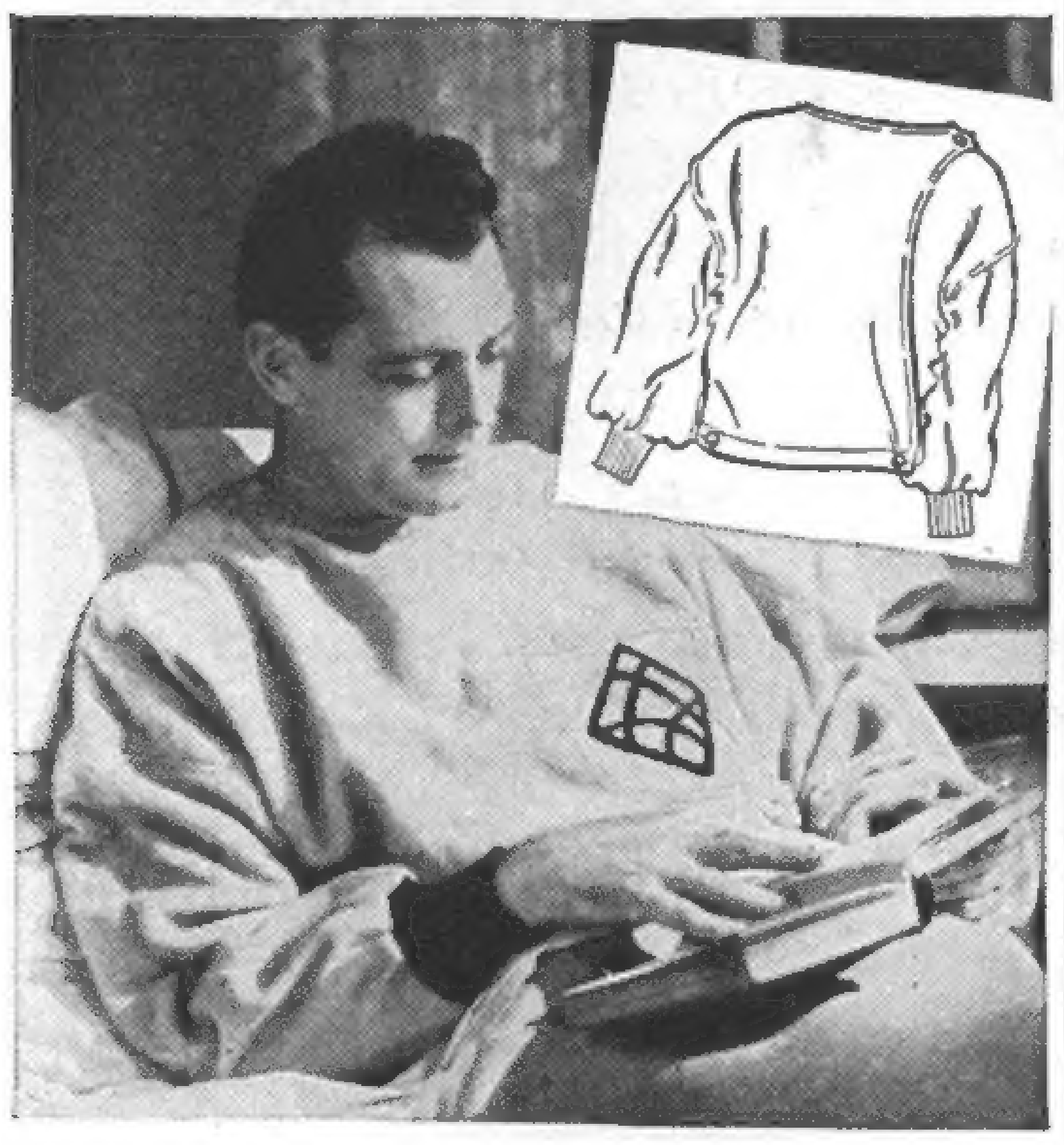

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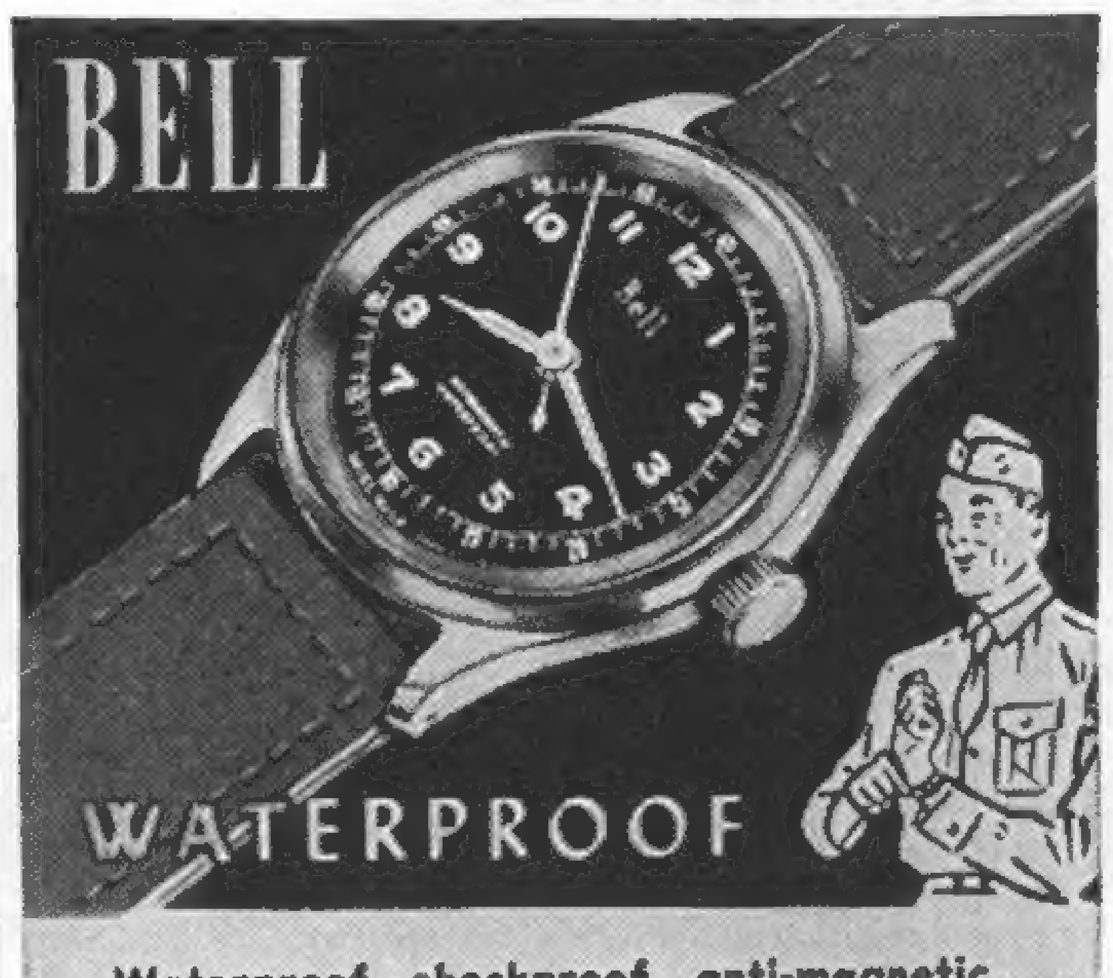

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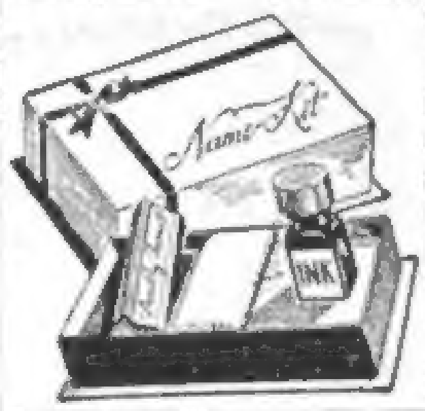

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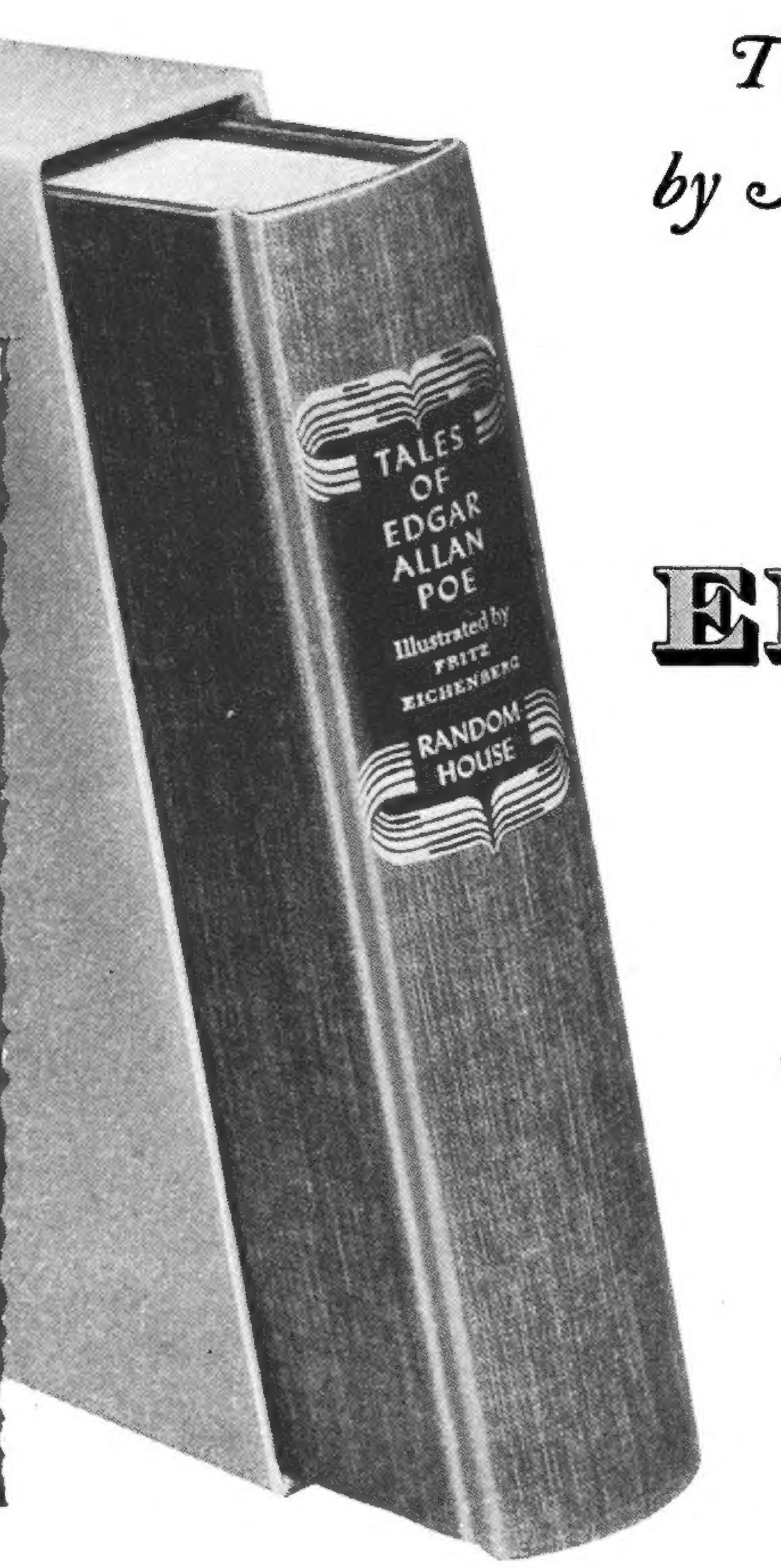

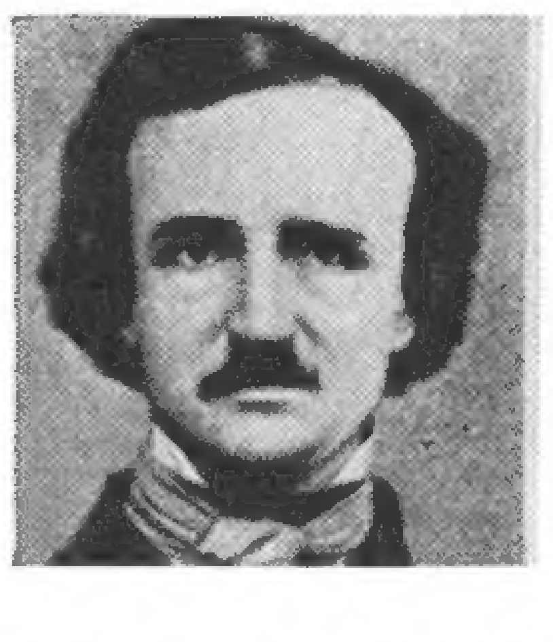

PARTIAL CONTENTS

The Murders in the Rue Morgue
The Gold-Bug
Ligeia
The Mystery of Marie Roget
The Purloined Letter
MS. Found in a Bottle
A Descent into the Maelstrom
The Masque of the Red Death
The Assignation
The Fall of the House of Usher
The Tell-Tale Heart
The Cask of Amontillado
The Pit and the Pendulum

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INTRODUCTION BY HERVEY ALLEN

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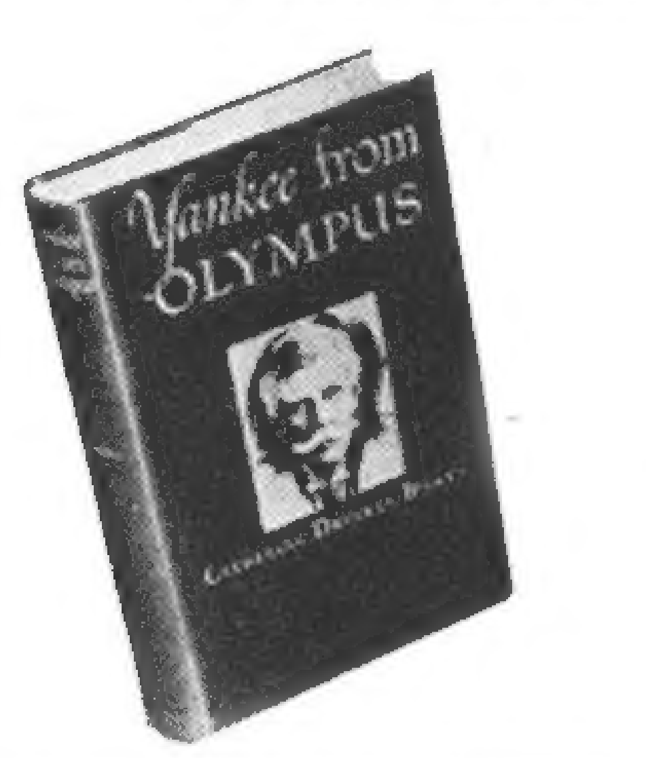

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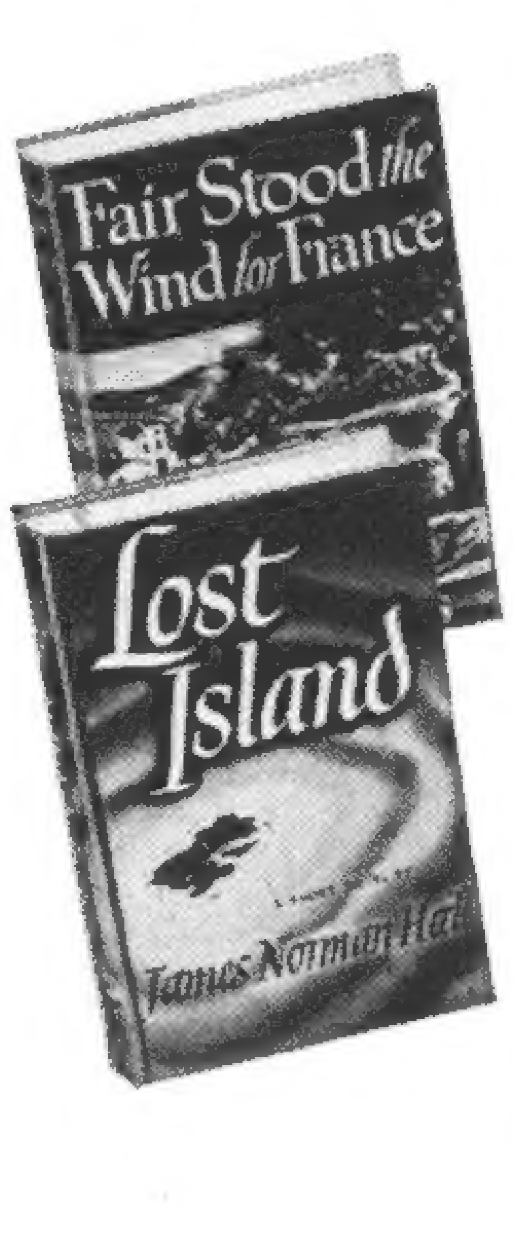

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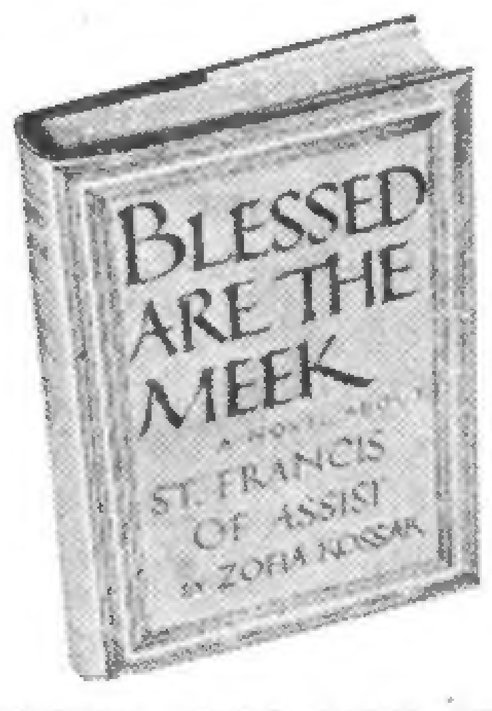

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

LAY ON, McGUFFEY!

Please attribute any incoherence in this letter to its writer's epic rage.

The late ruling of Judge T. W. Davidson seems to evidence bigotry to an extent almost incomprehensible in a supposedly civilized society. Can any informed person honestly believe that the legislators in 1869 relied upon such a meager source as *McGuffey's Reader* for their total concept of literature? Where were the highly urbane and often utterly risqué classics in Latin and Greek at that time?

Is it to be supposed that Congressmen in 1869, Victorian as they were, were totally ignorant of ultra-torrid works of Rabelais and Boccaccio not to mention the immortal and often "immoral" Chaucer. And if we must assume that our Victorian salons were so abysmally ignorant that *McGuffey's Reader* was their literary ideal, how can we bear the further charge of the assumption that it must also be our ideal, now and forever? Lest I seem too scornful of Mr. McGuffey's "opus" I will say now that I believe it was adequate for schoolboys of its era but were schoolboys our lawmakers at that time?

As a homemaker, I have found Esquire's *Man the Kitchenette* as fine a culinary department as in any homemaking magazine. I have also found George Jean Nathan's *First Nights & Passing Judgments* a highly informative criticism of plays I should like very much to see if I were in New York. My husband, a swimming coach, is enthusiastic in his praise of Esquire's *Sports Poll* and other sports articles on boxing. He also finds Esquire's *Trends in Dress* as invaluable as I find *Mademoiselle.* Both of us have been interested, amused and informed for many months by the excellent articles on marriage, music, art, war heroes and other subjects too numerous to mention, found regularly in Esquire.

We're not stupid, we're not obscene; Esquire isn't either. Do keep on trying to get an intelligent, reasonable ruling on Esquire's postal rights.

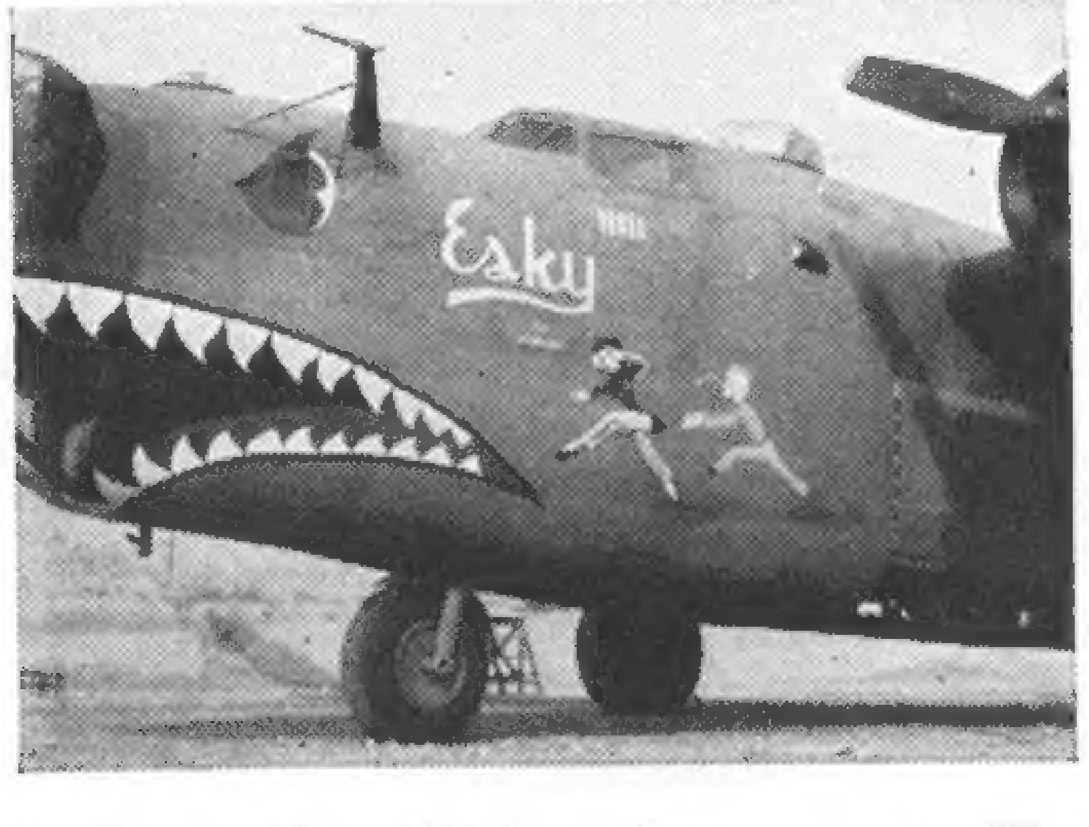
Sincerely,
Mrs. Charles L. Wood
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

ESKY GOES FOR A RAID

Not satisfied with merely seeing "Esky" on the cover of his namesake each month, we've adopted him and given our own version of the perennial wolf on the nose of our B-24.

True to form he's still chasing; this time an exotic Oriental creature.

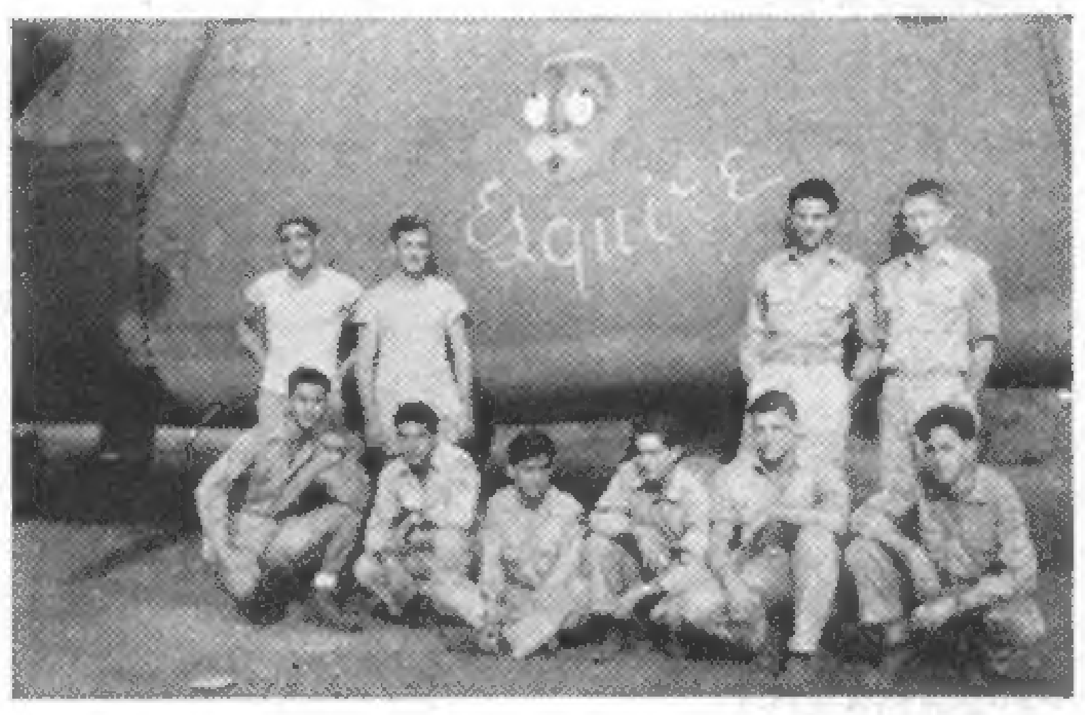
The natural question will arise: Who's trying to give who publicity? The answer is simple. We've simply decided to have the old boy because we like him and all that he represents in that good old school of purely American entertainment. Sincerely,



Foster Davidoff
China Lt., Air Corps

I am sending herewith a snapshot sent me by my son T/Sgt. Norman Wachtel, who is stationed "somewhere in the South Pacific." As you can see the plane is named "Esquire" and is piloted by 1st Lt. Frederick G. Moody, and his crew which is as follows: Co-pilot—2nd Lt. Arthur A. Chapman; Bombardier—2nd Lt. Henry J. Cicciollo; Navigator—2nd Lt. Thomas O. Calloway; Radio Oper.—T/Sgt. Norman Wachtel; Asst. Radio Oper.—S/Sgt. James Banos; Asst. Armorer Gunner—S/Sgt. Roger R. Douglass; Asst. Engineer Gunner—S/Sgt. Roger D. Smith; Armorer Gunner—S/Sgt. Boyd W. Beatty.

The crew also has a little dog mascot named "Esky." When they take off on a mission, Esky stays behind, but reading between the lines (and you know military regulations) I can assure you that the Esquire has seen plenty of action.



Sincerely yours,
New York City Irving Wachtel

The "big four" of the B-17 Flying Fortress "Esky" of the Eighth Air Force, are left to right: Bombardier, Staff Sergeant Charles W. Caber, of Bellwood, Pa.; Navigator, 2nd Lt. Judah H. Modansky, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Co-pilot, 2nd Lt. Milton V. Eddy, of Goldendale, Wash.; and Pilot, 1st Lt. Jabez F. Churchill, of Santa Rosa, Calif.

They've got six gunners with them when they go up, to afford protection for "Esky," who has been many times over Nazi Europe, helping to destroy Hitler's war-making facilities.

Captain Huber
Somewhere in England

G. I. VIEW OF THE VARGA GIRL

We have read of the dispute over the famous Varga Girl and think you should know how we feel about it. The Varga Girl to us is certainly not cheesecake art, but an inspiration of the American girls we left behind.

The American soldiers from the South Pacific to the E.T.O. will agree that the American girl is the prettiest girl in the world, and we don't mind advertising it. So please don't stop the flow of Esquire Magazines to us soldiers. Every soldier either carries a Varga Girl picture or has his foxhole lined with them. So to you longhairs who don't appreciate modern art, we say this: If you were in our foxholes away from the ones you loved, you would soon change your ideas. Take a tip from a few lonely G. I.'s who have given up a lot and ask for so little. Please leave our Varga Girl alone! We think that this is not only our opinion, but the opinion of 80% of the A.E.F.

Thanks for listening to our gripes and don't send us any T.S. slips via return mail.

Pvt. Marcus L. Haufeh
Somewhere in France

NORMANDY U. S. O.

Yesterday a dispatch came into the International News Service office, Washington, dated "With American Troops in Normandy, June 13," telling of the opening of the first U. S. O. for American G.I.'s in Normandy.

Seems a Frenchwoman with several lovely English-speaking daughters "opened up part of her house to make the clubroom for the G.I.'s . . . within range of Jerry shells and U. S. gunfire rattling the windows." The I.N.S. dispatch said she had "contributed precious magazines" to the club, "she even managed to dig up a single copy of Esquire dated July, 1935."

Just thought you'd like to know it.
Alexandria, Va. Charles Parmer

Editor's Note:—*Curious as to what entertainment this ancient copy of Esquire might hold for American lads who were reading* The Rover Boy *and playing shinny at the time it was published, we dug up a bound volume and glanced through its contents. Among the articles were the names of Ernest Hemingway, Vincent Sheean, Igor I. Sikorsky and Walter Duranty; among the fiction writers, Maxim Gorky, Manuel Komroff and Thomas Burke. There was a poem by Alfred Kreymborg, a semifictional piece by Ferdinand Czernin, and there was that definitive essay called* Washing the Hands. *The boys, (and we say it in all humility) could do worse.*

FROM THE MARCHING MOB

Never have I been more thoroughly disgusted than after reading that trash handed out by Mr. O. B. Keeler.

Mr. Keeler, since you took occasion to knock a man every bit as successful in life as you can hope to be, I feel justified in blasting back at you, not in behalf of Mr. May, but in behalf of the thousands of faces you slapped with your distasteful article.

First strike, Mr. Keeler, who do you think you're kidding when you try to imply that those greats of the early 1900's didn't take gift rides to play at the bigger tournaments. And just because golf of the 1900's was a sport indulged in by only those that weren't in the shirt-sleeved mob it was never a matter that bothered our watchdogs of the U.S.G.A.

I have heard many stories of how golfing gold bricks (amateurs of the early 1900's) found hundred-dollar bills in their shoes during tournaments.

Strike number two, just what does Mr. Harlow of Pinehurst A-La-Fine mean by saying, "The mob is on the march?" Can't you old-timers stand seeing fellows who have played most of their golf on some little municipal course stand up and knock some of your U.S.G.A. boys down? Can't you stand seeing a boy take a few hundred dollars to play in a tournament to make up for missing two weeks work? Or do you like to think all the boys just shut the office door for two weeks and come down for that bogus brotherhood stuff?

Strike three, you didn't like Miss Hicks turning pro right after winning the National, did you? Well, isn't that too bad. That little lady spent night and day for three years working on her golf game (plus thousands of dollars) and because she wants to scoop some of the jackpot she hit, she is on the outer edge of the inner class.

Men like Louis can't fight, Budge can't play tennis and Miss Hicks is no sportswoman (she called a match on herself in Chicago). Now tell me American youth isn't going to win this war for you and you'll complete the circle.

Let me try to put you straight on one of the Keeler answered questions. "Is golf still a gentleman's game?" You're damn right it is. Just because we drive to the club in a Ford, just because we use 50- and 75-cent balls, just because we carry our own sticks and don't have caddies—these things don't stamp the man a gentleman.

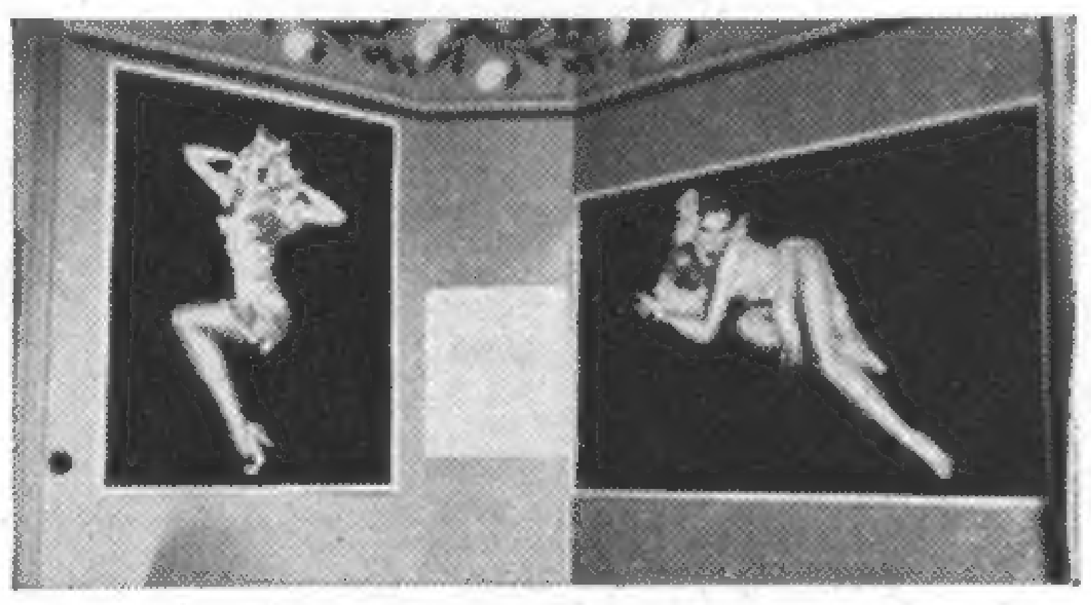
If your U.S.G.A. boys are all like you I'll follow people like Mr. Atlas of Detroit, a father of the Public Links movement there, Mr. May of Chicago and the Association who invest thousands of dollars yearly to teach golf and its ethics to that sweat-shirt mob on the march.

Cpl. K. Cloutier
Pratt, Kansas

LADY IN HOUSE PAINT

The enclosed photograph was taken in our officer's club here in the Mediterranean Theater.

The reproductions were done by an Italian prisoner of war and the most remarkable thing about the paintings is that they were done with ordinary house paint. He achieved tones and colors by mixing the few paints available. The paintings are about three feet by four feet and are as good a duplication as I have ever seen. These are just two of nine paintings that adorn the club walls, all Varga girls.

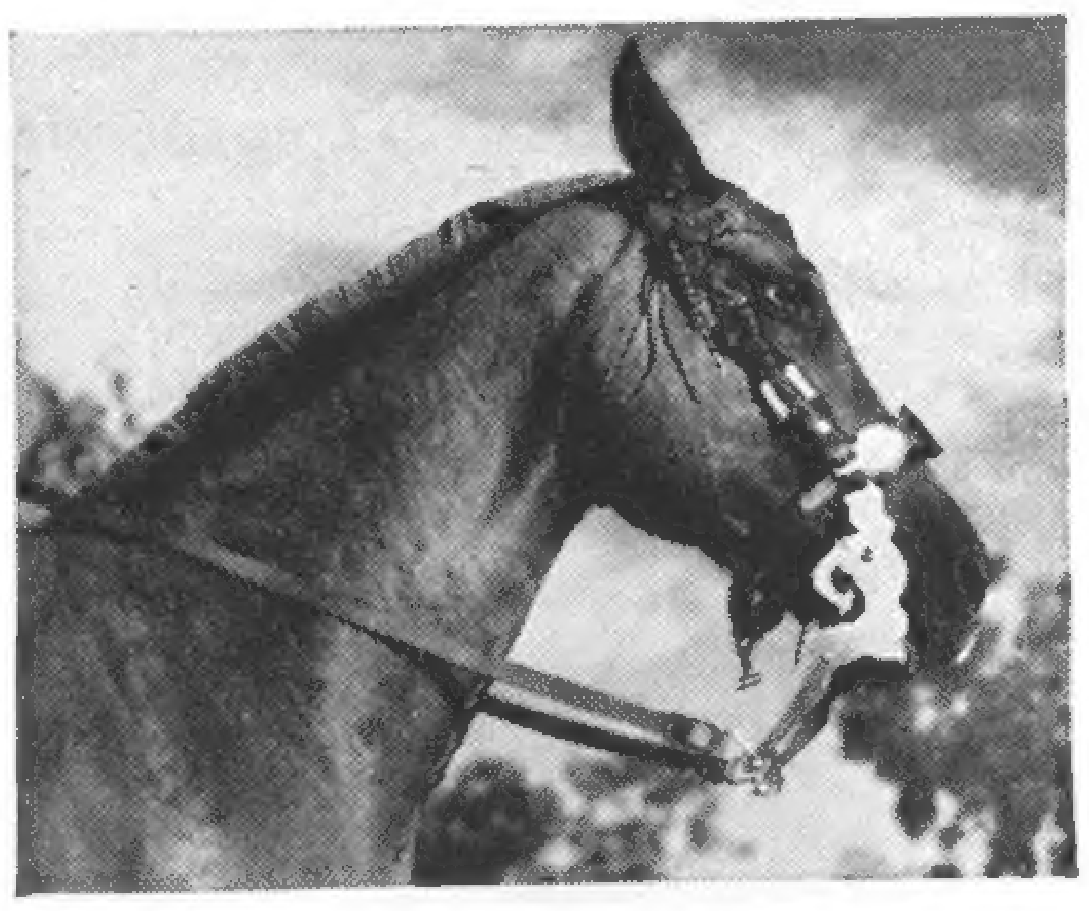


Esquire affords many hours of pleasure here. The few copies we get are read and reread until they fall apart.

Appreciatively yours,
Arthur J. Salkin
Overseas 1st Lt., Air Corps

FROM THE HORSE'S MOUTH

Private First Class Dan Lebsock, truck driver with an Air Depot Group in the South Pacific, saw something more than an ordinary pin-up in Esquire's January calendar girl. From stainless steel, after much filing and polishing, he fashioned an elaborate bridle, bit and spurs to carry back to his farm at Snyder, Colorado, when his tour of overseas duty comes to a close. Working entirely with scraps from the sheet metal department of his unit, in his spare time and with little more than a file and sandpaper, the task took several months' labor



"Big Red," the horse, is the property of two other soldiers. Paying fifty dollars for a saddle some months ago with a hunk of skin and bones thrown in, they have managed to fatten him up to the sleek animal above. Turned loose in the squadron area he bums candy, cigarettes and pop corn from members of the unit.

Maj. William C. Hodepp
Washington, D. C.

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You've probably read of wishing wells that do some rather remarkable things.

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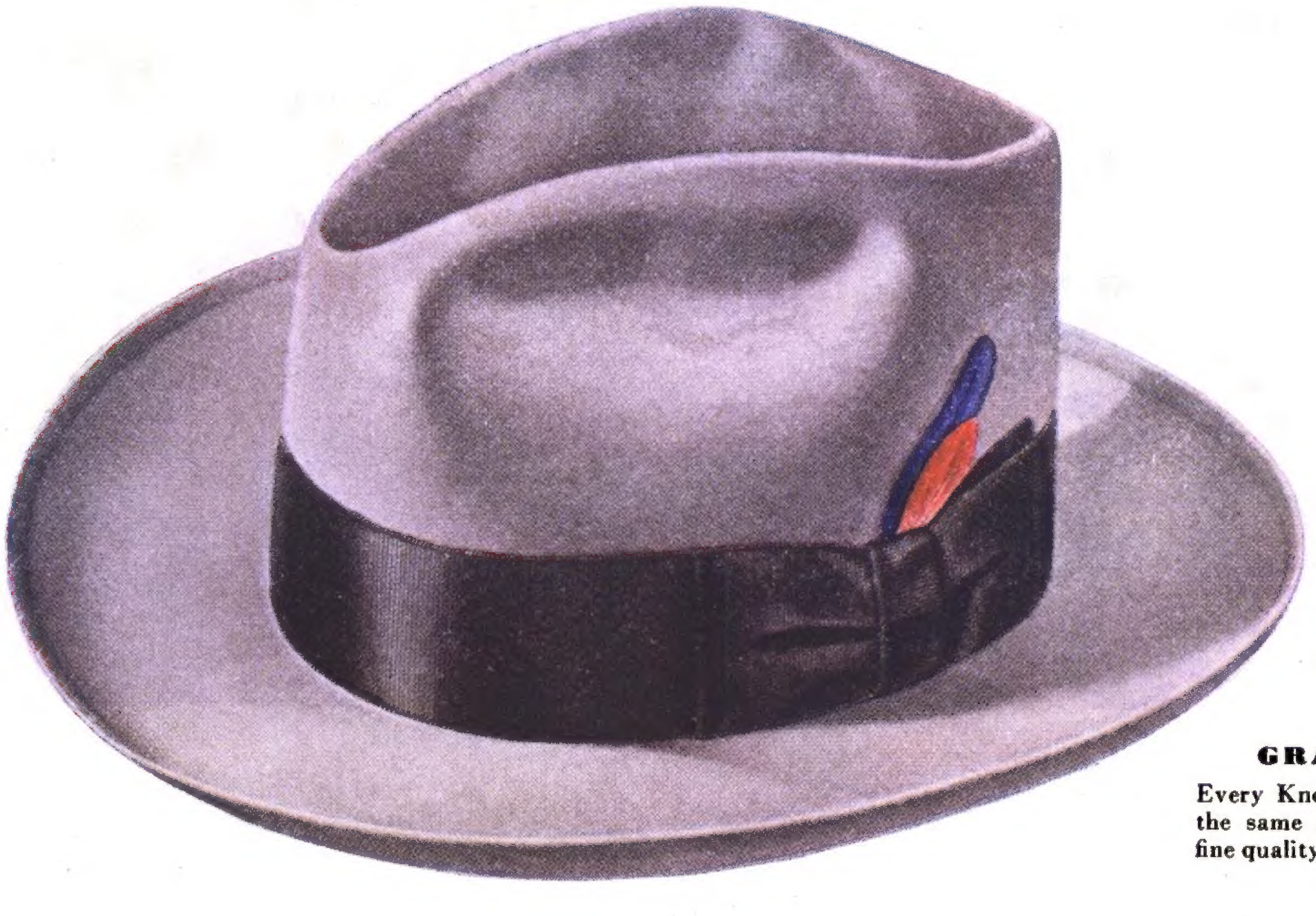

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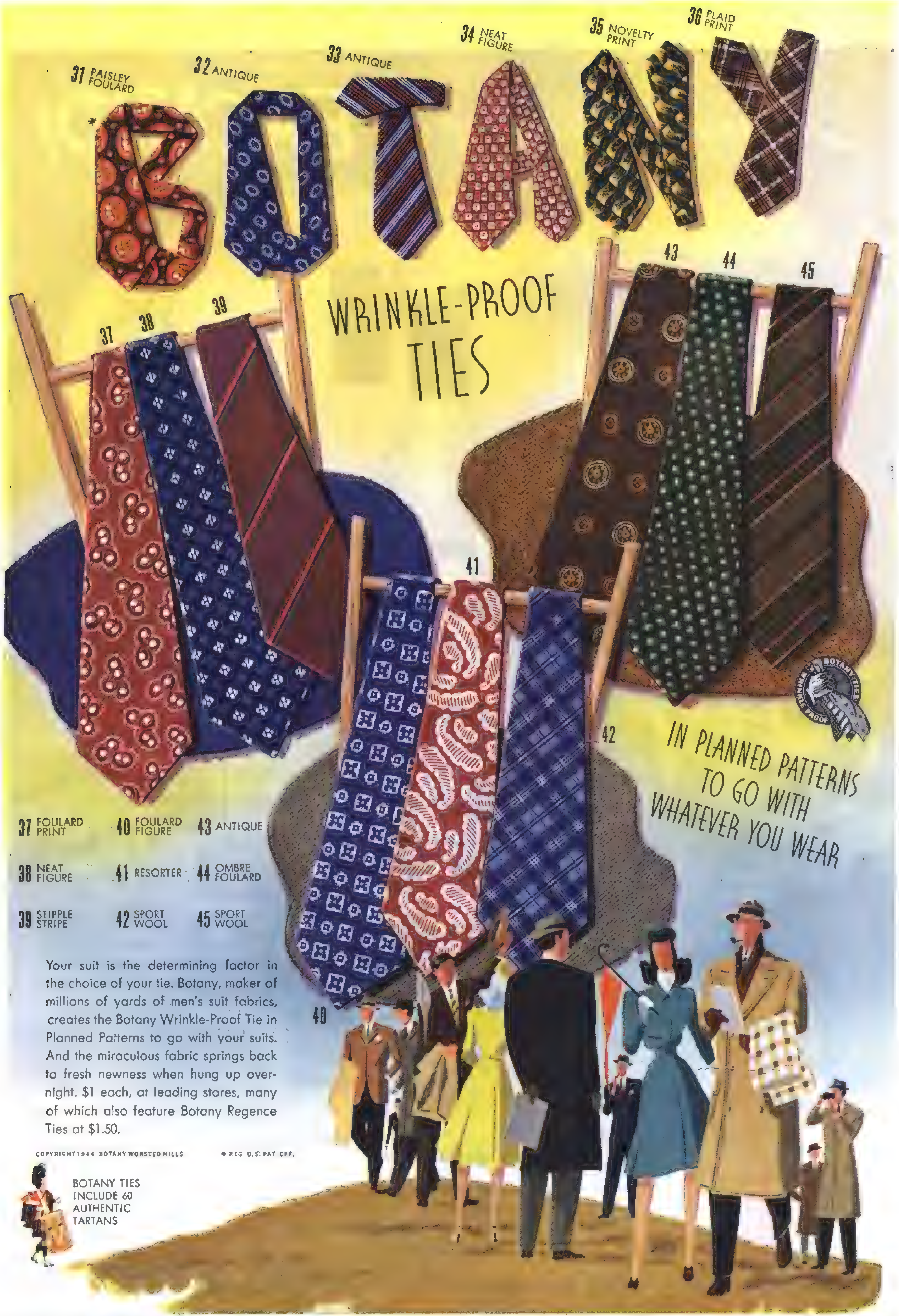

31 PAISLEY FOULARD
32 ANTIQUE
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38
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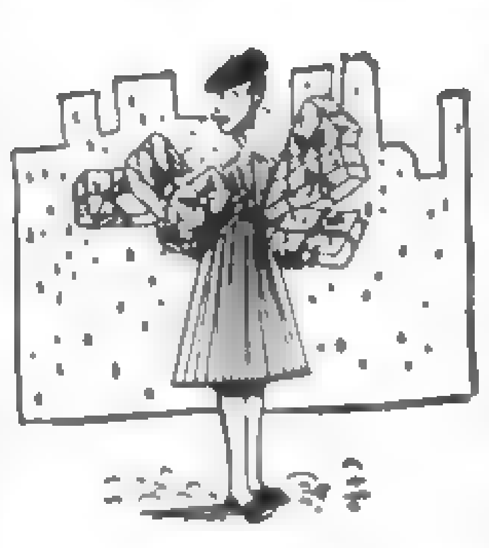

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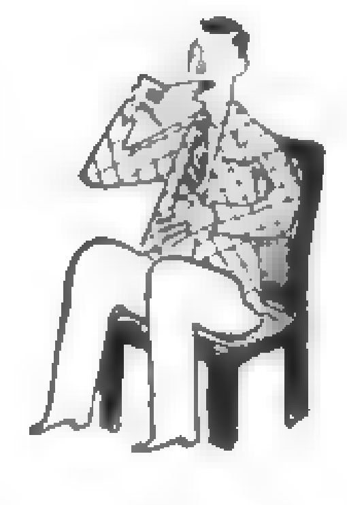

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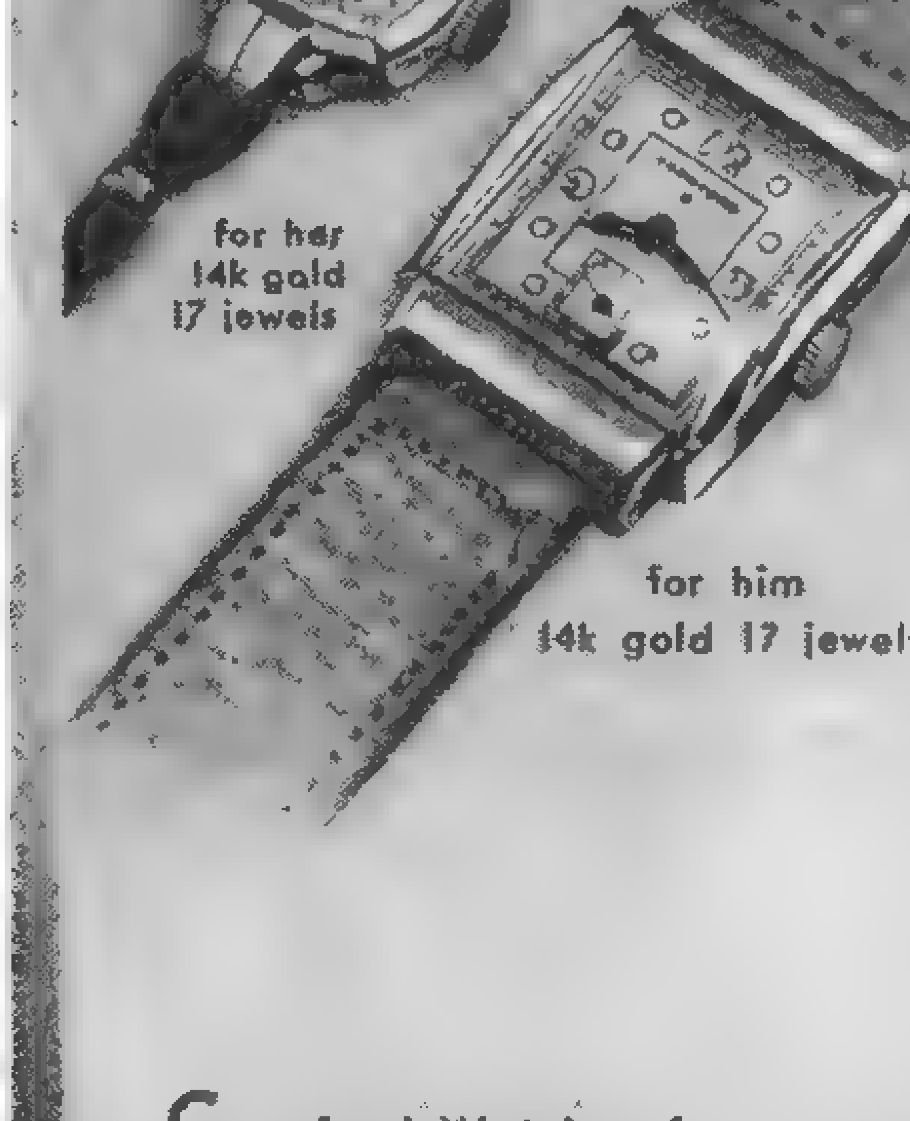

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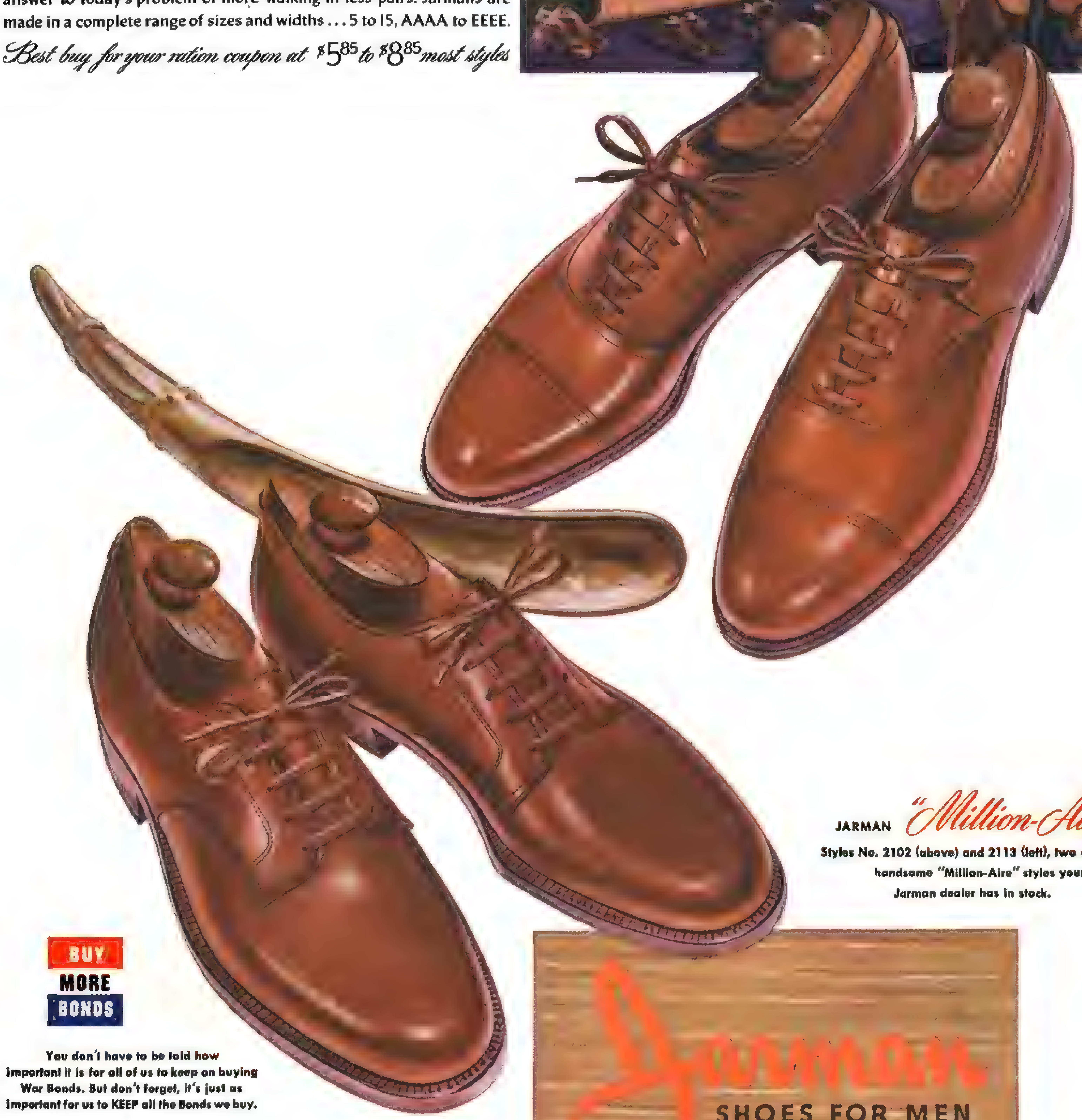

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Styles No. 2102 (above) and 2113 (left), two of the handsome "Million-Aire" styles your Jarman dealer has in stock.

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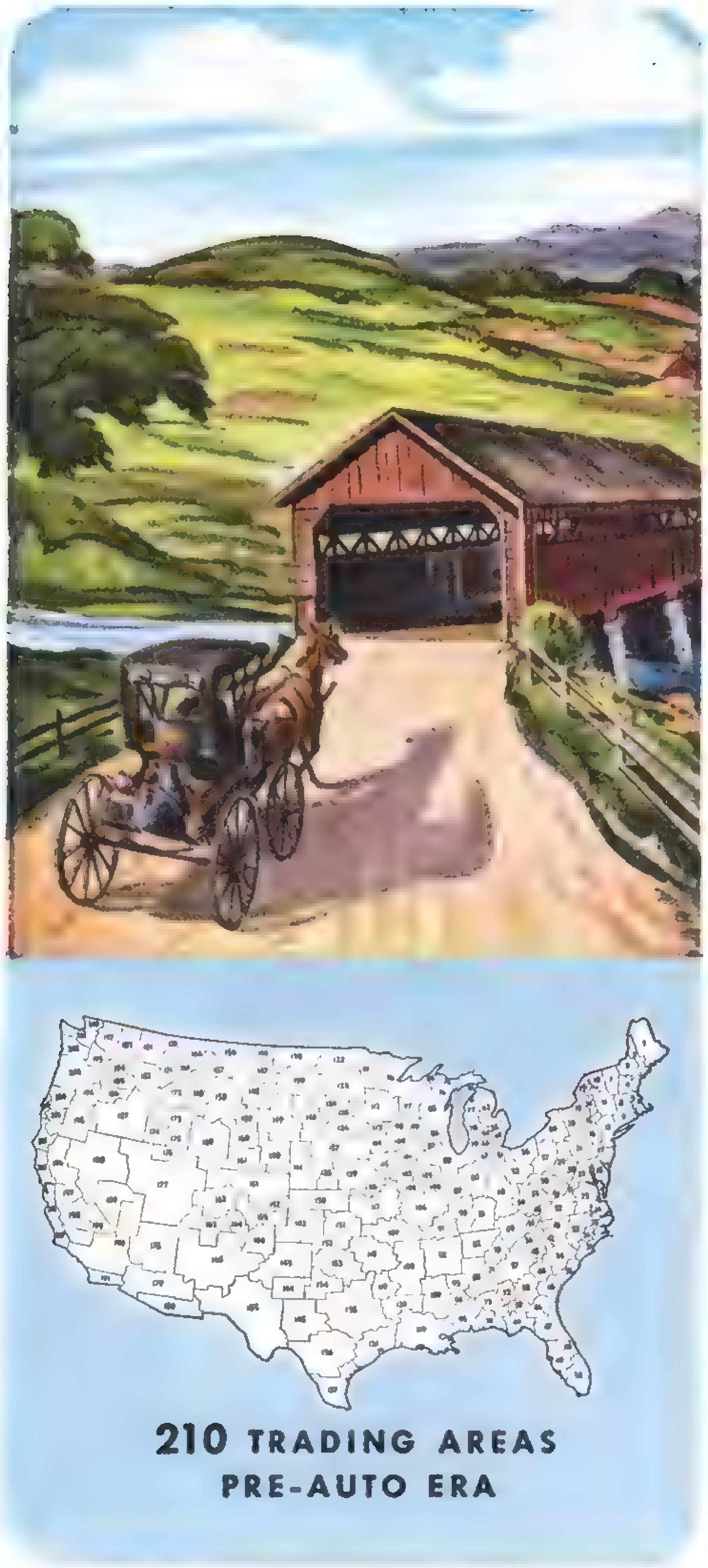

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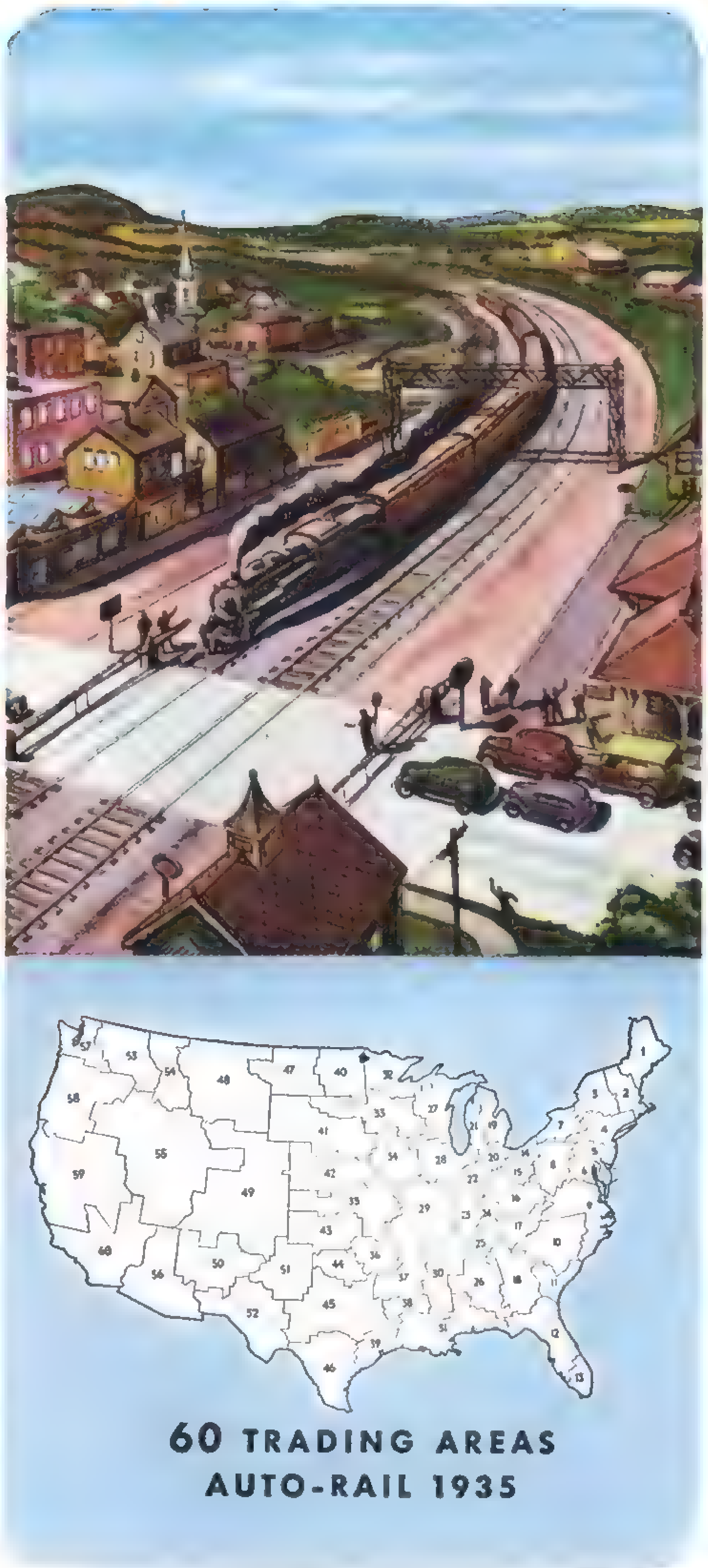

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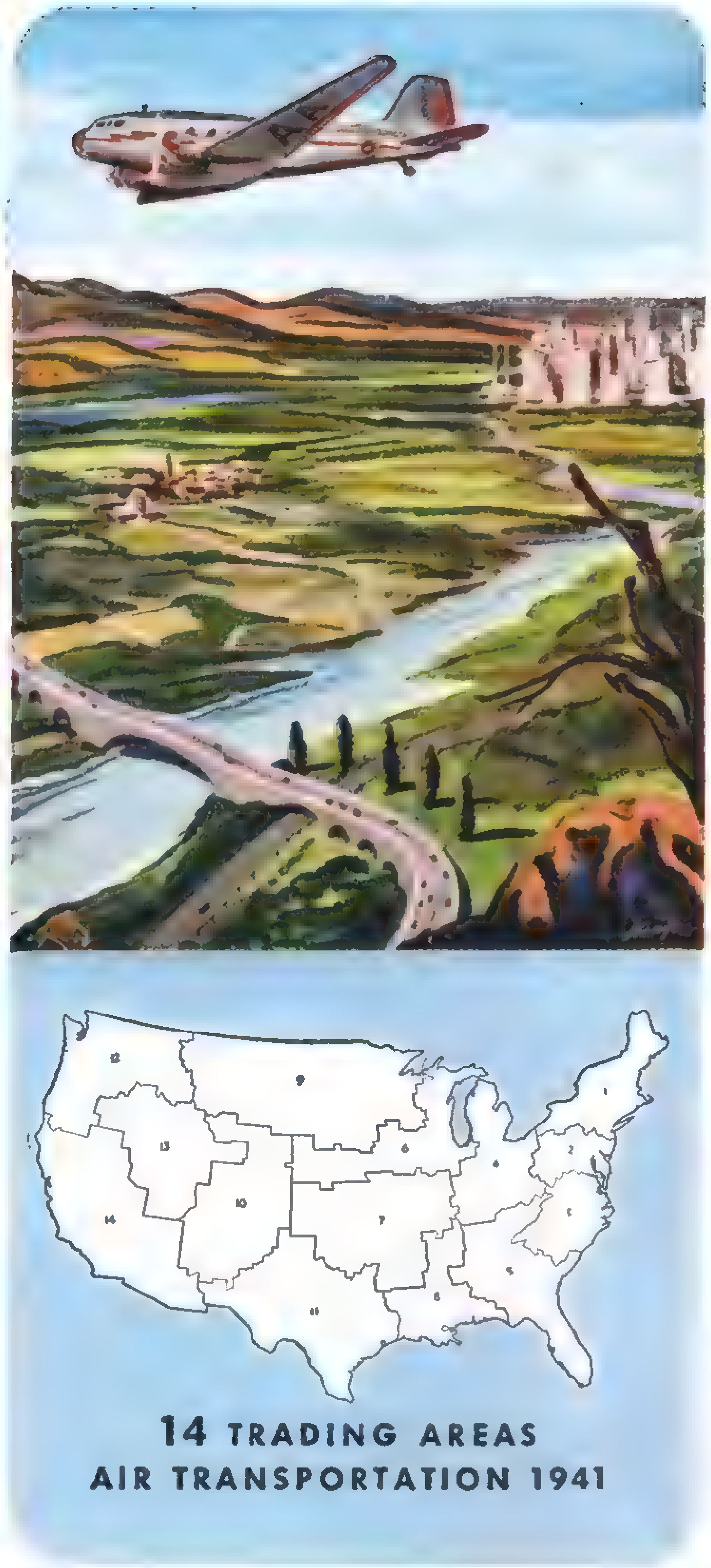


14 TRADING AREAS
AIR TRANSPORTATION 1941

ABOVE MAPS EDITED BY HELMUTH BAY, MAP CONSULTANT FOR RAND McNALLY & CO., AND PROF. H. R. TOSDAL, HARVARD UNIVERSITY. COPYRIGHT BY RAND McNALLY & CO.

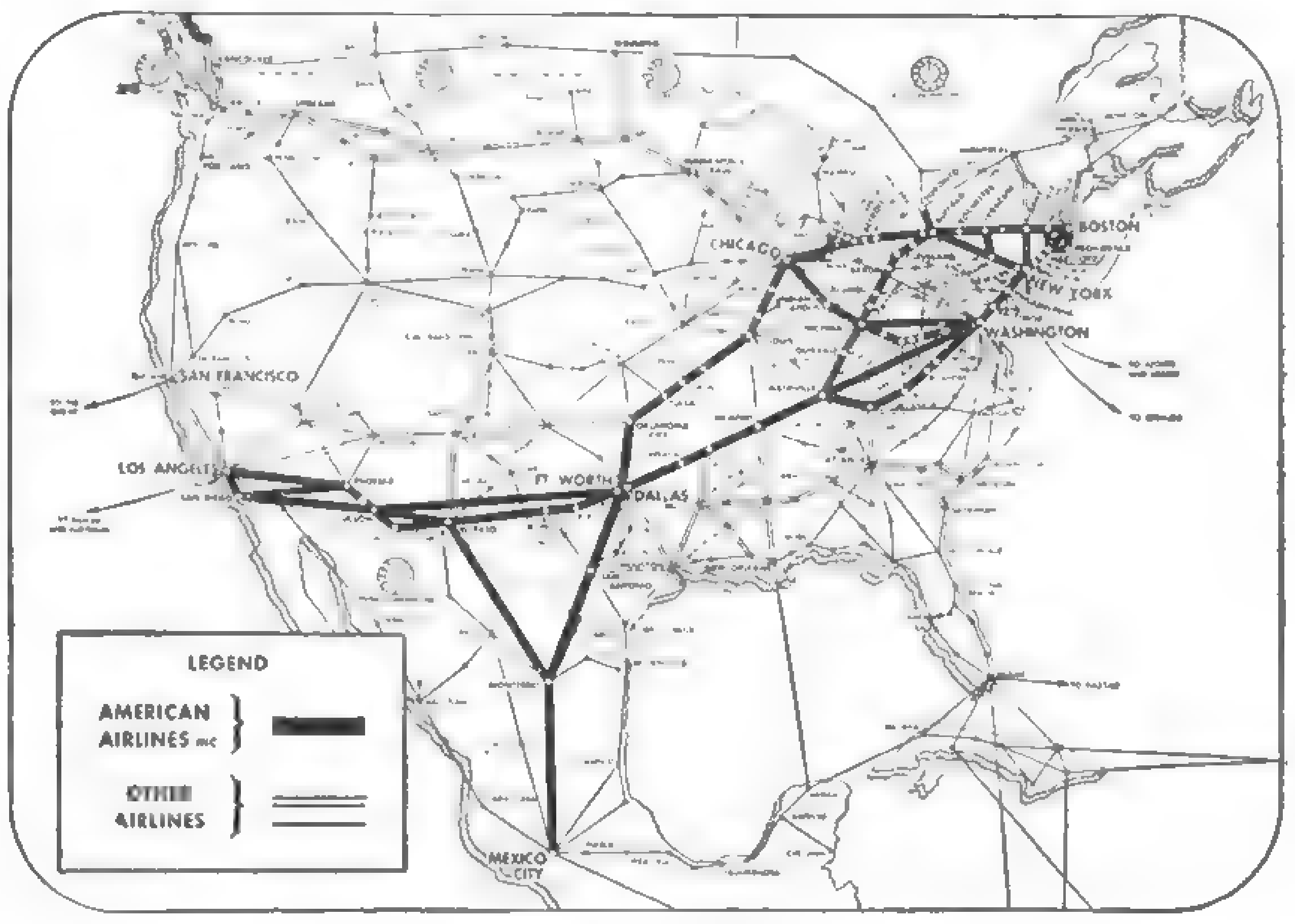
A TALE OF THREE MAPS

THE United States is the same size that it always has been. It has grown rapidly smaller, however, in terms of travel time in about 35 years. From the era when our trading radii were determined largely by what horses could do in a day, to three-miles-a-minute transport planes, the number of our trading areas has decreased from 210 small ones to 14 large ones.

The trend reflected in the above three maps is extending into a world problem.

Our great expansion of railroads and paved roads was local and domestic, but there is a difference when we travel and ship by air. Above the earth we are in a realm that is international, because air is everywhere, and the nation that is airfaring at *home* becomes, automatically, a *global* carrier nation.

It is *outside* our continental boundaries that the greatest transportation change in all history has become a reality—in only two years. Our Army and Navy Air Commands, together with U. S. airlines under military direction, have made world-wide air transportation commonplace. Thousands of flights are being made regularly to all parts of the earth, over oceans, deserts and jungles.



No problem has greater bearing upon us as individuals and as a nation than that of the postwar use of universal air.

Men in high places, at home and abroad, are pondering this unprecedented problem. No surface transportation method provides an adequate pattern for the air—neither domestic trains nor trans-oceanic ships.

It is the world's greatest pioneering problem since the discovery that the world is not flat. We have faith that our American leaders, entrusted with our national security, will evolve regulations which will protect the land that gave birth to the airplane.

We must make air transport a much greater instrument for peace even than it is for war. History irrevocably is turning another page! The air age is not "coming," it is here!

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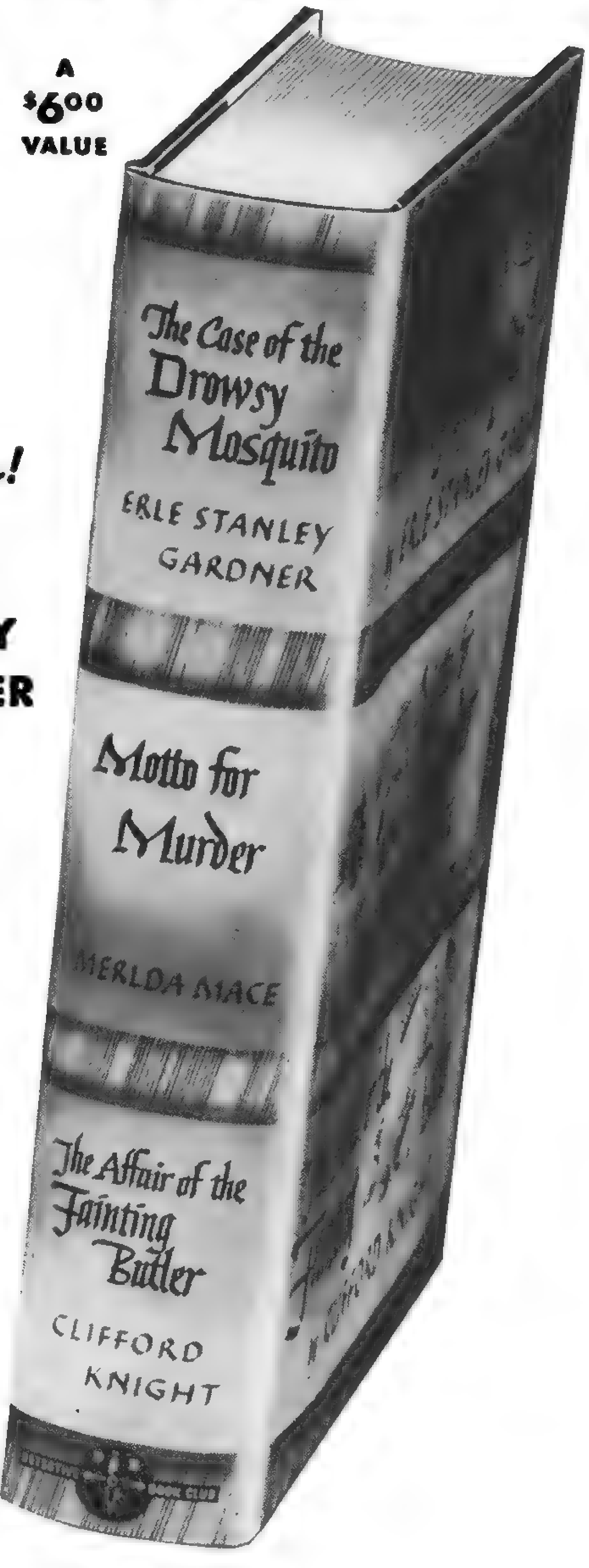
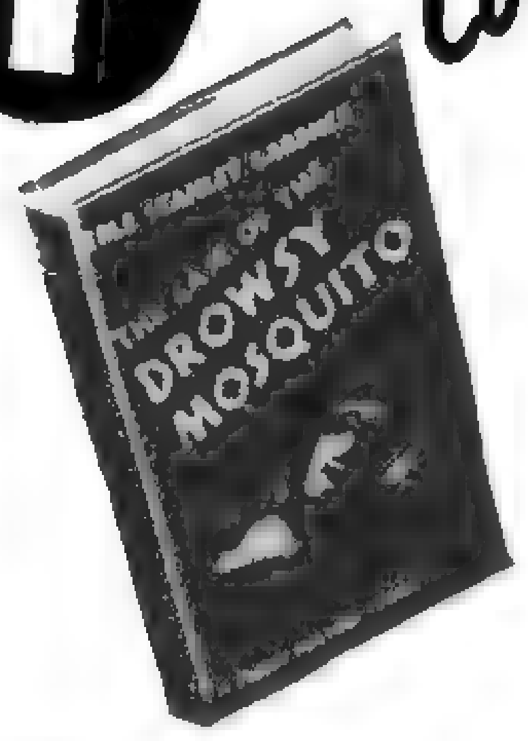

The Case of the Drowsy Mosquito
ERLE STANLEY GARDNER
Motto for Murder
MERLDA MACE
The Affair of the Fainting Butler
CLIFFORD KNIGHT

1 Complete —this Lightning-Fast PERRY MASON Thriller! "THE CASE of the DROWSY MOSQUITO" by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER



Who ever heard of a "drowsy mosquito"? *And how could it commit murder and steal a million dollars?* It sounded just like an ordinary mosquito to the nurse. Yet when she went to swat it, someone outside her window fired two shots at her!

Twenty-four hours later her wealthy patient was *murdered!* In a secret will he even named Perry Mason his executor—and warned the famous lawyer-sleuth that THE DROWSY MOSQUITO might try to rob his beneficiary, *whom he didn't name!* And in the desk with the will Mason found—a dying mosquito!

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Merlda Mace
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Could YOU solve this amazing disappearance of a rich old woman from a *snowbound* country mansion? The Christmas tree at the Hammond House had been decorated with paper mottoes. THREE people had drawn a "murder motto." And then THREE people died in 48 hours—*but not the same three!*

At first Tip O'Neill's job had been just to figure out who caused the strange disappearance of old Mrs. Hammond. One of the three sullen grandchildren? Or the tinhorn gambler . . . the blonde showgirl . . . the gorgeous housekeeper's daughter . . . the housekeeper herself? Or even—

Then the real murderer begins to "eliminate" the suspects—in his own unique way! Here is a story you'll never forget—of a killer who knows no mercy and leaves no clues!

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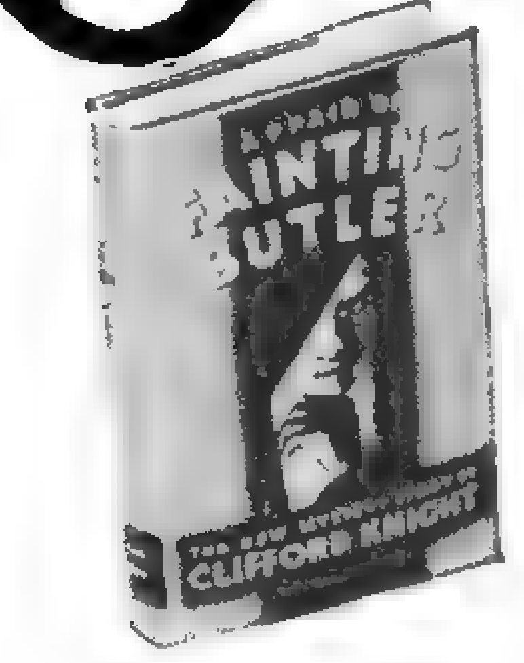

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HINCKLEY SLOAN? When the police arrived, they found no body, no footprints. Yet this haughty old actor insisted he had seen a dead man on the lawn! PROFESSOR HUNTOON ROGERS? This famous crime expert believed Sloan was telling the truth! THE DEAD MAN? Smiling and healthy, he insisted he was very much *alive!* THE MYSTERIOUS VOICE? It telephoned four times, mumbling "Watch out for that butler!"

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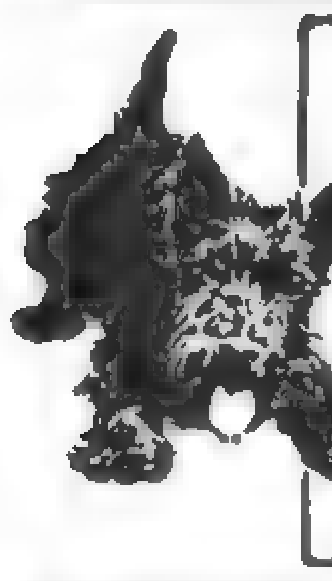

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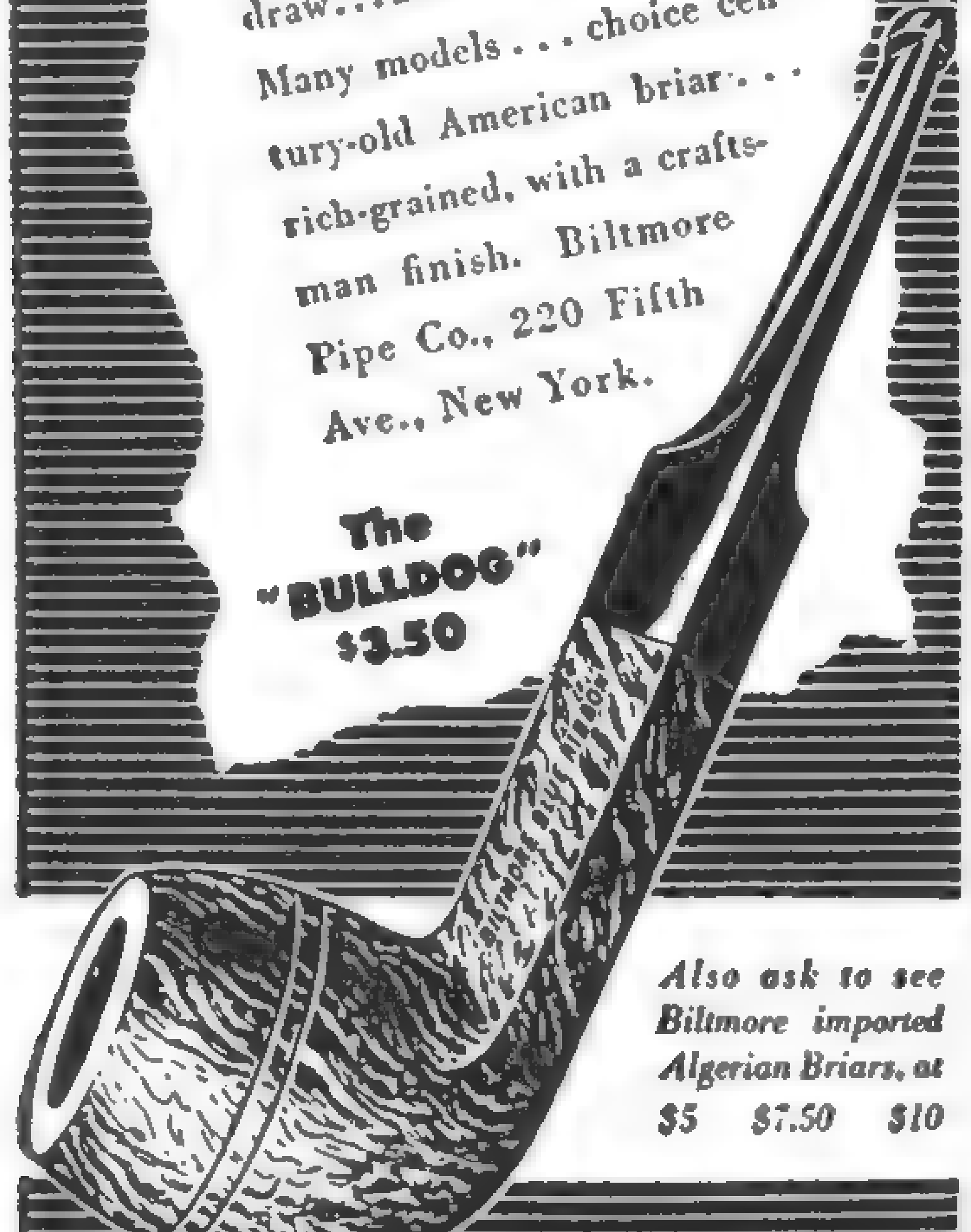

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Talking Shop with Esquire

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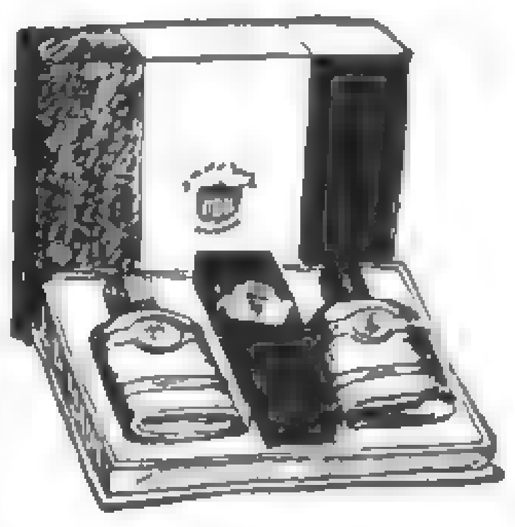
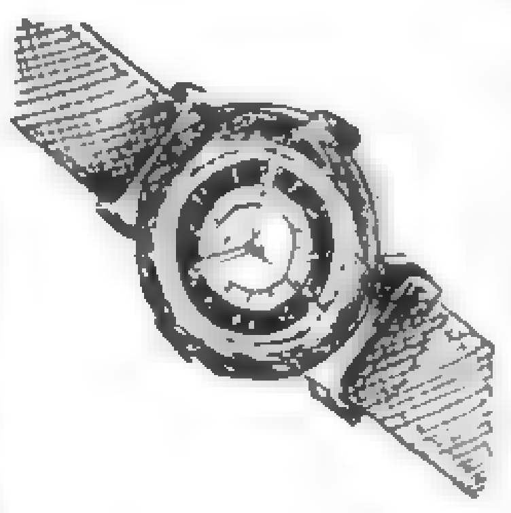


WRIST WATCHES. Be sure they're the waterproof, shockproof kind. One type, 17-jewel all stainless steel case is equipped with radium dial and hands, unbreakable crystal, precision tested, with sweep second hand. Another "astronomic" watch has daytime hours shown in black on gilded circle; night hours in radiolite on black circle.



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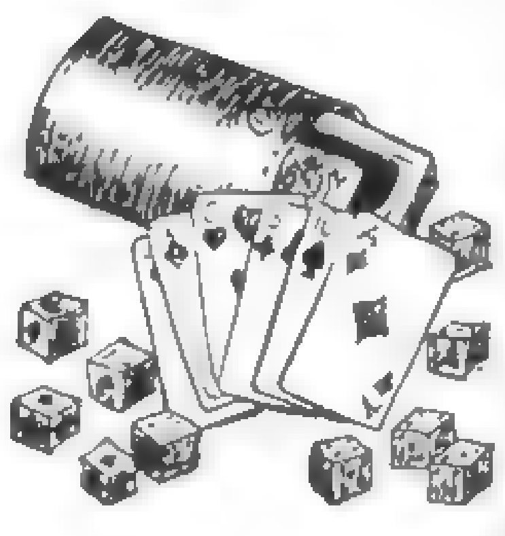
"ROLL 'EM OVER IN THE CLOVER." We're referring to a large, solid leather dice cup with a detachable lid which holds two decks of cards, a set of 5 straight dice and a set of 5 poker dice. Has stamina and compactness.



Ranger

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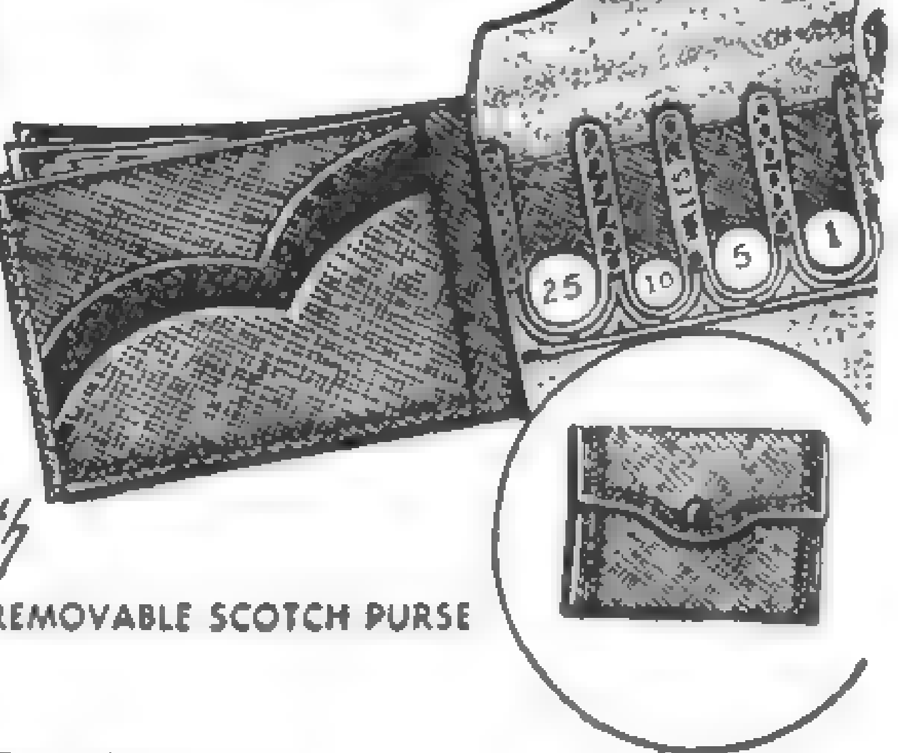

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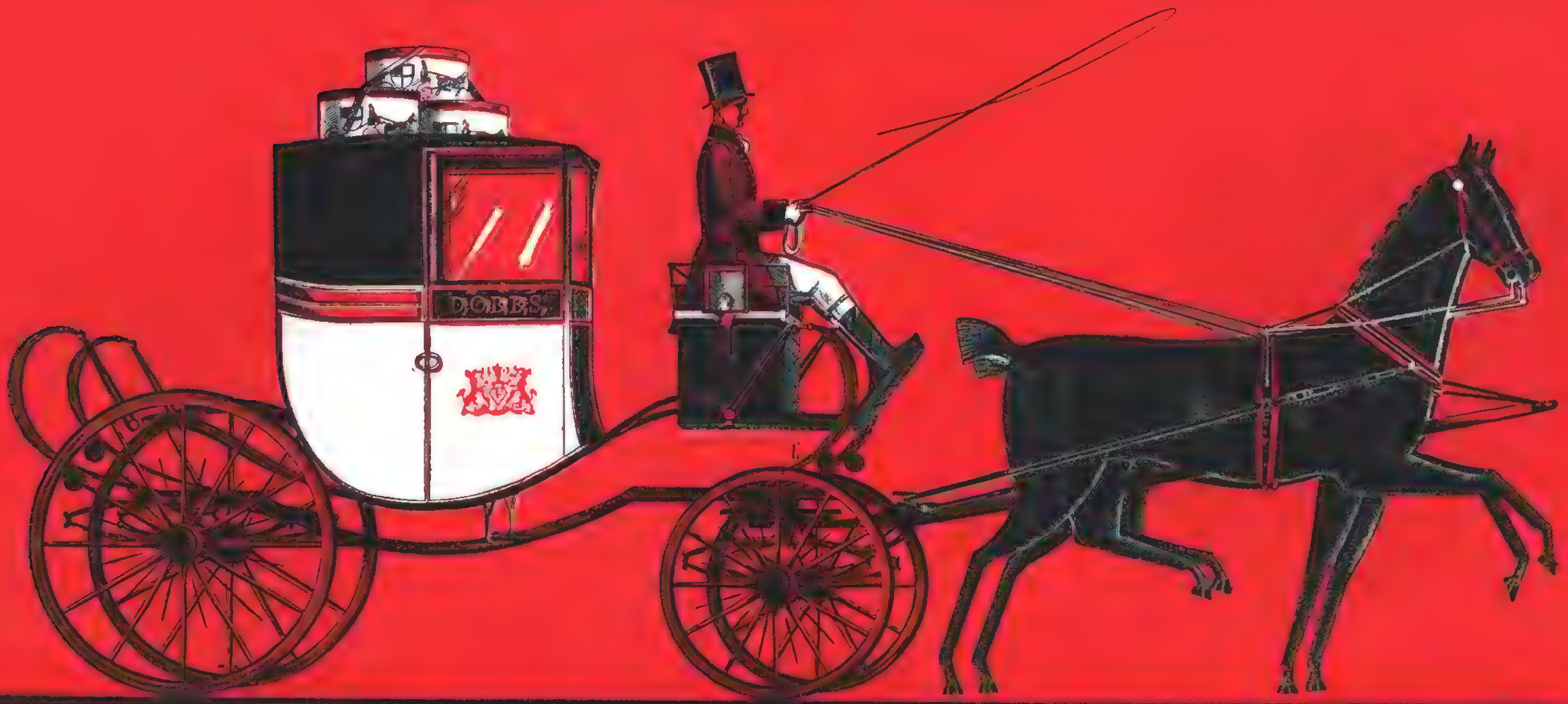

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*TRY A DELICIOUS MYERS'S MILLION:
Put 1/3 lemon or lime juice in shaker. Add 2/3 Myers's Rum. ½ teaspoon sugar for each cocktail. Dash of Angostura Bitters. Shake well. Serve, iced, with Maraschino cherry in cocktail glass.

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Painting the Town with Esquire

THAT LUSH AMERICAN invention, the Big Hotel, in comparison with which Europe's grands are peewees, has proven itself a mighty handy thing to have around the country in wartime, or any time. Sky couldn't be scraped by a sweeter set of national resources than these creature-comfort colossi add up to.

NEW YORK'S Henry Hudson, 353 West 57th, is doing a wonder job. Originally an exclusive residential club, this multi-terraced, pleasant-patioed hotel is now 75% monopolized by members of the Armed Forces, their wives, and their youngsters. Officers, quartered on special floors, have their own penthouse club, monthly cocktail dances affording opportunity of meeting other fellows' good-looking sisters. Dorms for enlisted men are operated at cost, with the gym serving as additional slumber salle on nights when everything but the 60-foot pool is full up. Dances open to them occur bi-weekly in the Grand Ballroom. Yet the Henry Hudson is still the Henry Hudson, not a camp-with-elevators, and you can bet that tall manager John Paul Stack, who has steered its success, will keep it so, with incidental improvements such as the recent redoing of the Terrace Room where provender (good!) is under the supervision of his able henchman Henry Hutson, whose name we seem to have heard something similar to. Mrs. Stack (Gibson goddess type) has stood up in front of the altar with so many service brides, she's hardly had a chance to sit down.

NEXT TO COFFEE, Semon, of Semon's (216 East 58th), seems to be Brazil's most liked product . . . French provencial cookery is pleasurably met with in small, snug A la Fourchette (342 West 46th), hosted by dapper, sideburned Louis Beretta who could arouse hunger in a wooden Indian. His steak is draped with burgundy in the authentic Marchand de Vin manner. His Moules Marinière are ineffable. In fact, any dish he sponsors is a tastebud's picnic . . . Sly thrush Dorothy Ross, with her Freudian ballads, is back at the 23 Room of the George Washington, to the joy of all Dorothyrossians . . . New green-blue bedizenments "R" on view at deepsea voiced Billy the Oysterman (10 West 47th), where shore dinners are whale sized. Bring your mermaid.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

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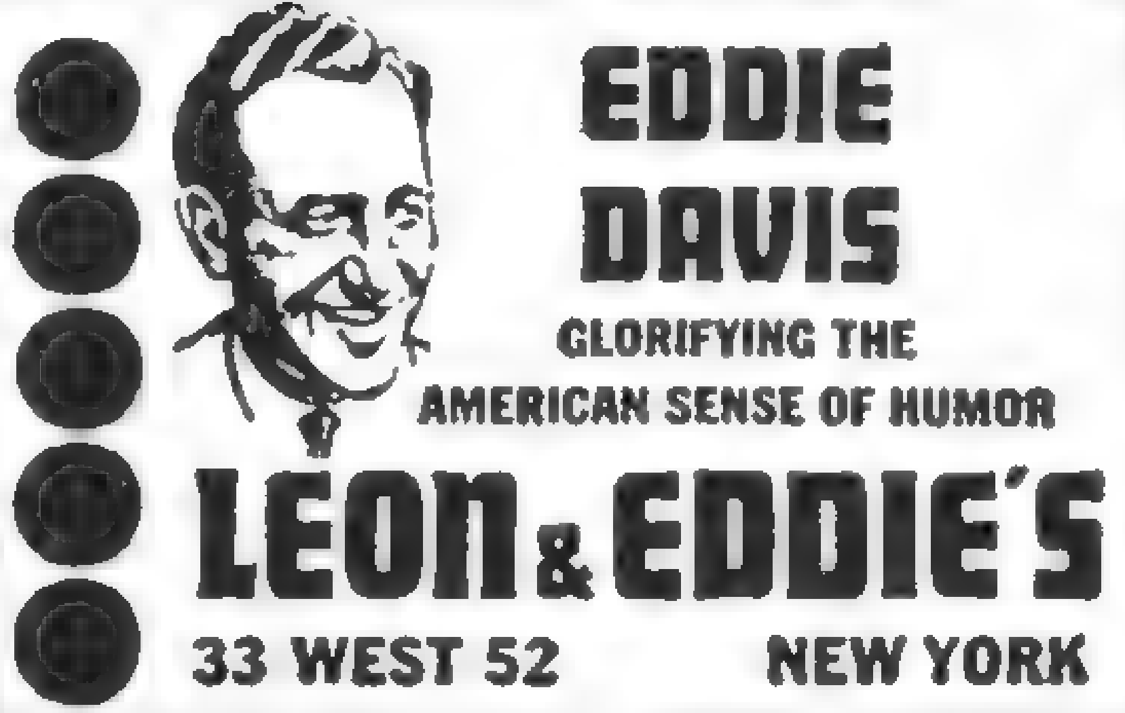
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RELAX with a sweet-smoking Forecaster Superb . . . a cool pipeful takes the tension out of a tough day. A choice of 18 shapes, in century-old American briar. Buy yourself two or three today!

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DELECTA
AFTER-DINNER *Liqueur*

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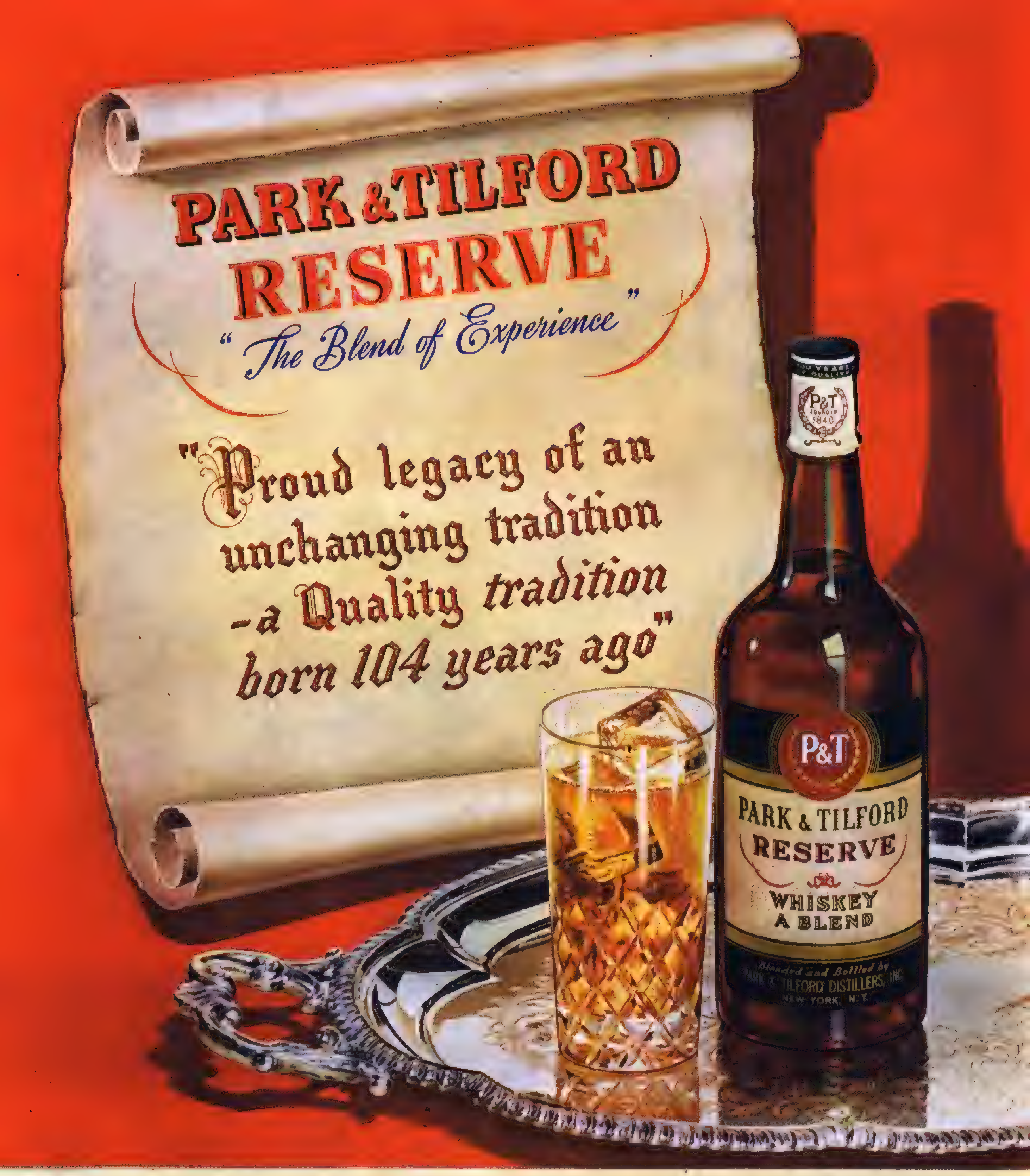
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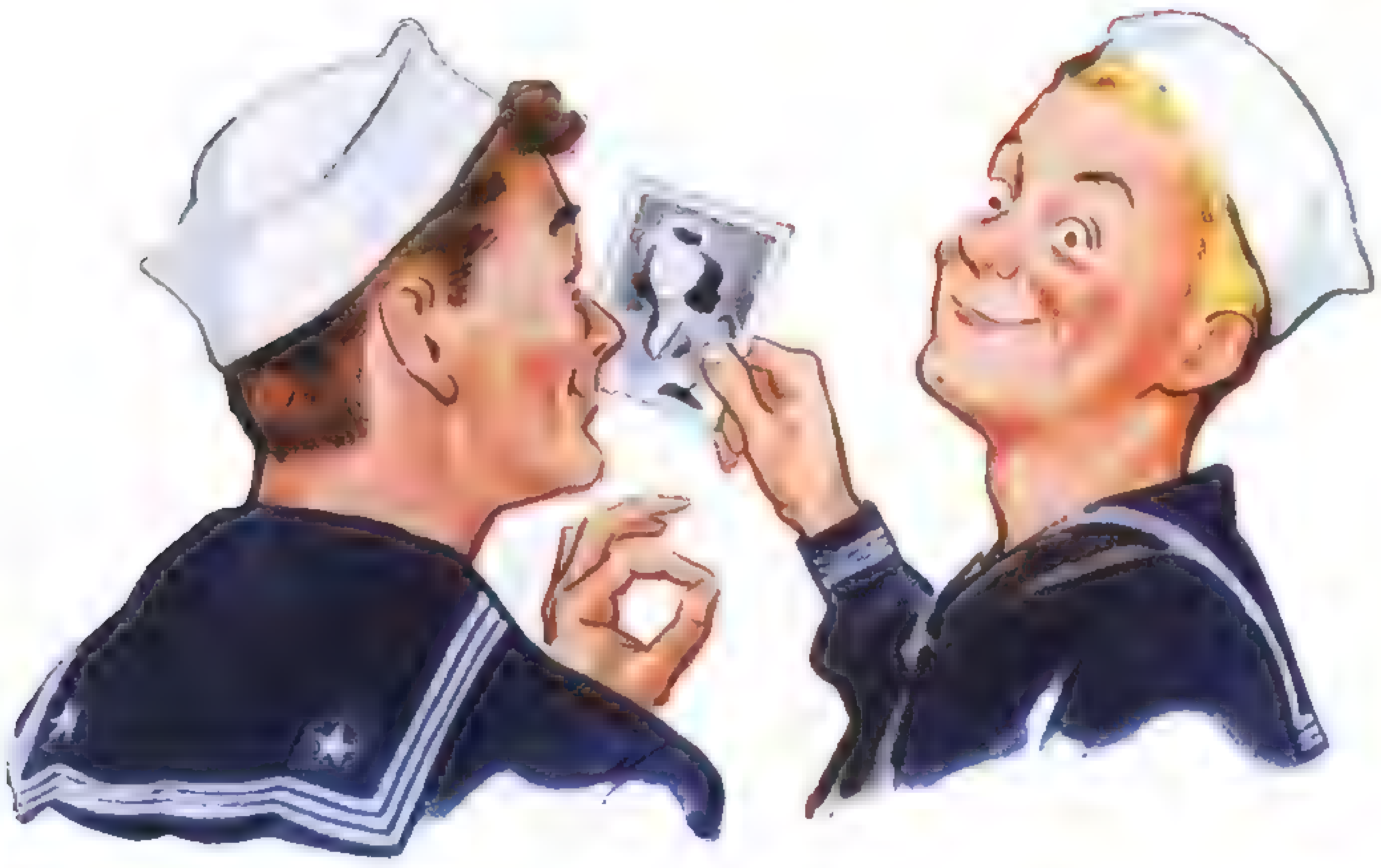
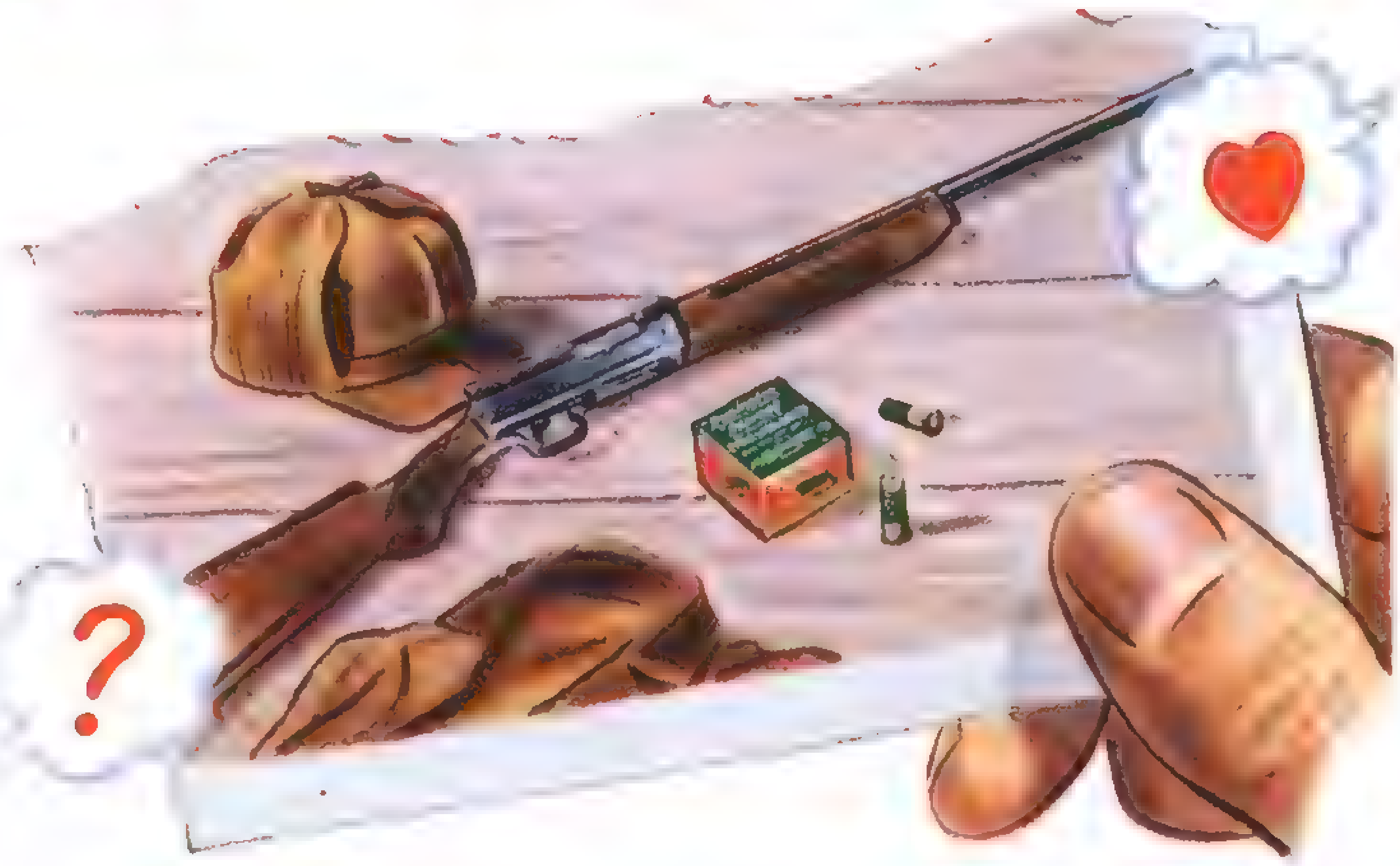
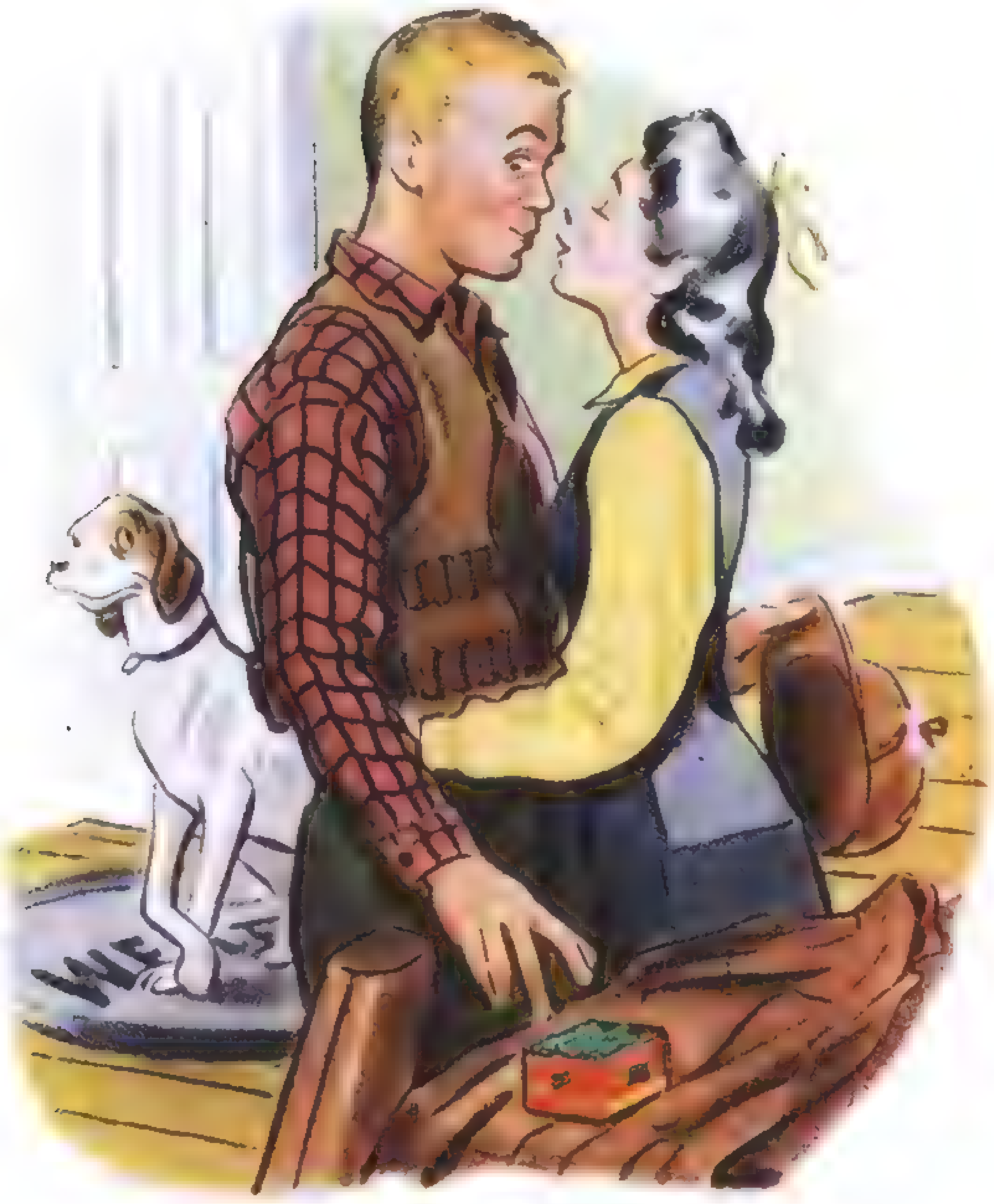
The sailor with only 2 sweethearts



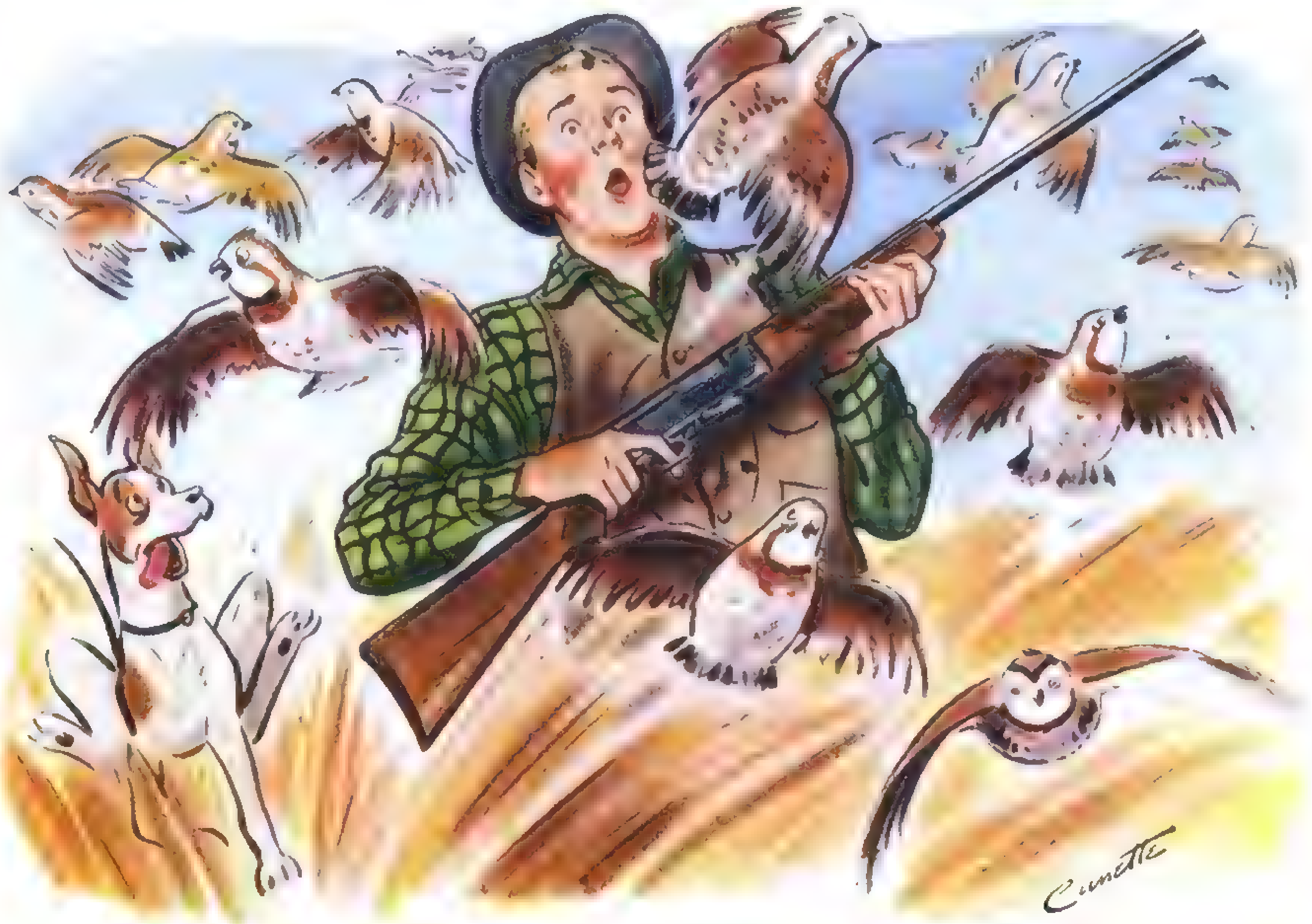
1 **MY FRIEND FRANK,** bosun's mate first class, pulled the snapshot out of his wallet. "Here she is," he said, beaming: "Eileen." "Nice!" I said. Then I noticed he'd dropped a scrap of paper. "Oh, that's my only *other* sweetheart," he said. "Look." It was a picture of a *shotgun!*



2 **"I FELL IN LOVE** with that shotgun when the Navy issued me one for skeet shooting back in anti-aircraft training," Frank went on. "Sweetest-handling autoloader I've ever come across. It's the Remington Sportsman—and believe me I'm gonna get one after the war. And then . . .

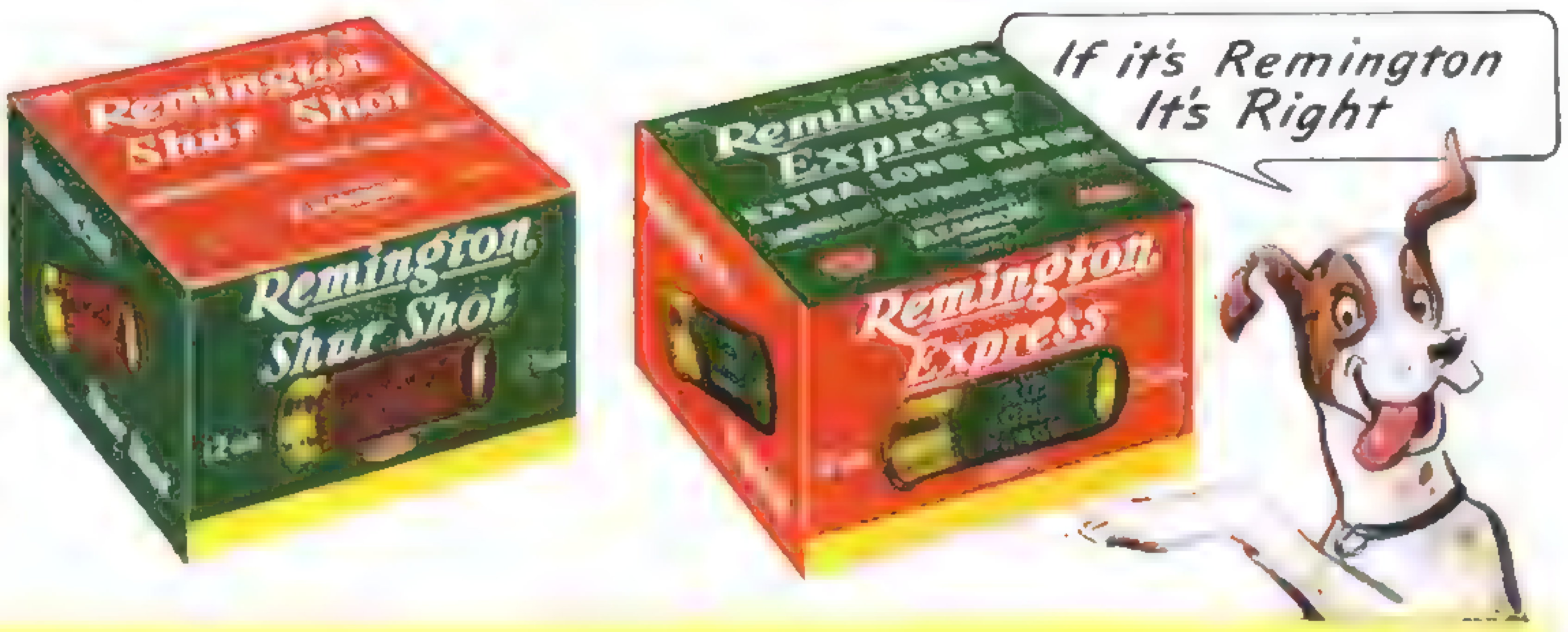


3 **"IF IT'S ALL RIGHT** with Eileen—for we'll be married then, I hope—I'm going to fill my pockets with Remington Express shells (you know, those long-range loads), and keep a date on a duck marsh with this second sweetheart of mine. Yes, and . . .

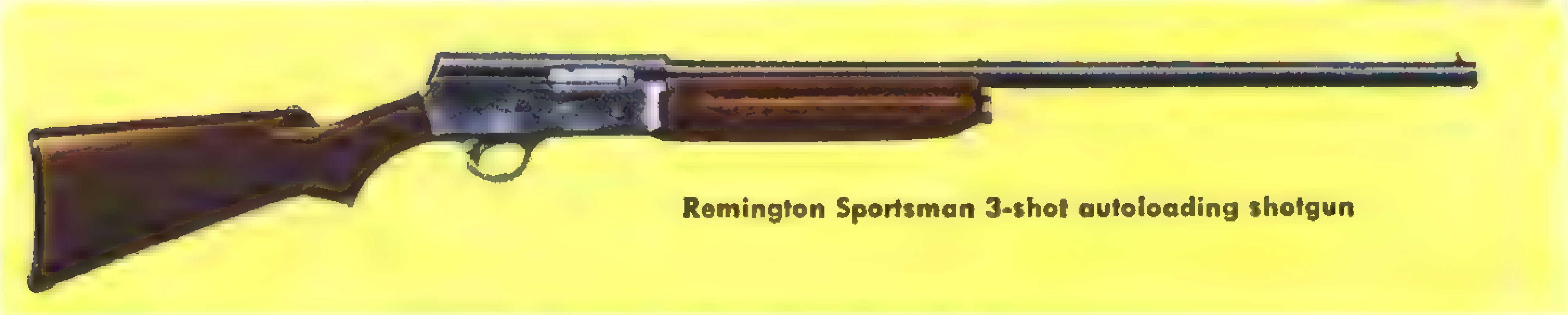


4 **"AS FOR QUAIL,** I know the place to find the fattest ones that ever sat in a roasting pan! You use Remington Shur Shot shells for those, of course." "Look, Frank," I said as an idea hit me like a 500-pound demolition bomb. "*I* gotta girl I hope I'm gonna marry, too. Sometime after this war job is done, what say we get the girls together and let 'em let their hair down for a few days—while we go hunting?" "*Sold!*" said Frank.

NEW! Looking toward the day when we can supply essential civilian ammunition, we've designed new, easier-to-recognize packages for two of your old Remington friends.


Remington Shur Shot
Remington Shur Shot
Remington Express Extra Long Range
Remington Express
If it's Remington It's Right

▶ Remington has produced vast military supplies—for months on end making, *per day,* 30,000,000 rounds of ammunition, and more than enough rifles to equip an entire infantry regiment! And soon—we hope—we will once more be able to furnish sportsmen with Remington shotguns and rifles, Remington Express and Shur Shot shells, Remington Hi-Speed 22's with Kleanbore priming, and Remington big game cartridges with Core-Lokt bullets. *Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport 2, Conn.*



Remington Sportsman 3-shot autoloading shotgun

Remington

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Sportsman, Shur Shot, Hi-Speed and Kleanbore are Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
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Does your job seem heigh-ho and humdrum when a whole world's at war? Then get off the sidelines and into the uniform of the WAVES.

In this uniform you have the chance to serve your country as women have never served before . . . in the biggest, most exciting, most important job a woman was ever offered. To serve, to work and win where America needs you most . . . shoulder to shoulder with the gallant men of our Navy.

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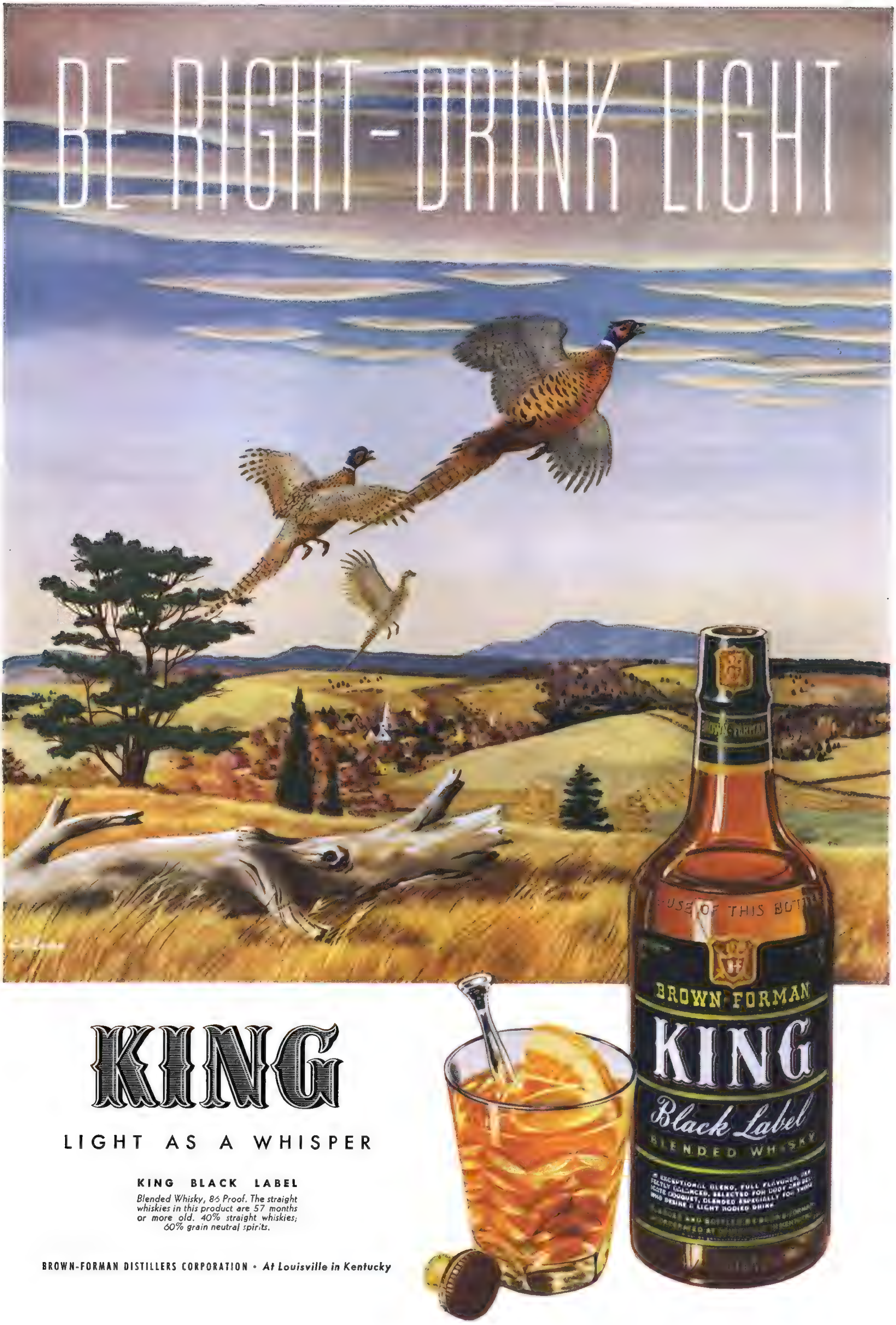
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LIGHT AS A WHISPER

KING BLACK LABEL

Blended Whisky, 86 Proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 57 months or more old. 40% straight whiskies; 60% grain neutral spirits.

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Unusually big rooms, quiet corridors and the Park outside your window, combine to give you a much desired sense of peace and security. No wonder more and *more* busy executives are stopping at the Plaza when in New York. *Rates from $6. C. N. Hilton, President*

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Painting the Town with Esquire

LIVELY CONTRAST of ye old and ye latest in the Sutton Place sector. Cornered at 1st Ave. & 56th St., Billy's Restaurant and Tap Room (all in one) spick-and-spanly preserves the mood of Anno 1869 to the tune of red-and-white checked tablecloths and a bar boasting gas lights and gleaming brass beer-pumps that are museum pieces. East River folk cure insomnia computing the sheep and beeves consumed in this treasured establishment since its founding; drink tally they don't attempt. Less than a block northward on 1st Ave. is a modernist white mystery – no name, no number, no clue except a whimsical twisted-wire fish over the door. Intrepid venturesin discover a restful-toned room with white sculptured murals by 10 different artists, massive fireplace, deep blue ceiling, soft lighting, and well-scrubbed ashen tables all occupied by well groomed attackers of oversized cherrystone clams, lemon sole Marguéry, pompano, broiled live lobster, cold Kennebec salmon, and such – everything fresh of the fresh and prepared in a visible but non-smellable kitchen. Ornate menu divulges that this is the Sea Fare, managing directed by Christopher G. Bastis who has been seafaring so notably in a smaller way on West 8th Street.

WOODY HERMAN, admired shank stimulant, and his crew, are aboard the bandstand at the Hotel Pennsylvania's Café Rouge.

PALATE PILGRIMS to the Mecca, largest Syrian restaurant in the U. S., located one flight up at 6 East 30th, are mostly out for Sheesh Kabab–nuggets of lamb alternating with pieces of tomato and onion, broiled on long skewers and unloaded directly onto one's plate. But even better, to our way of thinking, is the Kabab Hindy, alias Lebanon lamburger, stuffed with parsley, onion, and pine nuts, and baked with tomatoes, onions and peas – accompanied by a subtle flavored eggplant specialty. Tall, clean-cut proprietor Saber Khouri is on hand to explain and reassure the timid, and he's a correct predicter when he tells you that you are going to like one of his dishes, strange as it may listen or look. Even the hors d'oeuvres are a whole branch of enlightenment. And the pastries are legion, including a crispy conjurer's wand affair with honey and chopped walnuts in it, fit for the best pair of lips you know.

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GENUINE
Jamaica Rums

Try this "flavourite"
JAMAICA COCKTAIL

To 2 parts Jamaica Rum, add 1 part dry vermouth. Add plenty of cracked ice—stir well and enjoy a perfect marriage between two matchless blenders—a tawny touch of smooth perfection.

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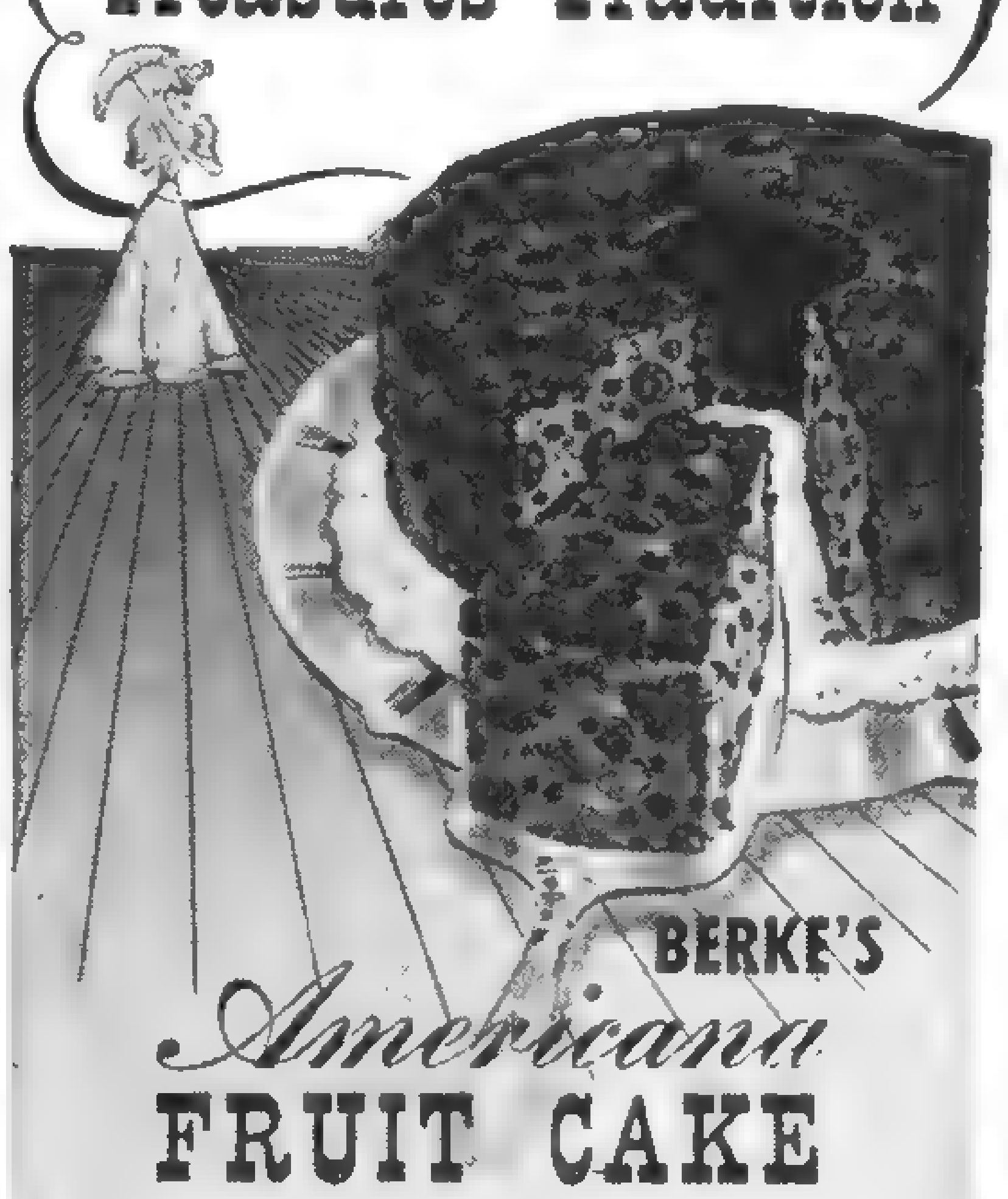
Treasures Tradition



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FRUIT CAKE

Precious as a collector's piece is the treasured recipe for this wondrously flavorful old-fashioned fruit cake.

Every delectable morsel full-laden with luscious fruits and nuts . . . glacé cherries, melon tidbits, plump seedless raisins, preserved orange and lemon peel. S-l-o-w — s-l-o-w baked and fragrant with tasty spices.

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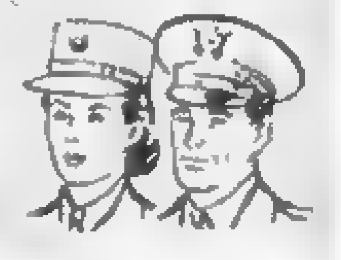

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DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF

Painting the Town with Esquire

THE WALDORF-ASTORIA'S Starlight Roof, which has been a refined madhouse all summer, is using Nat Brandwynne as season's winder-upper, and he's no letter-downer. Alternating maestro Mischa Borr, who could roam triumphantly from this coast to that one, prefers the spot he's got. "Name me a lordlier," says he stumpingly.

GULLETS HAVE GAINED much from the loss of patience of one Gaston Longchamp, scenic artist (sets of "One Touch of Venus" and "Follow the Girls" are off his brush) who, tired of waiting for somebody to open a little restaurant such as he used to frequent in his student days in Paris, devised the Canard Bleu (French for blue bird impervious to water) which you will find tucked in under a brownstone at 321 West 51st. The counter des refreshments is presided over by ex-jockey André Schaffter. Mme. la cook is outa the kitchen of cubist Picabia who painted peculiarly but ate swell. And the dining room at the back, art-galleried with Longchamp canvases, is presided over by that amiable gentleman himself, loaning you a menu adorned with his latest work in pastel. Specialties: chicken casseroled in wine, tripe in the manner of the sunny French South, beefsteak piqued with garlic, Marseilles-style bouillabaisse, and camembert cheeses from mine host's farm in Bucks Co., Pa. Wines—American and proudly proffered as such—help build that "kindred spirit" feeling.

TIP TO EXPERT observers: Watch the Hotel Duane (Madison Ave. & 37th), now under the personal direction of purchaser Joseph (Ball of Fire) Mester. Entertainment and dancing in the Gothic Room is the first indication . . . Down at the late Billy Mitchell's favorite eatery, Little Venice (126 West 13th), where trees grow through the roof and frogs' legs leap into the mouth by sheer succulence, partner Dave, away in the Coast Guard, is much inquired after. Brother Henry, debonair demon of energy, endeavors to be the both of them, which is some feat considering the inrush . . . Upping its cyclone insurance a few notches, the Hotel Dixie has reloosed the musical lunacies of Al Trace and associates in the Plantation Room where that Doats ditty first unhinged the human mind.

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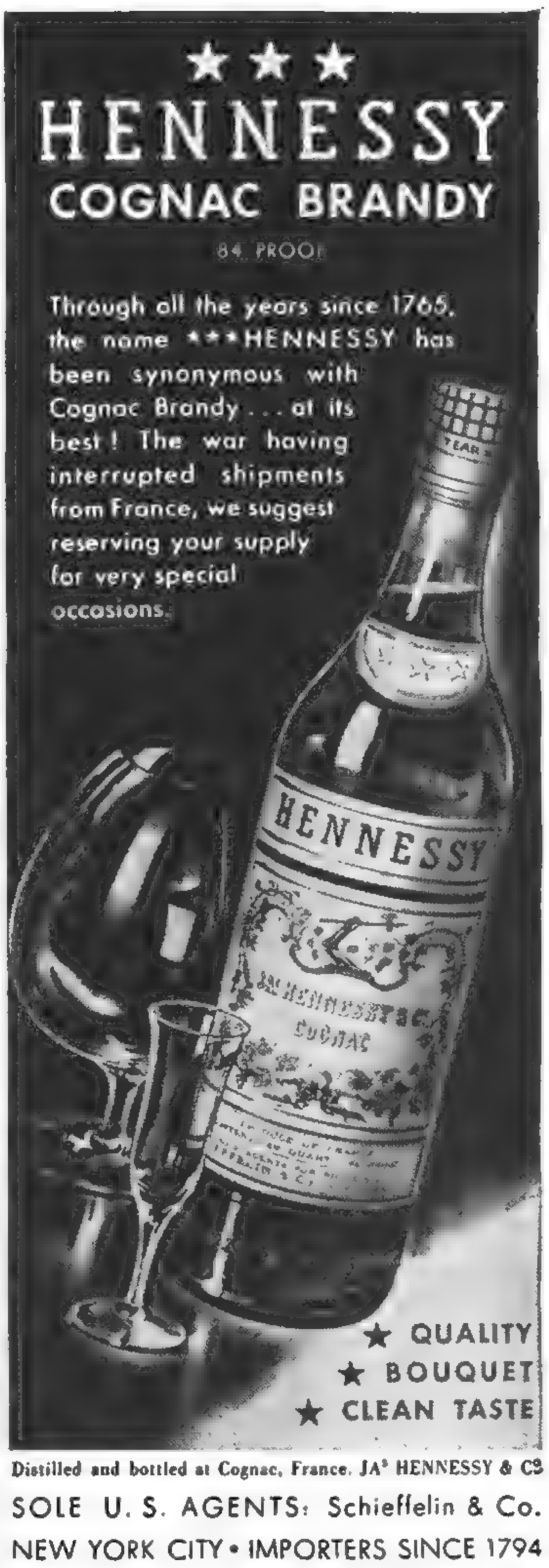
★★★ HENNESSY COGNAC BRANDY

84 PROOF

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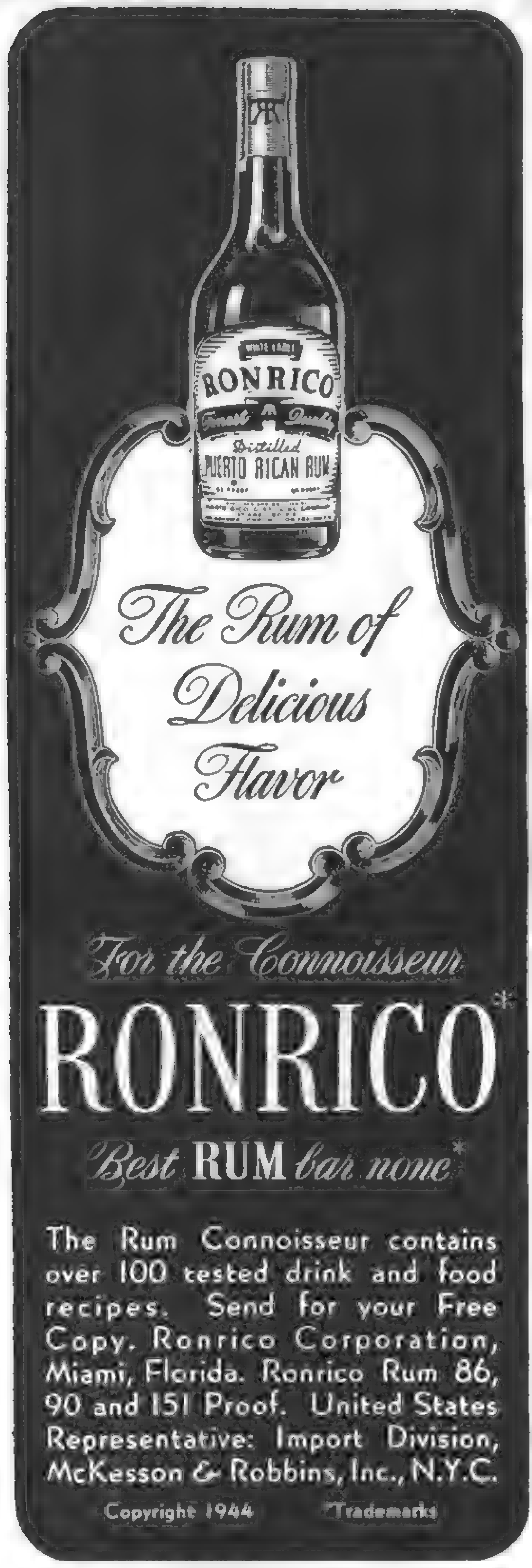
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For the Connoisseur

RONRICO*

Best RUM *bar none**

The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free Copy. Ronrico Corporation, Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof. United States Representative: Import Division, McKesson & Robbins, Inc., N.Y.C.

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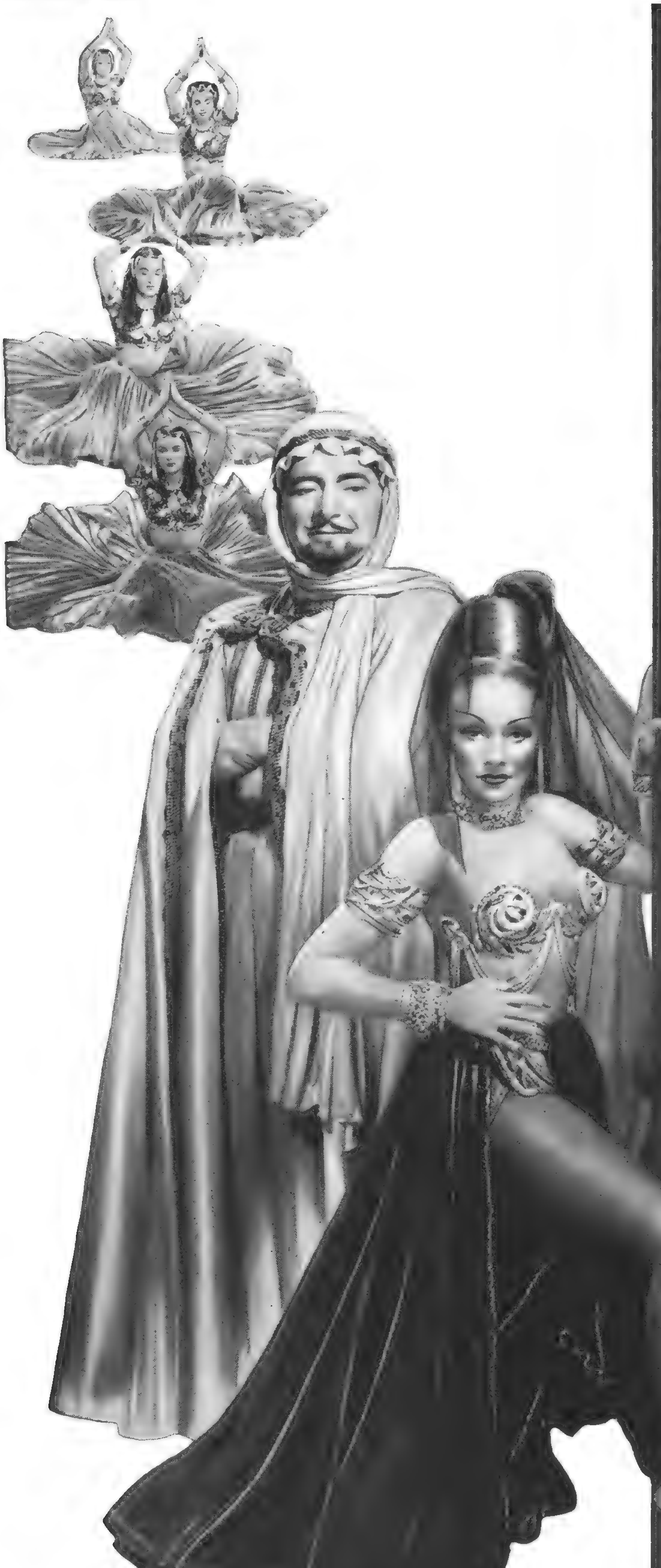

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

John J. Walsh

John J. Walsh has just finished his eleventh year as boxing coach at the University of Wisconsin, with a dual-meet record of sixty wins, five losses and three draws. He explains: "All our meets are intersectional as Wisconsin is the only Big Ten school progressive enough to include boxing." After graduating from high school in Minneapolis he labored two years as a secretary at the Milwaukee railroad, spent the following two years at St. Thomas College, then entered the University of Wisconsin to combine coaching boxing with the study of law. He has a private legal practice at Madison, aside from his activities with the Boxing Badgers. The game of biff has been his absorbing hobby since grade school days in Minneapolis when, weighing sixty-three pounds, he boxed all over Minnesota. In '33 he won the Northwest Golden Gloves as lightweight by five straight knockouts—still the record—and at St. Thomas he won the Midwest Intercollegiates by three knockouts.

•

We sometimes get mocking notes from our more conventional contributors sourly apologizing because they have never traveled in a boxcar, worked in lumber or turpentine camps, boats, bull pens or tobacco fields. Edward Price has done all these things besides being an accounting clerk, wool salesman, hotel clerk, chain store manager, farmer and greenhouse foreman. Most painful of his experiences was two months spent on WLNH as "Clerk of the Air." He says: "I formerly wrote verse and fiction for little literary magazines that lived short lives of quiet desperation and died noiselessly. I wrote, also, for newspapers, pulps and syndicates. Now (God bless my agent) I write for slicks, like *Collier's* and Esquire. I am married, with two sons, am over thirty, 1-A and waiting. (May I add, proudly, that I was born in South Boston, Massachusetts, and won the intramural boxing, 157-pound class, in my freshman year at New Hampshire University.")

Edward Price

•

According to Staff Sergeant Steve Richards, co-author of *All Bessie's Children Got Wings*, the story is based on fact, and one of its heroes, Lieutenant (now Captain) Garske is a member of the famous 2nd Ferrying Group. Incidentally, as a result of his successful means of bringing down a plane with damaged landing gear, the same idea or modifications of it has been used in several instances since. Steve Richards got his first job with the *Ohio State Journal* in '27, progressed from several other Ohio papers to U.P. and finally to the Arthur Kudner advertising agency. There he did public relations for Fisher Body. Esquire cannot claim him as a discovery since he sold a story to *Grit* for twenty-five dollars when he was fifteen. He has intended ever since to write another story but (don't tell the lieutenant) he had to get into the Army to find enough leisure. Robert Gold, his collaborator and the solo author of recent flying fiction in Esquire, is aircraft communicator for the C.A.A.

Steve Richards

•

When Guenther Reinhardt was writing for McClure Newspaper Syndicate thirteen years ago, he published a book warning the world of the menace of Hitlerism, describing the weapons of conquest that were being perfected in Germany. The book was *Fish and Torpedoes.* It created no great stir among the wishful thinkers of that day, but he did succeed, with an article in *Ken* magazine, in precipitating the Foreign Agents Registration Act. And he has been instrumental in the arrest of thirty-two foreign agents in this country since coming here from Germany in 1925. His family had been prominent in pre-Hitler Germany; his grandfather was one of the founders of the German Liberal Party; his father, an industrialist, was one of the trustees of Heidelberg University, where Guenther Reinhardt got his M.A. degree in 1925. His acquaintance in German government circles helped to prepare him for his present work as a radio commentator, propaganda analyst and writer.

•

Richard E. Lauterbach has been one of *Life* magazine's bright young men since leaving *Golf Magazine* to do sports for that publication in '41. He later became an editor and writer of United States news and this year is being sent to the U.S.S.R. as correspondent for *Time, Life* and *Fortune.* At Dartmouth College he was a Phi Beta Kappa and editor of the humorous monthly, *Jack-o'-lantern.* During his student days he spent a summer in M-G-M's story department. After graduation he traveled in Europe. In Moscow he married Bettina Wardwell, Smith '36; they have two small daughters. He says: "I have ticked slowly around the writing clock with pauses at advertising copy, publicity, radio scripts, light verse, pulp stories, newspaper features. I worked for a literary agent and helped run the Lehman-Poletti gubernatorial campaign in New York in 1938."

•

Paul Frederick Heard (*The Wages of Cinema Sin*, page 40) is in the Navy. He was commissioned as an ensign early this year, and assigned to the Bureau of Naval Personnel, writing for the Educational Services Division. Preceding that, he was with the Navy Department's Bureau of Aeronautics in Washington. His wife is in charge of evaluating Navy training films.

•

Frederick Kuh covered the continent for the United Press from the early twenties until he joined the staff of the Chicago *Sun* in January, 1942. His experiences include a four-year roving assignment in the Balkans and the managership of U.P. bureaus in Moscow and Berlin. He is a recognized specialist in the diplomatic, political and economic background of today's events. Last May he received the Sigma Delta Chi (national journalistic fraternity) award for outstanding foreign correspondence. Now chief of the London Bureau of the *Sun*, he lives in the city's outskirts, is married to Renata Boern of Vienna.

Frederick Kuh

•

Lest professional ethics should preclude his mentioning it in his own Five-Minute Shelf columns, this is to announce the publication of *Try and Stop Me*, under the auspices of Simon and Schuster, by Bennett Cerf.

•

Ron Broom declares that nobody knows how hard he works to support his left-handed blonde wife and left-handed blonde boy and girl. *Education of Eddie the Great* (page 65) is his ninety-ninth story sale, honest count. Though barely thirty-six, he is regarded by many people as a pioneer of Spokane because he has never lived anywhere else. He has been in and out of the Spokane *Chronicle* since Washington State College days, jumping from the sports department to free lancing. His fiction has appeared in quite a lot of magazines including *Cosmopolitan* and the *American.* #

Ron Broom

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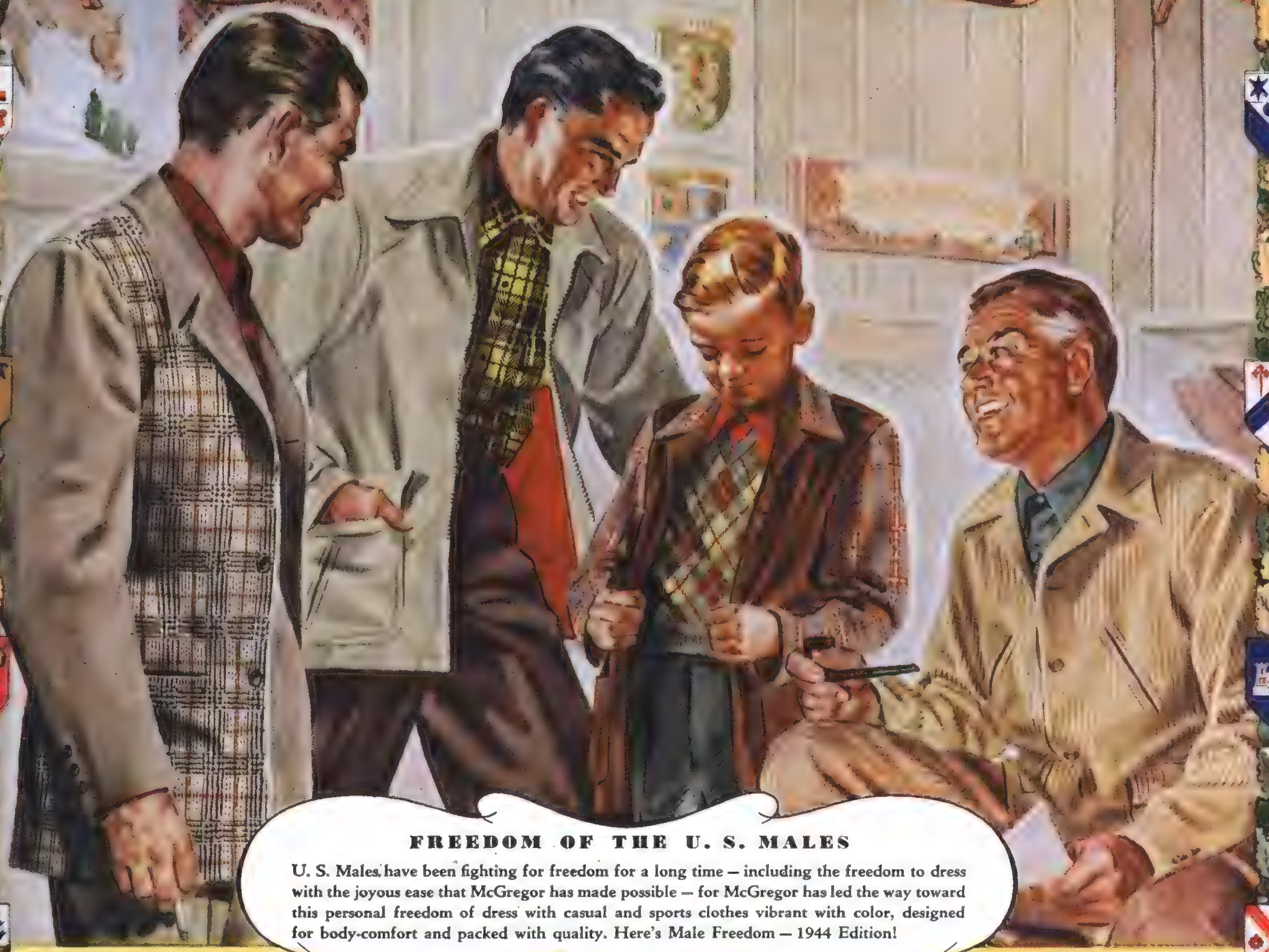

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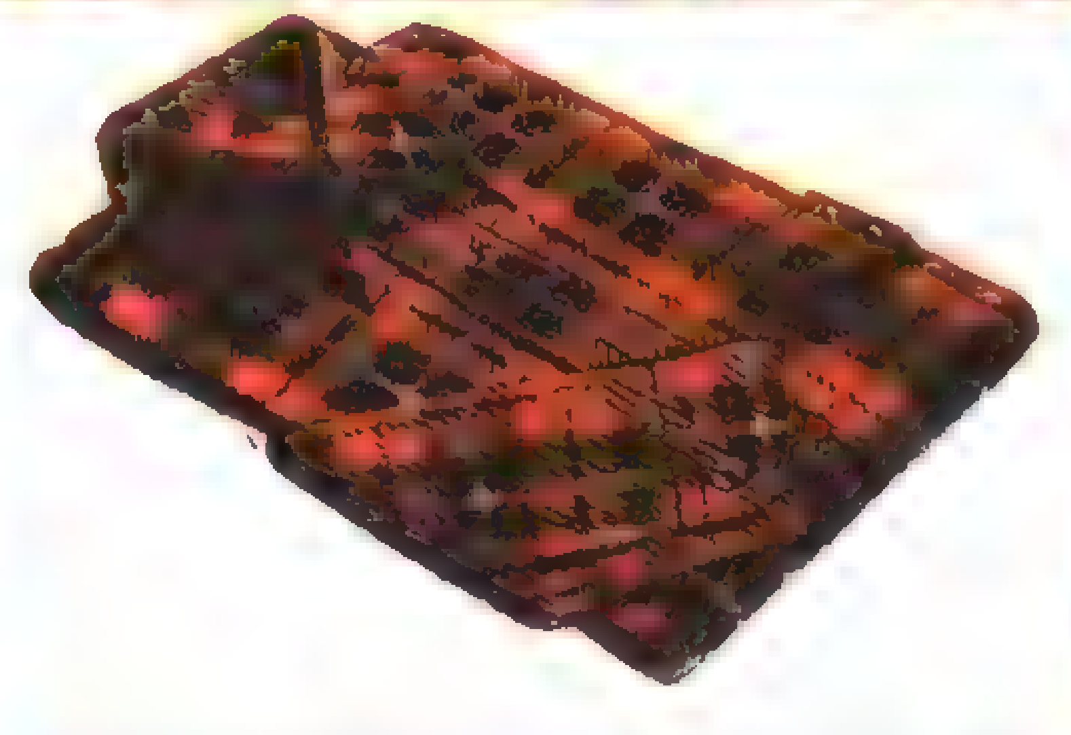

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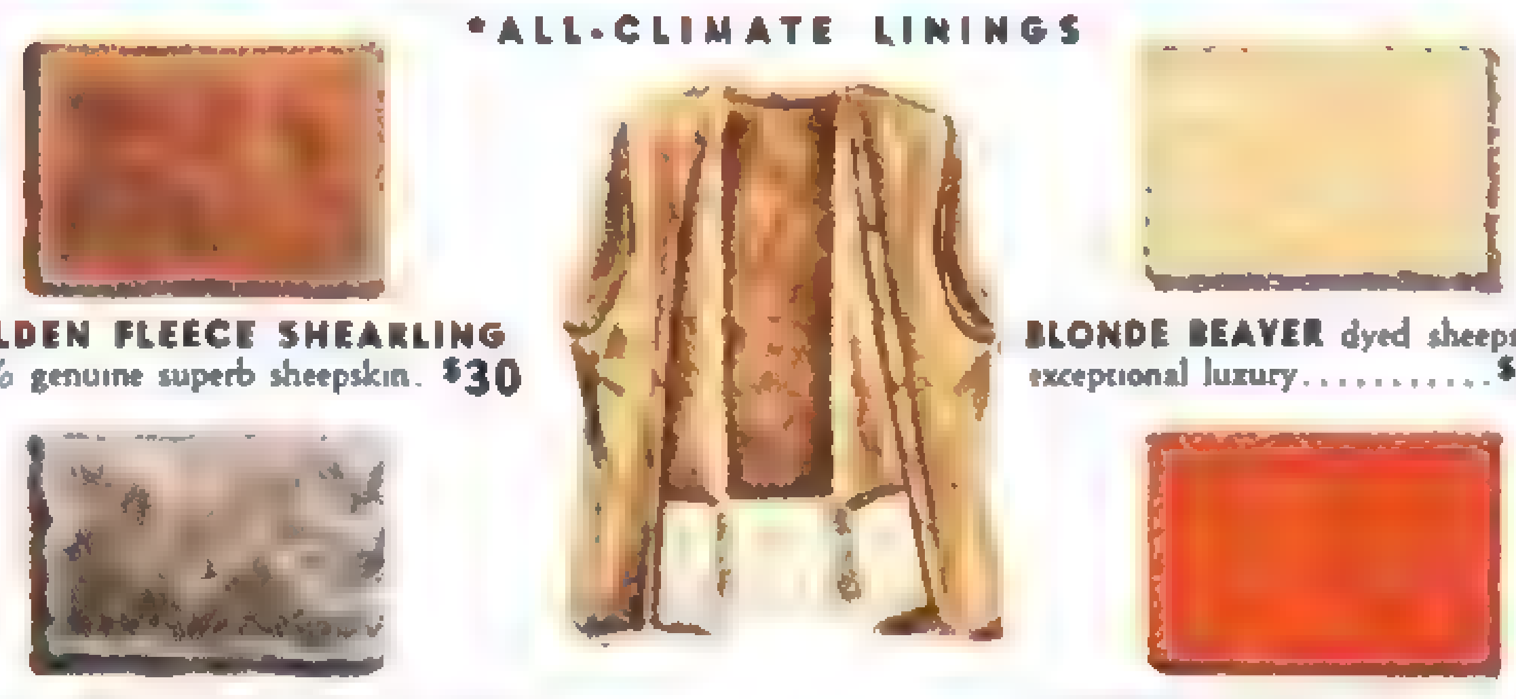

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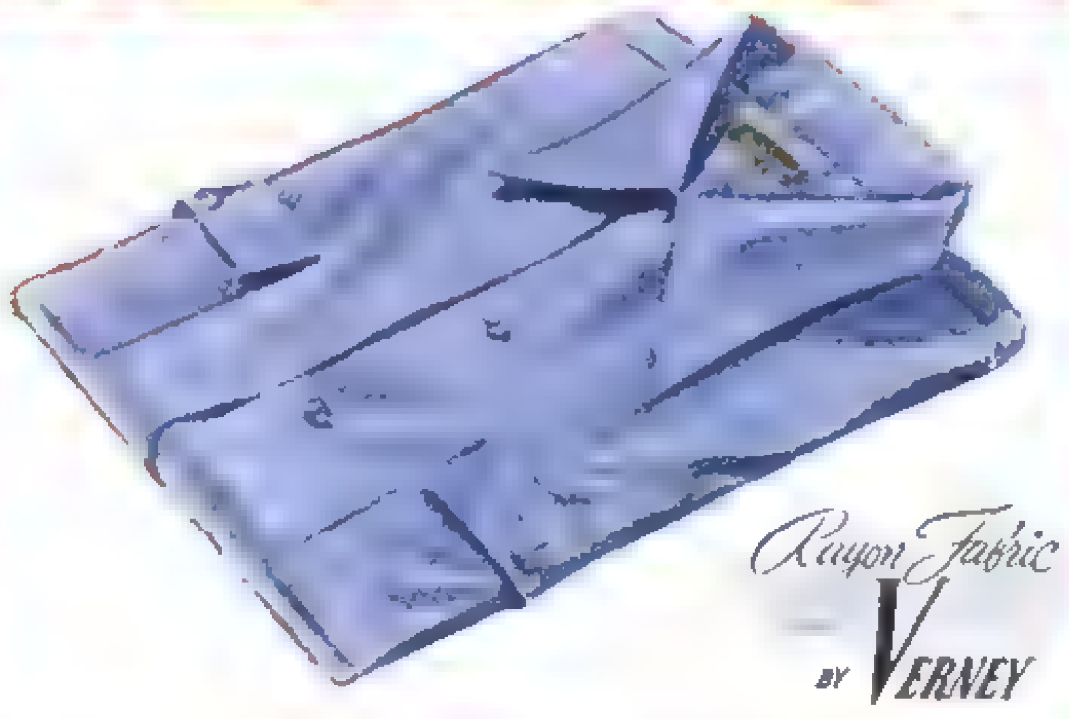

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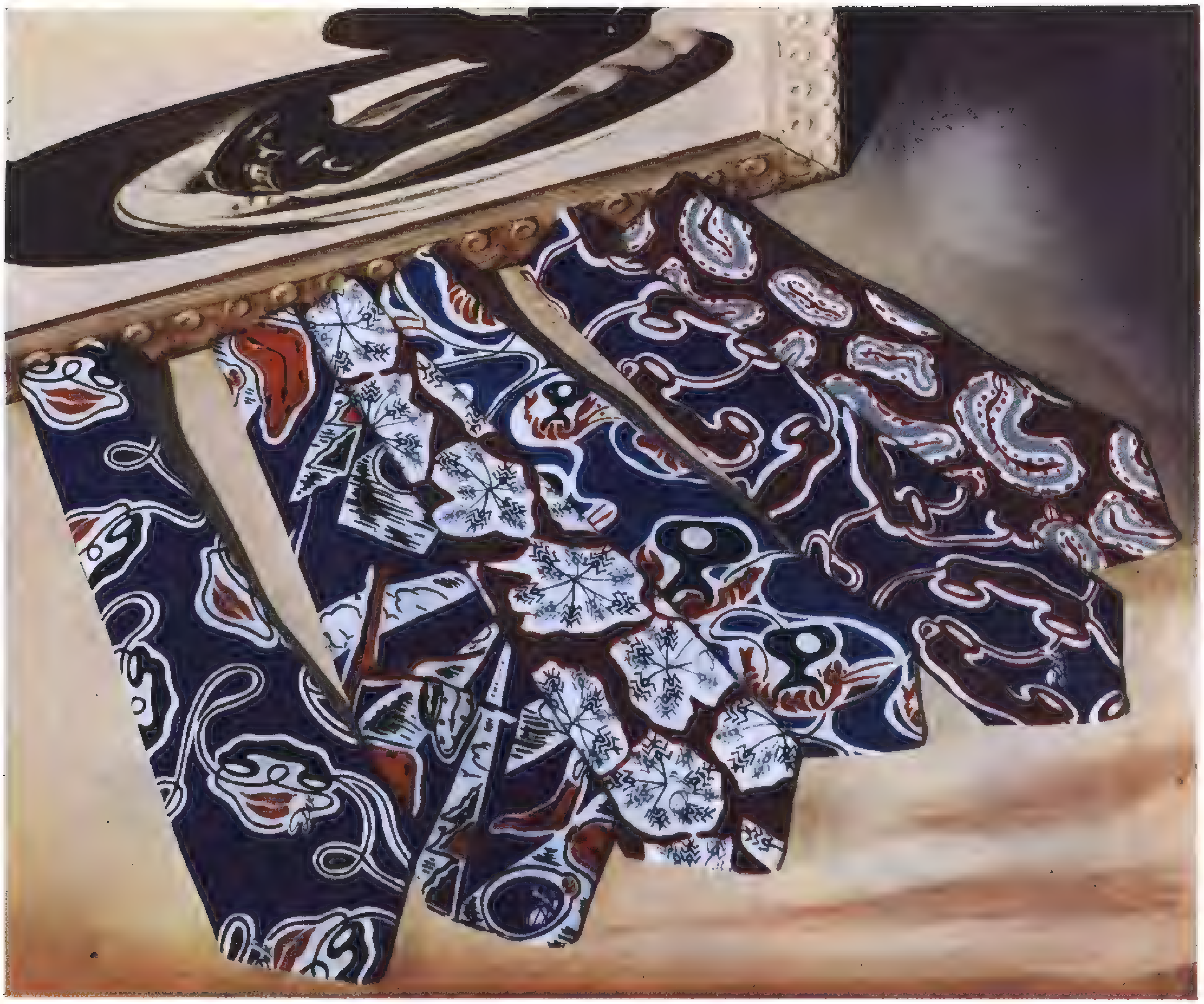

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Black Sheep Number One: Johnny

Introducing a series of unregenerate characters, each a bad piece of work, ranging from worthless to pernicious

by THEODORE DREISER

▪ SEMI-FICTION ▪

JOHNNY'S story is by no means the result of total direct observation. On the contrary, it is a summary of various observations made by two of his sons, who, during the long years of their childhood and young manhood, were compelled to dwell with or near him in the medium-sized city in Illinois in which all lived, also to endure and so remember much that is here set down. And I, knowing them for a period, learned much. On the other hand, there were and still are many residing in Springfield, Illinois, who, yet not knowing Johnny intimately at all, still, by word of mouth, knew of much of his conduct which appeared, in so far as I can gather, to astonish, as well as irritate, and yet for some reason, amuse, many who would never socially countenance any related conduct in others.

Johnny and his three brothers were born on a farm near Cincinnati. One later became a millionaire in New York, angeling shows for his stagestruck daughter while his wife took satisfactory friends on pilgrimages to Europe; a second brother made thirty thousand a year for forty years. The third and last, his favorite brother, Jack, joined with Johnny in railroading and drinking. As little boys these two hated school and refused to go, so every morning their father had to take them in the wagon with the hired man holding them in. At school they once beat up the janitor and ran home and when the truant officer came they beat him up, too.

When Johnny was twelve his father traded his farm for a hotel near the Union Station in Springfield and compelled all of his sons to work for him as bellhops. Their father, like Johnny later, hated work and after he lost his hotel he decided that he preferred work that was seasonal. That is, if he was criticized for loafing so many months of the year, he could blame it on his job. In that way he managed to spend his last years sitting around in barrel houses and at ninety-six was hit by a car. His hip was broken but it was pneumonia that later killed him.

While working for his father as a bellhop in the hotel near the station, Johnny decided he wanted to take up railroading, so he became a brakeman and a switchman. Later, on runs out of Springfield to Chicago and St. Louis he met and then married *Mom,* as Johnny's children always referred to their mother. Out of this marriage came three sons—all industrious and all later successful, and it was one of these, a cheerful and highly realistic investment broker in Chicago who later described his mother and her parents to me—as "the simplest of simple farmers. Bessie, my mother, really liked farming and would have preferred to continue her life as a farmer's wife." But Johnny, this brother's father, when he came on the scene, would hear none of that. He was for railroading and seeing the world in that way. "Mom," he said, "always called her parents 'Pa' and 'Ma' and when we came into the world and were old enough to visit her parents we called them 'Pa' and 'Ma,' too."

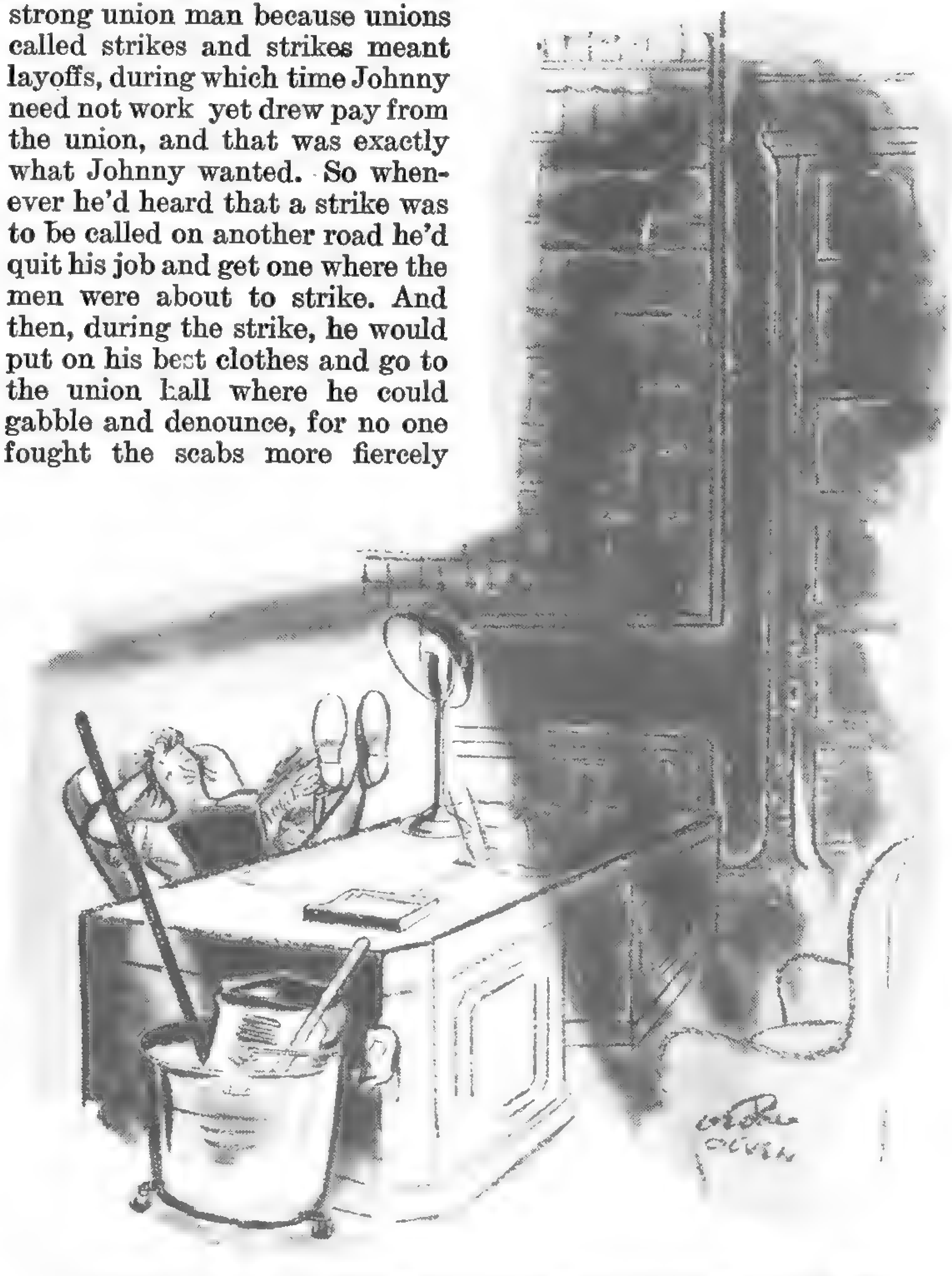
However, things, according to this particularly cheerful and jesting and ironic son, began to go wrong from the first. For when Johnny first called on Bessie (and later also) he only polished the front of his shoes, which caused her Pa and Ma to decide that Johnny was no good. Nonetheless they both favored the marriage because both were tired of the farm and wanted to sell it. Pa (James Dickerson was his real name) had fought in the Civil War and had been slightly injured in his left hip—enough to entitle him to a pension and, more, to live—he and his wife if they chose—at the Old Soldiers' Home in Springfield. And after Bessie's marriage this they did, spending, in fact, the rest of their lives there, yet going every year to Chicago for a few weeks to live in a rooming house and see the sights, after which they returned to the Soldiers' Home!

Pa Dickerson, as I thus learned, was himself a character of no little import as characters go. He was, for all of his farmer life and war injury, a ladies' man and what he best remembered of the Civil War, as his grandson said, was his standing on a ridge with the Yankee soldiers near Atlanta and looking through field glasses at the ladies carrying parasols and, dressed in fine clothes, walking along the streets there. Also he remembered wanting them. Being a ladies' man in mood, if not in fact, involved his wearing a signet ring and a cap and smoking cheroots. Later, Johnny, his son-in-law, called him the weighmaster because, when downtown in Springfield, he spent much of his time standing near the weighing scales that were to be found in front of the principal drug and five and ten cent stores, in order to get acquainted with the women who weighed themselves there. Whether the rate of conquest was high or not his grandson couldn't say. He only knew that the effort was earnest and persistent.

However, it was Johnny who, after his marriage to Bessie and for amazing temperamental reasons, was destined to astound and trouble and annoy his three sons, all of whom were born during the first five years of his marriage. During this time, while his three other brothers were succeeding excellently in varying professions, which meant all-important local connections, Johnny continued to work on the railroad and to belong to one of the railroad unions. Yet, as it developed, he was only a strong union man because unions called strikes and strikes meant layoffs, during which time Johnny need not work yet drew pay from the union, and that was exactly what Johnny wanted. So whenever he'd heard that a strike was to be called on another road he'd quit his job and get one where the men were about to strike. And then, during the strike, he would put on his best clothes and go to the union hall where he could gabble and denounce, for no one fought the scabs more fiercely than did he (he loved to fight), nor did any one stay out longer for he loved to loaf, of course.

However, the railway companies blackballed him many times and he was forced to other jobs such as working in a slaughter house for seven dollars a week as a maintenance man's helper. Also to move for non-payment of rent. Yet, even so, he and a companion he found at the slaughter house spent all their time working in the kitchens where, according to Johnny's son, they stole frankfurters and bologna for their homes. As for the dispossess problem, Johnny would drive a sandwagon and if it so happened that he and his family were thrown out of a house for non-payment of rent, Johnny would drive the sandwagon by after dark and he and his young sons would move the family furniture to the first

Continued on page 156



"Imagine yourself hauntingly scented all over with the forbidden fragrance"

The Wages of Cinema Sin

Theda Bara started it, Valentino, Clara Bow, Garbo and Gable developed it and perhaps Dorothy Lamour will finish it

by PAUL FREDERIC HEARD

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Sex bores me—on the screen. This is probably because it is not what it used to be and, as a number one box-office commodity, has practically vanished from the movie theatre. For the rollicking seduction of the twenties and the luxurious sin of the thirties has been transferred from the screen into the realm of everyday living. Audiences, no longer thrilled by what has ceased to be a novelty, are merely embarrassed by a screen portrayal of the intimate details of their daily lives.

For sex is no longer news. And so, the shouting being over, the Hays office, which has traditionally censored sex only when it has ceased to be interesting, quietly banned tight bodices for screen heroines and, on a recent program of *Hobby Lobby*, Paulette Goddard's sweater and Dorothy Lamour's sarong were sold at public auction.

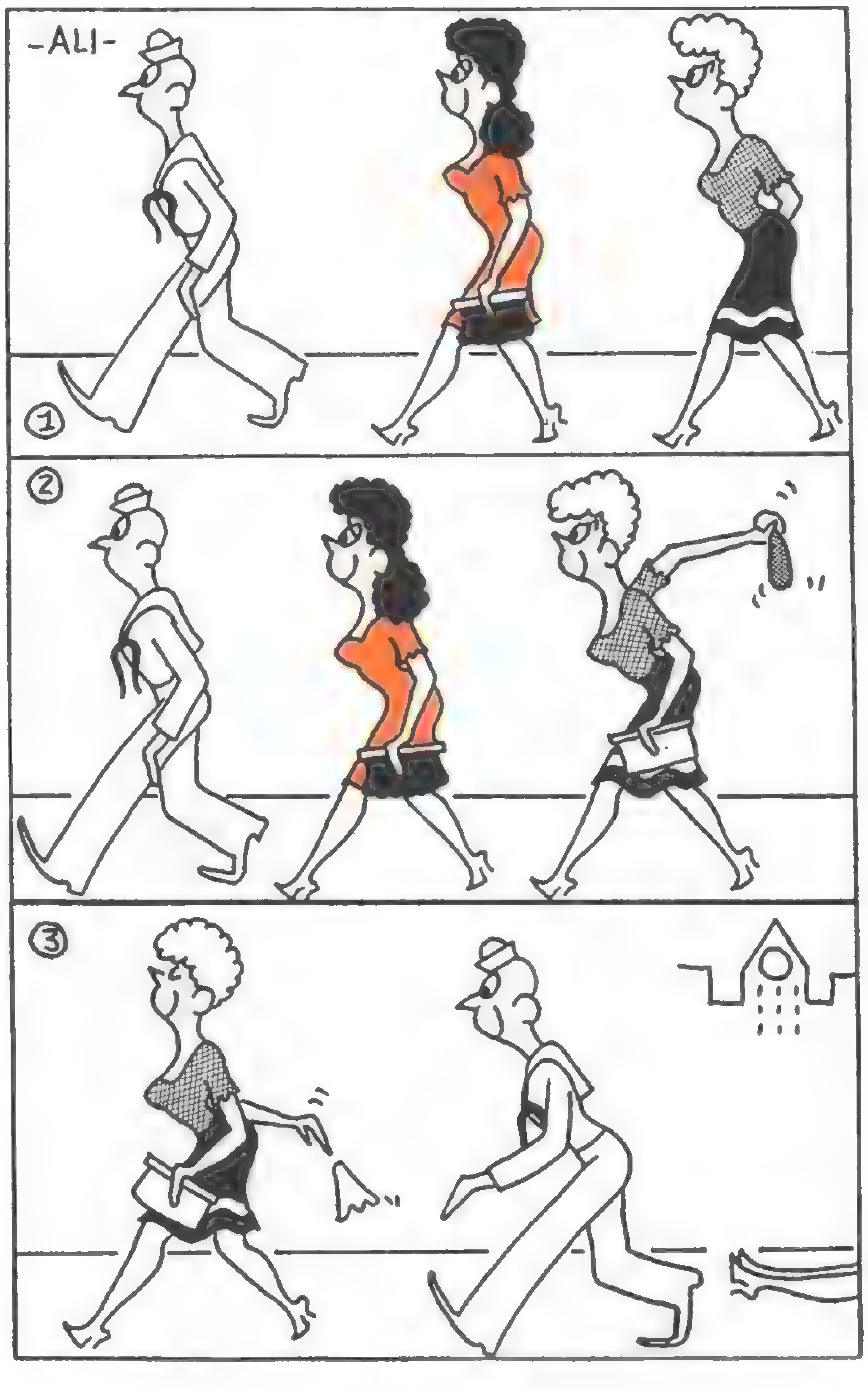
Thus ends a period of more than two decades when sex, on the screen and off, was America's number one obsession. Sex was discovered, so far as America was concerned, just before the first World War, when it was taken from the limbo of the unconscious, where it had been relegated for a period of a hundred years, and became the favorite subject for books and plays, song and dance. During the thirties the Depression and its attendant economic problems gradually replaced sex as the subject of greatest interest to the American people, and now it has been pushed out of public consciousness by the one great fact of life today—the war. And so, in the third year of World War II, sex on the screen is undergoing a slow and lingering death.

The movie industry began early to make use of a subject which was invariably sure-fire box office. During the years before our entry into World War I, 1913-1917, an amazing galaxy of films in crusading spirit depicted frankly nearly every phase of white slavery, a subject now thoroughly taboo to the Hays office. These were not two-bit shows for the flophouse trade, but feature-length pictures. A few were honest sociological studies, but they were soon followed by unscrupulous producers with a flood of such films based on pure sensationalism dressed up in only the thinnest coating of "education."

Our sophisticated eyes could not take these pictures seriously, angled as they were with an air of wide-eyed alarm. The titles are ridiculous and give away their absurdly melodramatic treatment: *Traffic in Souls, The Inside of the White Slave Traffic* and *Hypocrites.* The problem of syphilis was dealt with in *Damaged Goods*, a title which today has become purely a term of satire. *Purity*, a twentieth century morality movie, strangely enough used a completely nude woman as the personification of this virtue. Birth control received frank treatment in *Where Are My Children?* and *Maternity;* and the craze for sex education culminated in films with such incredible titles as *Is Any Girl Safe?* and *Enlighten Thy Daughter.*

At about the same time as the sex education and exposé films a series of pictures appeared (1915-20) starring Theda Bara in her memorable role of the vampire. Crude as these pictures would seem today, they left an indelible imprint on American life and gave the term "vamp," both as a noun and as a verb, to the American vocabulary.

In the Theda Bara films the heavy make-up, the snake-like gowns and the unmistakable predatory gleam identified the seductress in the first shot. The audience, knowing her for what she was, could settle down to a thorough enjoyment of her evil intrigue. Her victims were constantly stripped of money, of position and of honor while Theda Bara, the vampire, lived dramatically on, thriving on her wickedness, to reappear in picture after picture: *A Fool There Was, Sin, The Serpent, The She Devil, When a Woman Sins* and *The Tiger Woman.*



At the climax of one film she sprinkled rose petals on her victim, a dissipated wreck, as, broken in mind and body, he crawled on hands and knees down the stairs from her boudoir.

Taking her "vampire" role seriously, Theda Bara made a group of films depicting famous bad women. As Cleopatra she was in her glory with a serpent as a headdress and an exiguous brassiere of two other serpents. As Carmen and Salome her victims looked—and died. Theda Bara's vamping would seem stereotyped and ludicrous to us today. Her technique left little to the imagination. It was her climactic scenes, which, along with the early exposé and white slave films, caused the first censorship.

Yet it may be said that Theda Bara made one great contribution to American culture. She brought the predatory instincts of woman into the open and made it fashionable, and even respectable, for women to vamp, rather than to simper at, their men. Yet because in the films she thrived so on evil, she tended, as did the gangster heroes of a later day, to glorify wickedness as a way of life, and this, too, had its effect on the culture of our time.

With the advent of World War I, the vamp and exposé pictures were overshadowed by a new type, the first propaganda films. These films painted our adversaries a deep, uncompromising black, with a simple, childish ferocity not compatible with the more sophisticated hatred of today. In such films as *The Kaiser, the Beast of Berlin, Hearts of the World, The Claws of the Hun, The Little American* and *To Hell with the Kaiser*, were perpetrated the atrocity stories, which, widely disbelieved after the first world war, have come to be fulfilled today. Among the atrocities depicted were the tossing of babies from bayonets and the fate of young girls, prey of the conqueror. Realistic scenes, close-ups of brutal faces gleaming with lust and the tearing of clothes from victims, served a purpose in arousing fury toward the enemy. But in defense of civilization the realism had to be bridled and thus the propaganda films also caused widespread censorship.

During the aftermath of the war the motion picture became a record of the times. Freedom from conventional and moral restrictions was the byword, and the problems of marriage and divorce came to be examined in a new and uncompromising light. It was then that Cecil B. DeMille, later famous as a producer of spectacles, directed a series of films on marriage and divorce.

People were allowing themselves, in these fevered post-war days, to come to the startling conclusion that there were occasions when it would be better if the bonds of matrimony were dissolved. And the movies, rarely courageous enough to champion a radical new idea, were ready, as always, to exploit one—with due caution. In one DeMille picture after another, couples hovered on the edge of divorce, but never took the final step. A wife would give her husband every excuse in the world for divorce—and vice-versa—but in the end they would return to each other with open arms. Such films appealed to the advocates of the new freedom who thought the couple should have been divorced, and, because of their "happy" ending, finished on safe ground.

Thus Hollywood succeeded in playing a controversial issue for all it was worth without offending anyone. It was for Hollywood a very good thing indeed. A list of titles indicates how seriously those films could be taken today: *Don't Change Your Husband, Male and Female, Why Change Your Wife, Something to Think About.*

And then Hollywood discovered that in the costume drama plus sex they had the best formula yet. In America in the twenties, most women did not divorce their husbands or seduce wealthy men, rob them of their money, and scatter rose petals on their prostrate forms. Neither did moving pictures of women doing these things give the patrons real escape from their humdrum lives. Unable to identify themselves completely with such socially unacceptable types, the feminine audience was ripe for release.

It was then that Rudolph Valentino became the answer to a prayer. Star of scores of films, this dark, exotic lover took his audience into other periods and climes where anything might happen. As a sheik in the Arabian Desert or as a polished Don Juan in a French drawing room this Italian immigrant boy somehow embodied technique, polish and finesse on the part of a lover and always in a dream setting where such things could be. He was known as "The Sheik" and gave the word a special meaning. His technique of glowing eyes and pantings and clinches seems crude today. In a Valentino film, kisses ran a full fifty feet on the screen, the absolute limit of the Hays code.

Following close on the heels of the Valentino furor appeared a rash of films which purported to debunk, but actually glorified, the American flapper. The flapper—whose skirts dangled above her knees, allowing the freedom of movement so craved by the women of her day! The flapper—that flat-chested, lanky-legged, boyish-bobbed, flask-swigging spirit of youth. How daring and reckless and heady she seemed on the silver screen of the past. How quaint, like crinoline and old lace, she seems to us today.

The advent of the flapper was not, as was thought by many, an indication of sexual license, but of feminism gone wild, a flaunting declaration of women's rights. Her short skirts were for health and activity. The flapper films were concerned primarily with a woman's being herself, expressing her own individuality. Love affairs were a phase of the pyrotechnics of feminine adolescence. In such pictures as Colleen Moore's *We Moderns* and *Flaming Youth*, playing with fire was seen as standard procedure for the young girl.

The flapper films dealt primarily with women's mad dash for freedom from restrictions and taboos, and if they seem overly dosed with sex it is because taboos on sex were the most sensational and many times the easiest to break. The thrill was not in love itself. To drink and to have an affair established the flapper as a free woman, and flappers swigged their liquor and pursued their men with all the righteous determination of a Carrie Nation swinging her axe on a barroom door. Therefore, in the flapper films there were few lingering caresses but much wild laughter, promiscuous lap-sittings, and tipping of wine glasses—no sin, but many narrow escapes.

For while the heroines of the flapper films determinedly played with fire, few even got singed. All, as did their counterparts in real life, came back to the conventional virtues of Home and Husband and eventually settled down.

The films starring Clara Bow followed the usual flapper pattern, but Clara Bow herself created the role of the famous "it" girl, the part conceived for her by Elinor Glyn. In pictures such as *Mantrap, Red Hair*, and *It*, she made

Continued on page 162

"She's such a wonderful cook that we just have to let her have her little fun"

Tommy Hitchcock: Ten Goal American

Commemorating the life and the death of Lieutenant Colonel Hitchcock, fighting hero of the polo field and of this war

by PAUL GALLICO

•COMMENTARY•

THE late Thomas Hitchcock was a titan who dominated the American scene during the Golden Decade of Sport, a glorious era of the giants of play.

He was to polo what Jack Dempsey was to the ring, Babe Ruth to baseball, Bill Tilden to tennis and Bob Jones to golf.

But he was more than an athlete and a sportsman. He was the prototype of the perfect American. He was at once a living person and a legend. He gave his life for his country and he left the legacy of his personality and his character and the imprint of his life upon the memories of millions of Americans.

There might be some who would hold that his was not a useful life, that it was devoted to the playing of a game indulged in only by the rich. Well, maybe so, but brethren, he sure played that game. He played it to the hilt. He played it the way nobody ever had in the memory of man, and when he was finished, a lot of people knew about polo who had never heard of it before, and many more knew the name of Tommy Hitchcock. They knew him as a rough, tough, slashing rider and the hardest and longest hitter the game had ever known.

We are really an unsnobbish people. We don't hold it against a guy for being rich if he can play his game like a true champion and produce those thrills. Poor boy makes good is our favorite nursery story, but we lift our skimmers just as high and huzzah as loud for the man of wealth who is a champion.

Pre-Hitchcock polo was attended by polite gatherings of two or three thousand people who sat around the field and pattered well-mannered applause. Polo in the Golden Decade, with Hitch socking the ball a hundred yards and further at a clip, drew from thirty to forty thousand people, who got up on their hind legs and yelled until all of staid Meadow Brook at Westbury, L. I., trembled.

There have been famous names in American polo, but none that captured the imagination of rich and poor alike as that of Tommy Hitchcock, Jr. He stood five feet eleven inches in his riding boots, weighed a hundred and ninety pounds, turfside, and wasn't afraid of anything or anyone in the world, either on the polo field or anywhere else.

He was a hero right out of the storybooks. When he was seventeen years old he tried to get into the American Air Force and was chased away for being too young. So he enlisted in the famous Lafayette Escadrille, flew a Spad over France, shot down three Germans, won the *Croix de Guerre* with three palms, and was himself shot down inside the German lines with a bullet through his thigh.

You would figure this would be enough for any seventeen-year-old in one war, but not Hitch. On his way to a German prison camp in Bavaria, his guard fell asleep. Tommy stole a map out of his pocket and then dove through the window of the moving train, game leg and all. He walked eighty miles to the Swiss border and then made his way back to France.

In 1921 he was a member of the U. S. International Polo Team that went to England and brought back the Westchester Cup held by England since 1914. Between 1921 and 1939 Hitchcock played against England for the United States five times and the United States was never once defeated in that time. Not only that but the English never managed to win a single game from us in that period.

His last appearance in International play was at Meadow Brook in 1939 at the age of forty-four. In the first game which the Americans won 11-7, Hitchcock scored four goals and figured in two assists. In the second and deciding game, Hitchcock again scored four goals, with two assists, leading the American attack.

But what remains in the memory of the spectators at Meadow Brook that fair June day in 1939 was the spectacle of a man approaching middle age, who had been playing polo for thirty years, still dominating the play with his vicious, unrelenting attack and tremendous hitting power.

As always, against the bright background of the robin's-egg blue stands, the green turf and the confetti-colored crowds banked around the field, one seemed to see only Hitchcock.

There were seven other players, the best of England and America, riding hard and fighting bitterly, but again and again a high "Oooooooh!", a cry of wonder, would go up from the stands as the big fellow with the No. 2 on his back would swing and hit, and the ball would streak down the field as though fired from a cannon.

When Hitchcock hit, there was something that communicated itself to the crowds in the stands. He was the only man who ever made the thrill of polo vicarious. When he began one of his thundering rides down on the ball and wound himself up to let fly you could feel the crowd in the stands gathering itself up and tensing like a cocked gun. You could feel it in yourself, the gathering effort for the climax, breath held, muscles tightening.

Then WHAM! And the shout and the long sigh, as the ball made a streak across the velvet turf. You knew it had been hit. And so did the opposing players. With one drive Hitchcock could change the whole pattern of play, break up an attack and turn it to deadly offense.

Hitchcock was rated at 10 goals, the highest handicap in polo, for a period of thirteen years, an unequalled record. He played on championship teams to win every honor that the game had to offer. But more, he democratized polo and broke down the barriers that had existed for many years. In 1930 he scandalized the polo clique by selecting a couple of cowpokes from Texas, Rube Williams and Cecil Smith, to play on the International squad. All he asked of a man who wanted to play polo was that he play it high, wide, rough, tough and handsome.

So there were honors enough for this man, and fame, and the respect of the American people. But not for Hitch, when the war came. For if polo was his game, flying was his love. He once said, "Flying is the best sport in the world. People call duckhunting sport, because they get the thrill of shooting something down. It's not real sport unless the duck can shoot back at you. That's what flying is during war."

Death came to Tommy Hitchcock, Jr., at the age of forty-four. He was wearing the uniform of the United States Air Force with the rank of lieutenant colonel. He was killed last April in the crash of a fighting plane near Salisbury, where he commanded a P-51 Mustang Group.

He had received a commission in the Air Forces soon after Pearl Harbor and was assigned to England as an assistant military attaché for air. But that wouldn't do for Hitchcock. He had to be in there where he could ride and rough and hit.

He fought his way through to a combat command in spite of his age. His plea was, "You almost kept me out of one war because I was too young. Are you going to keep me out of this one because I'm too old?" He backed up his demands by learning to fly the hottest ship in the Army.

He went out the way he lived—a fighting American. ##

Glad to Be Home Again

She knew what soldiers were, and how could this traveler be expected to stay content in a small Midwest town

by D. MALM

▪ FICTION ▪

THE grey car came competently down the street and stopped neatly in front of the post office, and a long thin girl with a lot of yellow hair and a thin brown face got out. "Loafing around as usual," she said as she passed the long, thin, dark young man sitting on the sunny steps. He shrugged his shoulders nonchalantly.

When she came out again, she stood for a moment on the steps counting her change and folding the stamps sticky side out, and he had a chance to reply. "They tell me the sun's good for me."

"You just can't settle down, that's all," she said curtly. "For all you're so glad to be home."

"I am glad to be home."

"That's what you say."

"Well, have a cigarette anyway," he said, shaking one out of the package and holding it out to her. She hesitated, took it, and sat down beside him on the steps, bending her head to the match. Her yellow hair fell across her cheek. She shook it back impatiently.

"You ought to be having the sun right on your knee then," she said.

"No, it feels good like this," he said, but he used both hands to get his right leg into a better position.

"I know well enough what I am and I face it," she remarked after a minute's silence. "But you don't face what you are."

"Oh, but I do. And I know what you are, too. Just as interfering as ever," he said rather tolerantly.

"A small town schoolteacher," she said with sudden bitterness, folding her arms around her knees and resting her chin against them, "who's never been out of this town except for eight weeks' summer session at Columbia, who's not even pretty. I'm not pretty."

"Not pretty," he agreed thoughtfully, "but quite attractive, I think. But much too bossy. The boys won't like you if you're bossy, you know."

"I don't care; I know what I am and I face it," she repeated. "I lead the life I was meant to lead. But you—you've seen the world now; you've seen Ireland and England and Africa and met all kinds of interesting people and girls—glamorous pretty girls—you've had things happen to you to wake you up, to make you ambitious and dissatisfied with a dead little town in the Midwest—but you won't admit it; you just sit and loaf in the sun and pretend to like it. But you don't have to pretend with me."

"In other words I get a D for Effort."

"Why, even before, you were one of the most ambitious boys in town," she said angrily. "You had so many big plans. And now you've seen enough to make your plans definite—and instead you make a big play of being so satisfied to stay here and be a nobody. Just because you don't want to hurt people who are fond of you. To hurt your mother by not being glad to be back."

"And my wife; don't forget my wife," he said rather irritably and he shifted his leg again. "You always know what's best for people, don't you, better than they know themselves?"

"It's for your own good," she said passionately, her voice somehow strained and anxious. "I know you want to, too, and just won't admit it. And it isn't fair to them, to your wife, if you've met some other girl. And you must have."

"Why?"

"I know what soldiers are," she said moodily. Then she added with sudden diffidence, "It's just your wife I'm thinking about, as a person, as if I'd never even met her, just as a girl called Celia, don't you see? And you a man called George. Impersonally. Don't you see that it'd be the kindest thing if you told her now if you've met someone else; now, before she's had time to get used to having you around again?"

"But you forget you might be wrong about me, for all you're so wise."

"But I know I'm not wrong, and I don't like to see people wasted and unhappy, just because they're afraid of hurting people. How *can* you be contented here?" she said fiercely, gesturing at the street before them. It was quiet and sleepy in the dusty summer sun; a dog went loping casually by, Mrs. Grenell came out of the Red Owl store on the corner and the screen door banged behind her, a freight train chuff-chuffed past the grade crossing outside of town. It was all very quiet under the empty blue sky. "After all you've seen!"

"But aren't you contented?"

"What's that got to do with it? I've never known anything else; it's my home, all my friends are here, even though they're just ordinary commonplace people.... But you've seen the world; you've got friends all over the world now; this isn't your home any more. ... And I like to see people happy, and I can't believe you're happy. Because I'm rather fond of you, you know, having known you so long and all."

"Fonder of me than of Celia," he observed.

"Yes," she said, throwing her cigarette away and putting her forehead against her arms. Her voice came muffled. "That's true."

"Look," he said, "there's something you don't understand at all. It's hard to talk about things that mean so much—hard for me, anyway. But look. When I went away I didn't know if I was glad or sorry to be going, but I kept saying: 'Well, I'll be seeing the world, anyway, and that'll be exciting.' But things are never what you expect. When I actually got out there and was seeing it, all I thought of was home, being here, sitting on the post office steps in a town full of people I've always known—people I trust. And I met girls, sure, and some of them were awfully pretty and they were anxious to give a soldier a good time, but I kept thinking of my Celia in that awful dress she used to wear, that faded pink one with the crooked hem—you know.... You can't understand that because you look at Celia with all your famous honesty and see her as she looks to strangers. But you can't see her as she looks to me. And I can forgive you," he said quietly, "for trying to interpret me the way you do, because you mean so well, but I can't forgive you for trying to drive me away from my wife, because she's what I lived for, over there, and she's all I live for now."

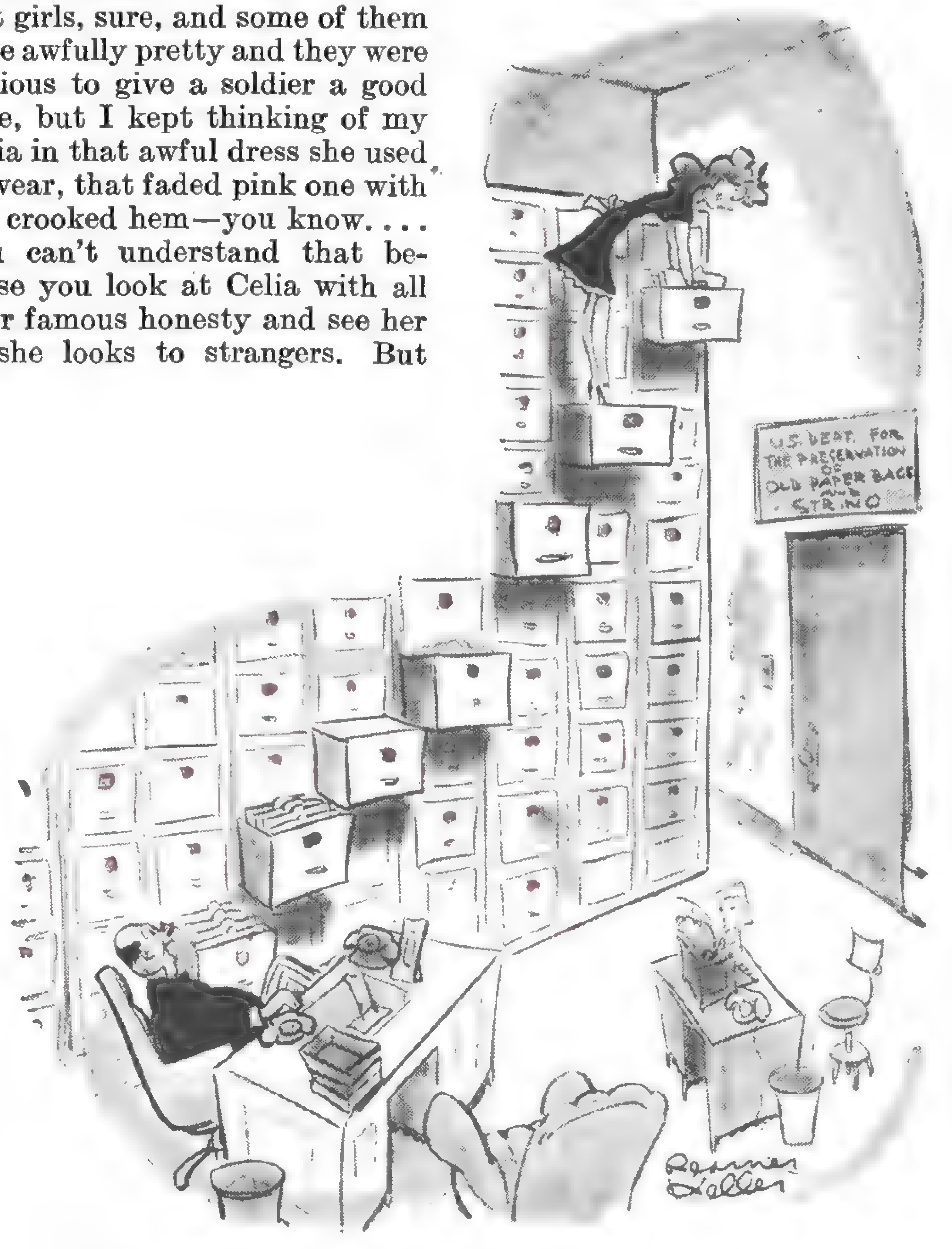
"You should have told me that before," she whispered, her face hidden.

"I'm no good at telling things."

Mrs. Grenell came out of the hardware store and turned toward the post office, starting to smile before she was halfway across the street. "Well, hello, Captain Johnson," she cried, coming up the steps. "Still glad to be home? Hello, Mrs. Johnson. Still glad to have him back?"

"Still glad to be home," he said decidedly.

The girl lifted her face. Her eyes were brilliant with tears. "Yes, glad to have him back," she said. ⋕


U.S. DEPT. FOR THE PRESERVATION OF OLD PAPER BAGS AND STRING
Reamer Keller

"You'd love the Canadian Rockies, Miss Dimple"

"Gentlemen of the Jury..."

Listen closely and with a measure of skepticism; don't be sidetracked by silly prejudice or fear of an impasse

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

ARTICLE

R

So you got a jury notice! Well, as a veteran of about ten juries, let me urge you to go down and serve—don't try to get excused. Society sorely needs more men and women of your caliber on juries. And I can assure you that it will be a useful experience.

Fancy yourself in the jury box, for example, when a mild-mannered young man is called to the witness stand in an arson case. He is the prosecution's star witness against the defendant who is accused of having set fire to his store in brutal disregard of the lives of four families sleeping in the ramshackle building.

Questioning brings out the fact that this passer-by paused to look at the smoking debris shortly after the firemen had miraculously killed the blaze in its tracks, leaving much of the evidence intact. The fire marshal had asked him to come inside and look around, noting especially all unmistakable signs of an arson "plant": the half-burnt candles, the cans of gasoline. The marshal had asked him to dictate a simple statement describing what he had seen.

The prosecutor then read the young man's signed statement which clearly detailed the paraphernalia of the arson's trade which he had seen was mute evidence of the cold-blooded ruthlessness with which the crime had been committed. "Is that your statement?" the lawyer asked.

"No, sir," answered the witness in a rather hollow voice.

"Isn't that your signature?" barked the D.A.

"Yes, that's my signature. But I didn't know what I was signing; I didn't know what was written on that paper. I just signed it because I was told to."

There was a long, sizzling pause; then the prosecutor very quietly resumed. "I notice up here in the middle of this statement that the word 'kerosene' is crossed out and the word 'gasoline' written above it in ink. Here in the margin are the words: 'Correction noted' and three initials. Aren't these notations in your handwriting; aren't those your initials?"

The witness took the paper in a trembling hand, gulped and finally said, "yes." But before he spoke every juror there knew from his demeanor that he had been trying to lie out of it.

You see, that shrewd fire marshal knew what can sometimes happen to witnesses through influence, pressure or threats in the months which elapse before a case comes up. So he purposely had this young man note that correction and initial it in his own handwriting to better forestall his later repudiation of his testimony.

The incident demonstrates several vital points which the freshman juror should appreciate:

1. The inexplicable manner in which otherwise honorable citizens sometimes become witness-chair liars.
2. The lengths to which the unfaithful "officer of the court"—the lawyer—will sometimes go in preventing "serving Justice."
3. The fact that your eyes will often tell you more about the veracity of a witness than your ears.

In the last case in which I served as a juror, a policeman barefacedly switched his testimony (already in the record of a previous trial) simply, because he'd become irked at having to hang around court all day long. But even before they got out his previous testimony and read it, we knew something was screwy. His bearing and his truculence told us he was lying for spite.

When you step into the jury box, therefore, go with the realization that you may soon be knee-deep in perjury. Witnesses on one side or the other (if not both!) may either be mistaken or lying, and not necessarily because of bribery. For it is a sad fact that otherwise honest people often have no qualms about standing up under oath and lying out of friendship or enmity. In such instances they perhaps fail to grasp the fact that their lying is perjury—possibly because the oath was administered by a bored clerk in a formal singsong.

SUPER MARKET
GROCERY
MAIN ST.
BUS STOP
dave Gerard

"O'Shaughnessy's been on this beat for years"

Your job, as a juror, is to separate this welter of conflicting testimony and winnow out the truth. Believe me, it is no easy job and there are times when you will find yourself in a hopeless lather of doubt. For you start off as ignorant of the rules as an Englishman would be at his first baseball game.

You are confused by the strange lingo, the subtle maneuvers and bickering of lawyers.

You will do a better job if you start out with an approach. For one thing, size up the lawyers just as carefully as you size up the witnesses. Which one seems to be striving to stick to the point, which one is continually muddying up the water and confusing the issue and dragging out the proceedings? Which one's summation is packed with oratory and dramatics—but awfully skimpy on analysis of good, solid facts?

Note, particularly, what happens among counsel when some damaging testimony begins to come in. One of the first laws of the legal jungle in this situation is to pick a fight with opposing counsel in the hope of distracting the jury's attention. Don't be sucked in by this device: make a mental note to consider this testimony in the jury room later where you will be free from the pyrotechnics.

On the other hand, do not be misled because one attorney seems to be objecting every other minute. Often this is construed as obstructionism: it is just as likely that this might be your tip-off that the other lawyer is hitting below the belt. For example, an elementary device is for an attorney to sneer at a witness, "How much are they paying you for testifying?" The other lawyer snaps out an objection; the court sustains it and directs that the remark be stricken from the record. But the implication of bribery has been planted in your mind—which was the original intent.

Your sole guide here must be the judge: if he is competent he will make it clear whether or not the objections are legitimate. Out of his long experience with counsel he may unerringly recognize the able competent counsel who is an honor to his profession and while doing his best for his client, really aids the court and the jury in ascertaining the true facts from his unscrupulous brother whose tactics seldom fool the court but often mislead the juror. The manner with which the court deals with counsel may aid you in avoiding being mislead by counsel. Unfortunately, so many jurists are not really qualified for this difficult post that observers have been provoked to say, "the chief fault with the jury system is the typical judge!"

Unfortunately, too many jurors are impressed by the quick-answering, cocksure witness—and discount the witness who deliberates, thinks out his replies, qualifies his answers. Yet the latter is much more likely to be the honest man.

Where witnesses are concerned, remember that the human memory is often as unreliable as the wind. Furthermore, the average individual is a very poor reporter. Keep this in mind when you hear a witness glibly reciting minute details of an event of several years ago. And pay particular heed later when the opposing attorney takes that witness and tricks him into repeating the same statements in exactly the same words. Then you know you've got a parrot on the stand who has learned his piece and can't tell it in any other words.

Be alert to any hints the judge may offer. On one of my cases a seven-year-old boy was testifying about an event he had witnessed. He described riding on a streetcar, saying: "...as we approached our destination we arose..."

The judge broke in: "Will you repeat that last sentence, sonny?"

The boy reiterated: "as we approached our destination we arose." Whereupon the judge shot us a quick look which seemed to say, "If you jurors don't get the fact that this is rehearsed testimony in words unnatural to this child, you're beyond hope!"

Of course, in a court run by competent businessmen or scientists or technicians, a judge could say that in plain words. But under what the late Judge Pound termed, "the creaking mechanism of our courts," such a sensible judicial comment might cause a mistrial or a reversal.

This is one of the thorny things you'll have to get used to as a juror ignorant of the rules. You'll never know the rules because a million lawyers have spent a thousand years making them and two million other lawyers coming after them will continue to earn a living while disagreeing about them.

Another stumbling block to justice is the fallacy I've heard propounded every time I've served on a negligence or "damage case" jury: "She must have some justification on her side or she wouldn't be in court."

Perhaps the best answer is the case of "Mute Milton." Milton was riding in a baby carriage which was clipped by an automobile. His mother sued for something like 100,000 dollars on the grounds that, as a result of this accident, Milton had permanently lost his powers of speech.

On the witness stand, Milton was tested by a half dozen experts who couldn't get a sound out of him. Everybody was convinced the boy couldn't talk.

Everybody, that is, except the opposing lawyers. They obtained the judge's permission for a brief recess during which Milton and several other boys were put in the judge's chambers by themselves.

Within five minutes there was an ear-splitting howl. "That kid pinched me," bellowed the erstwhile Mute Milton. His mother was held in 10,000-dollar bond for perjury.

I'm not implying for a moment that all negligence suits are phony—I'm simply hammering home the point that a plaintiff's presence in a civil court does not of itself indicate a reasonable claim any more than an accused man's presence in a criminal court is a proof of guilt.

But the fact remains that a high ratio of damage actions are somewhat offensive to a keen nose. Ambulance chasing lawyers with flexible ethics, accident victims not averse to splitting a few thousand bucks with them, corporation and insurance attorneys who have ruthlessly gypped many an honest claimant in the past—all blend into a situation reflected by the story which once went around the courts about a man who slipped and fell on an icy sidewalk.

A shyster lawyer rushed up, handing him a business card. "That's terrible!" said the lawyer. "That motorman started up while you had one foot on the step; I saw it."

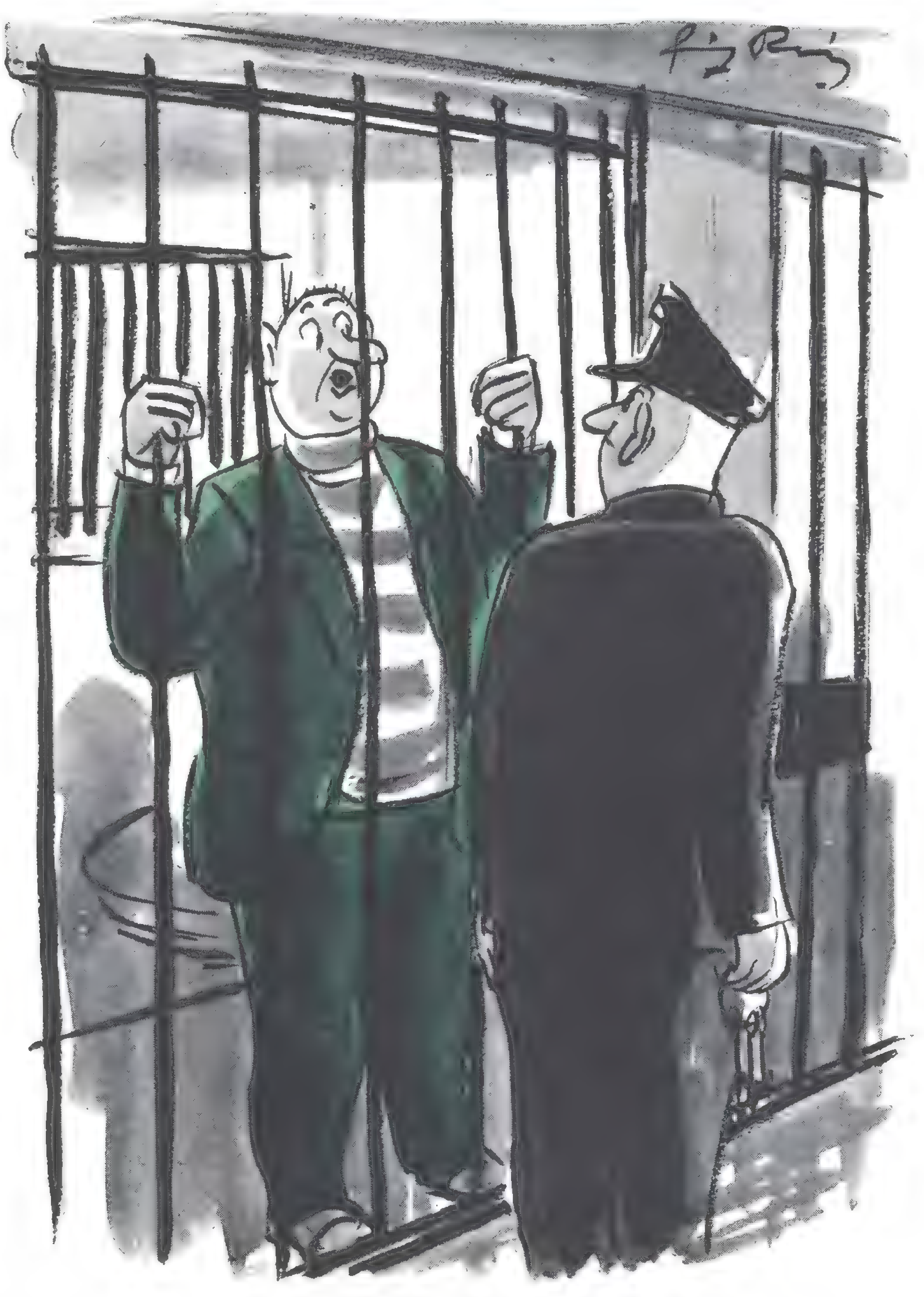
"But I wasn't getting on a car," objected the dazed man, "there's no car in sight. I just slipped on the ice here."

"Poor fellow," sympathized the lawyer, "you're so badly hurt you don't know what happened. I can get you 50,000 dollars for this."

So in due time the case came to trial and the plaintiff's attorney showed up with five witnesses who swore positively they had seen the car pull out just as the man started to board it, throwing him forcibly to the street.

In refutation, the insurance

Continued on page 170



"My lawyer's in the Southwest Pacific—is the Public Defender any good?"

McKeever into Leahy's Shoes

It was more than Irishmen's luck that made McKeever, one-time frosh gridder at Notre Dame, the team's new head man

by J. RAY HUNT

SPORTS

He wanted to play football for Knute Rockne, but the nearest he ever came to it was to be in the freshman backfield, running off next week's opponents' formations against Frank Carideo and Marchy Schwartz, Tommy Yarr and Bert Metzger. And he very nearly missed that by a close shave. But really!

That was back in the Fall of 1930. The good-looking kid with the Texas drawl reported for practice with his hair neatly trimmed and his face clean-shaven. The coach took one look at him, then clipped: "Well, what's the big idea of shaving? You're playing football here today—not dancing."

The kid never razored his chin in midweek the remainder of that season. While the varsity rested on Monday, he was busy learning from the scouts' reports the plays that Pittsburgh probably would run against the Fighting Irish on Saturday. On Tuesday and Wednesday he impersonated a Panther back and felt the heavy hands of Joe Kurth or Al Culver upon him. On Thursday he was bumped about by Tom Conley and Jim Harris.

Those fellows, the nucleus of what has come to be known as Rockne's "greatest team," were none too gentle with the freshman squad that helped prepare them for the Notre Dame Victory March to a national championship. And they'd have been none too gentle with you if, one of those afternoons in 1930, you had suggested that one of the freshman crop—say, the kid with the Texas drawl—would one day be directing the football destiny of the Fighting Irish.

But Fate and Time being what they are, that's how it is this football season of 1944. The kid with the Texas drawl who won his freshman numerals but never the N. D. monogram is now head coach at Notre Dame—Ed McKeever.

Ed McKeever has taken over the Fighting Irish for the duration while Frank Leahy, the head man of Notre Dame athletics, is on leave of absence, serving as a lieutenant in the United States Navy.

It isn't the first time McKeever has substituted for Leahy. He did it before in the 1942 season when Leahy, stricken with a spinal disorder that threatened paralysis, went to the Mayo Clinic for treatment. Notre Dame had been tied 7-7 by Wisconsin in the opening game, then beaten 13-6 by Georgia Tech.

The team itself was as bedridden as the coach, what with injuries, charleyhorses and sprains sidelining halfback "Dippy" Evans and his sophomore understudy Bob Livingstone and center Wally Ziemba. The cure for the football malady which had the Irish patient registering a touchdown pulse of two while running a yardage-gained temperature of 570 was prescribed by Leahy before he himself called for a doctor. McKeever was the nurse on the case, as fully aware of his responsibility as the white-gowned figure standing beside the surgeon in the hospital operating room.

The operation not only had to be a success—the patient had to live! The incision was made by relieving quarterback Angelo Bertelli of the signal-calling in the newly adopted T-formation, leaving him free to concentrate on his forward passing. The suture completed, "The Arm" swung back and forth twenty times the following Saturday afternoon and fourteen times it directed the leather missile unerringly to its target, four times for touchdowns.

It may not have been "just what the doctor ordered" as the cure for the ailing Leahy, but the Notre Dame team recovered to the tune of a 27-0 victory over Stanford—and an unhappy homecoming for the Indians' coach, Marchy Schwartz. It was a throat-tightening, heart-pounding moment when Schwartz, All-American halfback on Rockne's "greatest team," walked across the gridiron where he once ran to fame to congratulate McKeever, the Texas kid who never so much as practiced on the historic stadium sod.

Almost an anonymous figure on the Notre Dame scene at kickoff time that October Saturday in 1942, McKeever at the final gun was as well-known as the backfield he coached. But it wasn't until after the campus "pep" rally the following Friday night, on the eve of the Iowa Seahawk game, that he met the "big name" sports writers and radio announcers who had told the nation's football fans about him the week before. He laughed when Ted Husing acknowledged the introduction with, "Substitute for Leahy." The talk, as it was bound to, finally got around to "tomorrow's game," and McKeever was the center of attention as, on his fingers, he called off the Seahawk players.

"Well, there's Matt Bolger at end," he drawled. "He was a pretty good boy out here last year. Dick Fisher, from Ohio State, about as good a passer as is in the game. That Haman was no slouch of a center at Northwestern last year. And Ed Jankowski, well, he was good enough at Wisconsin for the Green Bay Packers to want him for fullback. You know, looking over that lineup, I just don't see how we stand a chance tomorrow. But it's funny—(and he laughed with his gray-green eyes)—how the kids sometimes get the idea they can't be beaten."

The kids McKeever sent against the unbeaten Navy Pre-Flight team had the idea they couldn't be beaten and when the game was over the Notre Dame stadium was littered with the rubble of a great service team, smashed to pieces by its own power, shot down from the ranks of the undefeated by an alert Irish antiaircraft defense.

Four times the Naval cadets had the goal line in focus in their bomb sights, and as many times the target spun crazily, whipsawed about and exploded like T.N.T. in the face of the bombardiers. You've read in the war communiqués about the soldier who picked up the grenade and threw it back at the enemy. Well, that's what McKeever's team—Bertelli, in particular—did that day against the Seahawks. Three times Bertelli's ack-ack brought down Seahawk aerials, and converted them into touchdowns on the Notre Dame side of the scoreboard. The final score was 28-0 and the "substitute for Leahy" was carried off the field—atop the Irish players' shoulders.

But McKeever kept his feet on the ground and declined to take credit for the success. "People seem to forget," he said, "Leahy gave the squad its groundwork."

Ed McKeever began his athletic career at St. Edward's university preparatory school in Austin, Texas, playing under Jack Meagher, Notre Dame graduate. He captained the football team two years, alternating between halfback and quarterback. He played left field in baseball and forward in basketball. If it was from Meagher he drew the inspiration to enroll at Notre Dame and play football for Rockne, it was from Meagher, too, he got the idea to quit the Indiana in-

Continued on page 180

LOVE MEANS NOTHING

Gertrude Moran, one of the nebulae of Hollywood

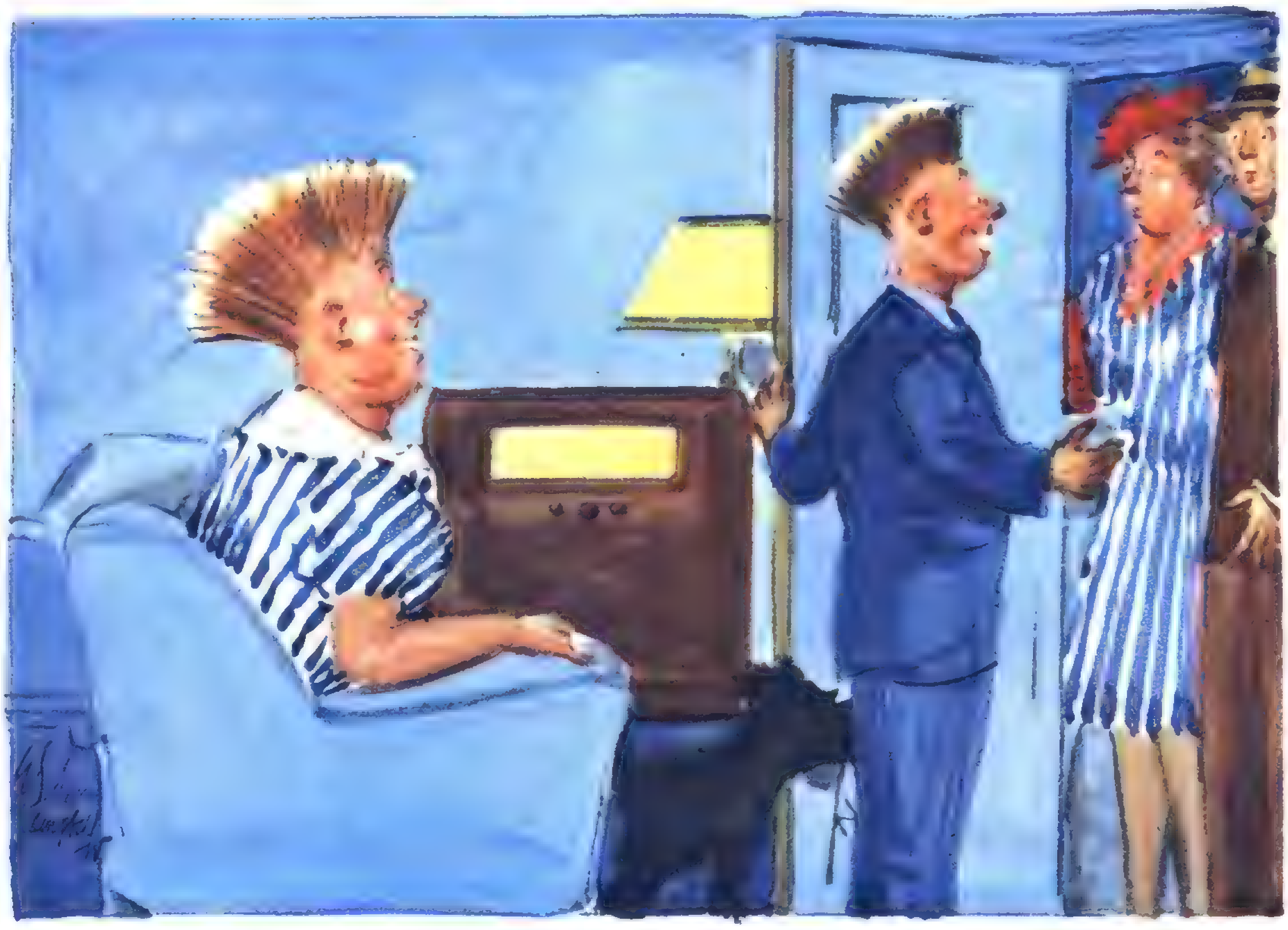
Introducing Gertrude Moran, Gussie for short, who served, vollied and smashed good will into Mexico via her superb form on the court in T-shirt and shorts. All this during a good-neighbor tennis tournament tour. Gussie has brought color literally plus figuratively to tennis. The die-hards, defenders of the traditional white, who have seen Gussie's brilliant bandeaux in action, have let down their white flag. "The gal can face the net with the best," allows Big Bill Tilden. And he should know because he is the guy who taught her. Gussie held her first racket on the courts of Samahi and her Alma Mater is proud of its hard-hitting daughter.

On the subject of men the nicely chiseled Miss from Santa Monica (where she has lived all her nineteen years with Mama, Papa and Grandma) demurs. "I don't know," soliloquizes she, eyes half-closed with that "just where shall I place it?" look, acquired from years of serving into the sun. "New men in my life grow lyrical about my backhand and then, when I trim them at ping pong, wax critical about the angle of my eyebrows." It is difficult to believe that Gussie only wins love games on the court. Perhaps a bet, now grown to some 250 dollars, that she won't marry until she is twenty-seven has some bearing on the subject.

Anyway, she is honest. When she wanted to balance her budget with a few days' work in Warner's Gershwin picture, this is the way the dialogue between Gussie and dance director Leroy Prinz read: "I can't sing or dance." "Okay, you're hired." So for two weeks she sat on the set and talked tennis. Gussie always wears her hair straight. Says she's a little lazy, but that she likes it that way. Keeps her tan the year around. Loses weight during a tournament. Gets lots of sleep. Thrives on sweets. Loves to go on Army camp tennis tours. Says her game improves with an Armed Force gallery. Plans never to turn professional. And there is only one thing she likes better in the world than tennis—swimming.

Vital Statistics: *Height:* 5′ 7″; *Weight:* 120 lbs.; *Bust:* 36″; *Waist:* 26″; *Hips:* 35″; *Age:* 19.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY WAXMAN



"Come right in—we're listening to Inner Sanctum mystery"

BROADWAY FOR THE BOYS

Lady with a hot harp

The sober cherub with the golden hair and golden gown is caught in a mood of deceptive seriousness through the strings of her harp by photographer James Snyder. In a moment a *gamine* smile will brighten her face, like sunlight after shadow, and, with a wicked twinkle, she'll swing into a solid rhythm number more commonly associated with boogie piano than the ethereal instrument.

Making her first night club appearance in the low-ceilinged intimacy of the *Ruban Bleu*, New York's distinctive night club owned by Anthony Mele and emceed by Julius Monk, Daphne Hellman first stuns the audience with the shock of the unexpected and later retires, after several encores, to persistent applause that is a tribute to her musicianship.

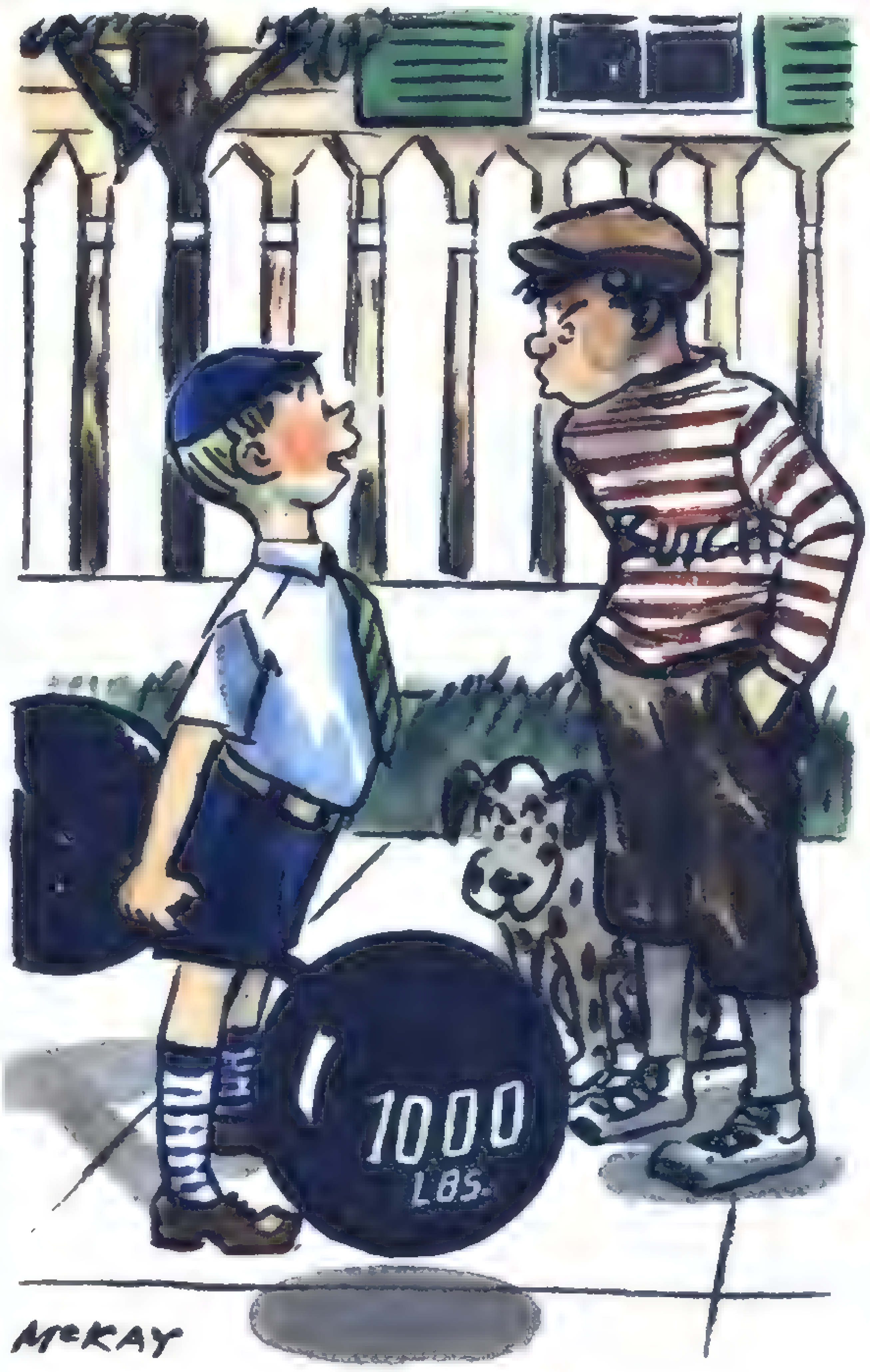
Harp players tend to take themselves seriously, but not Daphne. Besides trading the zephrous glissandos of such traditional numbers as *The Fountain* for a warm version of *Shoo Shoo, Baby*, she also dispels the drawing room atmosphere for informality. She introduces her own numbers and as she plays, she kids the crowd, herself and the harp.

Daphne was educated in various schools for young ladies around New York, Connecticut and abroad. She began to study the harp when she was twelve because, she says, her mother liked the looks of harps and one day impulsively rented one. Fortunately, Daphne took to the idea. Even now she practices three hours a day. She once played in a pupils' recital with Harpo Marx.

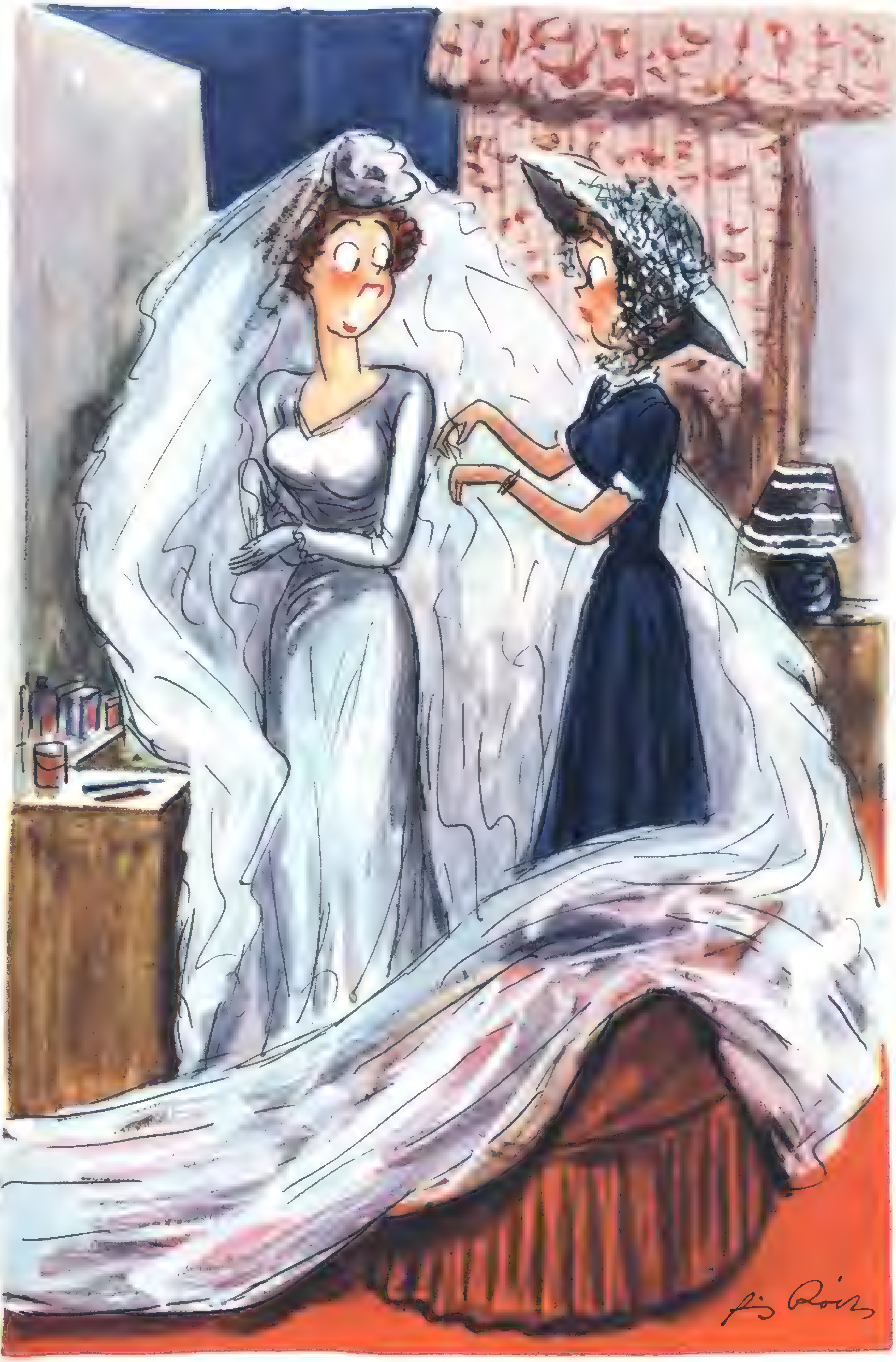
Her initial public appearances were in churches and on the concert stage where she primly gave out with Bach and Scarlatti. She first began to jazz up her harp strictly for the private entertainment of her friends. She thinks people who make a fetish of jazz are a little silly, but she admits she is entranced by the piano of Albert Ammons and Pete Johnson, and Gene Krupa's drum. She plays the piano a little herself and adapts her harp arrangements from piano scores. She tried to learn the guitar but found it "not only difficult but impossible."

Like all harpists, she envies the mobility of piccolo players and violinists. The only solution for painless transportation of the elephantine instrument, she declares, is to call the movers and then arrange not to be at the other end when the harp arrives. "That way you don't have to listen to the comments of the men when they discover it won't fit in the elevator."

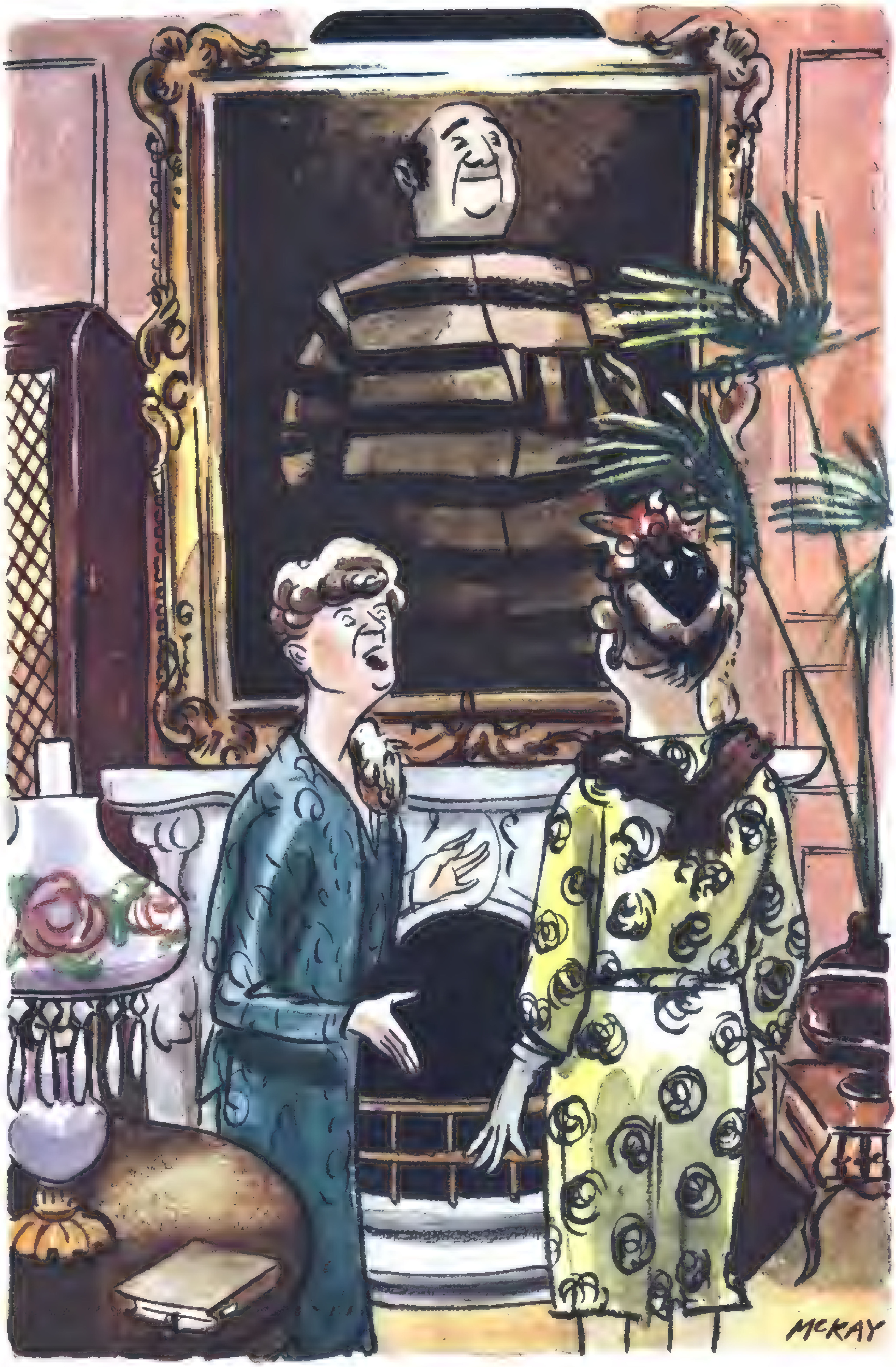
PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES SNYDER



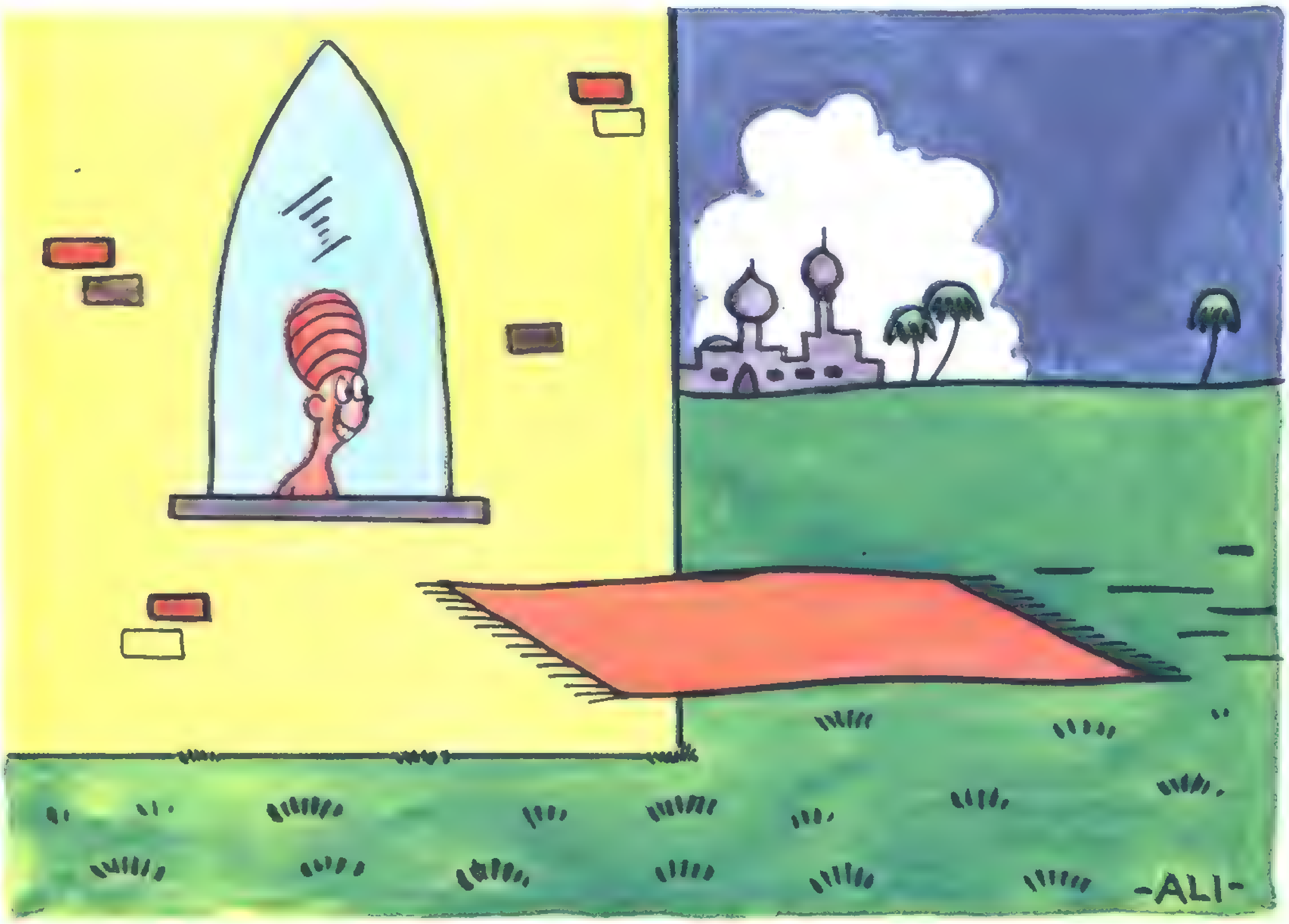
"Frankly, I laughed when my mother started feeding me Blodgett's Vitamized Rolled Oats"



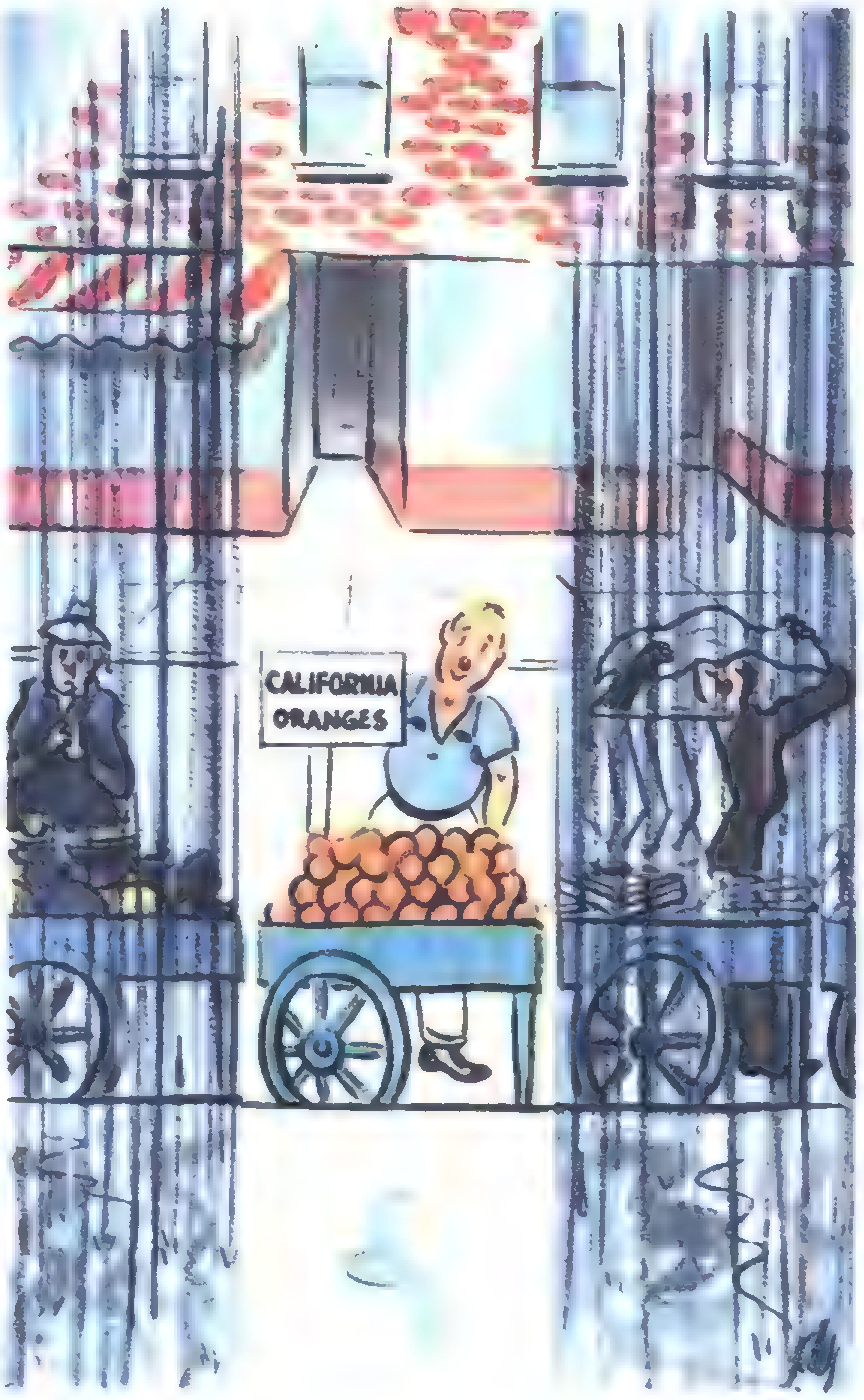
"I'll die if Henry ever discovers I'm not wearing stockings!"



"He's my only ancestor who ever had time to pose"



"Look, Ma—Pop hit the clothes line again!"



HOLLYWOOD . . . SET TO MUSIC

See My Lawyer . . . and run!

THOSE merry, mad mirth manufacturers, Olsen and Johnson, are right in there again turning up the burner with laughing gas. This time they serve it via *See My Lawyer*, Universal's latest fun flicker. Everyone helps make with the laughs including Lilac, the elephant who never forgets (except when she goes to court to testify in behalf of Ole and Chic), Snowflake, the seal, who nods a double-crossing "yes" when she gets bought off by the prosecuting attorney with fish, and that trig little beauty, the sixty-two-inch dancing dynamo, Gracie McDonald. There she is, all of a blue feather, gaming it up on the witness stand, looking mighty carefree in a kangaroo court. But for that matter Chic, on the bench, gives every indication of being swayed by the black taffetaed circumstantial evidence, Mercedes Dare, while Ole will soon be at cross purposes with drum majorette Jane Allen. The story explodes with Ole and Chic "sowing corn as high as the elephant's eye" in the night club where they are entertaining. They want to break their contract as they have a fabulous Hollywood offer. Gracie dances in the same club and she has a big problem in the form of her current heart throb, who is a lawyer without a practice. She confers with Chic and Ole, who work out what to the naked eye seems a simple scheme of drumming up trade. They insult the club's patrons, using the *Hellzapoppin* technique. Along with their insults, they hand out the young attorney's cards. All of which results in the very innocent bystander, the club's owner, getting well sued by his entire clientele. This night-club-court-room set was designed by Richard Riedel, and Vera West dreamed up the costumes that help the "evidence" confuse the judge and jury. The day in court is something only Olsen and Johnson could invent. They are master merchandisers of screwball humor that involves pistols, pigeons, endless ingenious props, out-of-this-world noises and beautiful gals. And in Universal's *See My Lawyer* the belief of these veterans of fun that people always want to laugh—even at themselves—gets tested and proved true.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RAY JONES

The Amazing Mr. Sims

In the course of his career he has not yet been the object of physical violence, but he is often threatened

by ALAN HYND

▪ ARTICLE ▪

A FEW years ago, at a dinner for the American College of Physicians and Surgeons in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York, the toastmaster announced that the next speaker was Dr. Franz von Austerlitz, renowned Viennese specialist on the alimentary canal. When the toastmaster finished his glowing introduction—it was discovered that Dr. von Austerlitz was not present.

Embarrassed, the toastmaster explained that the distinguished specialist had no doubt been detained by an emergency operation at the New York Medical Center and that he would presently put in an appearance. So another speaker began. When he was well into his talk, the speaker was disturbed by a commotion in the rear of the room.

Doctor von Austerlitz had arrived. He was attired in operating room garb, even to a mask and rubber gloves. He was accompanied by a nurse laden with medical charts.

Ignoring the speaker, von Austerlitz marched to the dais and, barking Austrian-accented instructions through his mask, superintended the placing of his charts. The disconcerted speaker brought his talk to an abrupt close.

The doctor then removed his mask and gloves and apologized so profusely to the speaker he had interrupted that the man was now embarrassed. The audience forgot about Doctor von Austerlitz's loud entrance, not to mention his needlessly dramatic attire, when he got up to speak.

He was a big man with dark, flashing eyes, a carefully-waxed moustache and a Vandyke. His remarks on the alimentary canal were medically sound.

Then von Austerlitz asked for a volunteer to lend himself to an experiment. A prominent neuropathologist stepped up on the dais alongside von Austerlitz.

By easy stages, von Austerlitz had the dignified specialist strip to the waist. Then von Austerlitz ignored him, took a pointer and went to work on his charts.

Members of the audience were growing curious and exchanging left-handed remarks about the eccentric speaker. Von Austerlitz noticed two physicians whispering near him. He put down his pointer. "If you two gentlemen would pay more attention to what I am saying," he shouted, "perhaps the undertakers wouldn't be so busy!"

Von Austerlitz turned to the nerve specialist and examined the goose pimples on his arm. "You're nervous!" he said. "You have a mental hernia." Then he went back to his charts. Appearing upset by the whispering in the audience, he made some remarks that ran seriously afoul of both medical concepts and ethics.

By now the physicians and surgeons were murmuring and several left the room in anger. Von Austerlitz ran his hand through his hair and knocked askew a toupee he was wearing. A few moments later, his Vandyke came loose and dangled from his chin.

"Fraud!" shouted someone, and presently everybody in the room was on his feet.

"Gentlemen," said Doctor von Austerlitz in an Oxonian accent, "this has all been a joke." The toastmaster verified the statement, and the anger of the shocked medicos changed to laughter.

Dr. von Austerlitz was in reality William Stanley Sims, who, for sixteen years now, has made his living as a professional hoaxer. Under various guises, he appears at between 200 and 300 gatherings a year, his fee depending on the size of the audience.

A Sims appearance is never the same twice. He speaks on whatever subject is of the greatest interest to his listeners, and he assumes a role to fit the occasion. He is a banker when addressing financial groups, an international legal authority when talking to lawyers and a military expert when appearing before service groups. He is also, as the occasion demands, an author, editor, accountant, engineer, educator and foreign statesman or military officer.

Sims has costly collections of toupees, wigs, moustaches, beards, monocles, eye-glasses, uniforms and formal and semiformal attire. A native New Yorker, he was educated in England, France and Germany; he speaks French and German, a smattering of Russian and Italian and has a repertoire of thirty foreign dialects, including several highly irritating Teutonic ones.

Sims was a principal speaker in Washington at a dinner of the District of Columbia Bar Association for members of the U. S. Supreme Court and the Circuit Court of Appeals. Here he again used the name von Austerlitz, but was masqueraded as an arrogant Austrian authority on international law.

Sims knows that the surest way to get a rise out of the average lawyer or judge is to question his erudition. So von Austerlitz, international legal authority, got off on the wrong foot with several members of the Supreme and Appeals Courts by saying, "With all due respect to the learned jurists present, after a careful analysis of some of their decisions lately I seriously question that they know much about the fundamentals of law."

"Moreover," he continued, adjusting a monocle, "we in Europe laugh at some of the decisions of your Supreme Court. The decisions are very funny indeed."

Now he began to comment on several recent Supreme Court decisions, which he had boned up on, twisting certain pertinent facts sufficiently to make it appear to anyone not acquainted with all the details that the decisions were not only ludicrous but violated the Constitution. "Too much muddled thinking in high places," said Sims, tapping his right temple.

A prominent Washington lawyer began to heckle the speaker. Sims, pretending to be hard of hearing, cupped his hand around his left ear and asked the lawyer to repeat the remark. The lawyer repeated a statement to the effect that Mr. von Austerlitz's remarks were out of order. Sims pretended still not to hear and had the lawyer repeat himself again. Then Sims beamed, bowed and said, "Thank you! I am glad you agree with everything that I say."

When Sims finished with his attack on the judges, he launched into a tirade against the American jury system. "When a man is guilty," he shouted, "why waste time on a trial? I say *shoot* him."

By now men in the audience were of the opinion that premeditated murder of Mr. von Austerlitz would fall under the classification of justifiable homicide. Sims, whose sixth sense warns him when he has gone far enough, yanked off his toupee and Vandyke. Everybody was so relieved that some of the laughter was slightly hysterical.

Sims loves to address bankers. He usually begins with some boring statistics and, after about twenty minutes, lets go with the old saw he originated. "A bank," Sims will say, "is a place where a man goes to borrow money, provided he can furnish sufficient credentials to prove that he doesn't need it."

Then Sims begins to extol the

Continued on page 154

STAGE DOOR ESQUIRE

Hula wrapped in cellophane

IF one day the management of New York's Hotel Lexington should inconceivably lose its mind and change its popular Hawaiian Room to another brand, an anguished howl would go up from a large number of U. S. citizenry. One of the best-loved night spots in the country, the Hawaiian Room hasn't changed since it was imported piecemeal from the Islands eight years ago, and nobody wants it to change.

Every hour on the hour, tropical rain pours down the painted panorama, representing a view through the window of a thatched hut, and while no one is fooled, the drip of water on palm leaves added to the soothing whine of Hawaiian guitars makes everyone settle cosily over his Okolehao Punch—a relaxing mixture of gin, lemon and pineapple juice, and coconut milk served in a fresh coconut—and never want to go home.

Opposite, four of the Hawaiian dancers who manage to drag the customers out of their pleasant lethargy at least during the three shows a night. The girls do authentic hulas to a tom-tom beat, and though they've traded their grass skirts for stripped cellophane, nothing good has been lost.

At the left, dreaming out the window, is Talima from Honolulu, making her first professional appearance at the Lexington. Above center, Kuulei ("My Flower") from the island of Hilo, and to the right, Mokihana ("Fragrant Flower Seed") who recently made a War Bond tour. In front is Leilani ("Heavenly Flower") from Maui. Dressed in the Mother Hubbard gown promoted by the missionaries as more seemly for everyday wear than grass and flowers, Leilani's specialty is a comedy dance, *The Cockeyed Mayor of Kaunakakai*, in which she slyly acts out the saga of a bottle-happy local dignitary's inspection tour of his village.

Every visitor goes away a walking advertisement for the Room. When you are greeted by the engaging Anna Kanihomauolekeohokaole, she insists on draping a colored paper lei around your neck. Somehow you forget to take it off when you say *Aloha* and shove off for the mainland.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SYDNEY RAVITZ

Fair Trial for a Nazi

The courage of these Aryan Supermen blew hot and cold according to their varying fortunes in the Russian town

by CURT RIESS

• FICTION •

She did not hear footsteps on the stairs. But suddenly there was a knock on the door, short, urgent, but not loud. As Maria Ivanovna opened the door an outstretched hand pushed her back into the room. In the dim light from the little lamp she could see that the soldier who entered wore a German uniform. He pointed the gun in his right hand straight at her as, not turning his eyes away from her, he closed the door, fumbling with his left hand behind his back until he found the key and turned it in the lock.

He took another stumbling step into the room. He seemed scarcely able to keep on his feet. "Water!" he murmured in German. The girl stood perfectly still as if frozen. The German managed still another step. Now he was next to the lamp. His face was young—that of a mere boy. The light blond hair fell in long strands almost into his eyes, which were ringed by deep shadows of fatigue. The skin had a deadly pallor. The small, almost girlish mouth twitched as though it wanted to say something.

Before Maria Ivanovna could cry out, the soldier collapsed. Even as he lay outstretched his hand still clasped the revolver. The next second the girl was kneeling at his side. She saw that the uniform was dark with blood near the left shoulder. She tore the coat open and examined the wound. Then, rising, she brought water and her medical kit, cleansed it and bound it up with swift, professional movements. She put a cushion under the soldier's head, threw a coat over his legs and got up. She walked back and forth several times across the small, sparsely furnished room, pausing finally to lift the curtain and peer cautiously through the window.

It was nine o'clock, and very dark outside. From far away came the sounds of short commands and of soldiers marching. During the past night the Germans had given up the little town. They had tried to set fire to it before they left, but they had been in too much of a hurry to do a good job of it. They had done a pretty good job of killing a large part of the population during the preceding weeks, though. The *dushegubka*, that grey-colored van that held more than sixty persons and killed them with gas fumes issuing from the running motor, had worked overtime. Even the children were not spared. Soldiers put them on trucks, saying that they were going to be taken to relatives, and then machine guns mowed them down. Above the steady "rat-tat-tat-tat" of the guns you could hear the shrill, terrified, treble cries, "Don't kill us, daddy! We want to live!"

But all this seemed ages ago. This afternoon at five the first Russian motorized columns had entered the town.

Dawn was just breaking when the German soldier opened his eyes. They traveled in growing astonishment around the room, coming to rest at last on the sleeping girl. He stirred slightly. His hand around the gun tightened. The girl woke up at once. Without moving she said in almost perfect German, "I wouldn't do that. A shot might attract attention. You can't get out of town anyhow."

"Why didn't you have me arrested?" he asked, and his voice was hoarse and tired. She got up, straightened her clothes and went over to him. She motioned to the other cot. "Think you can make it?"

He got up painfully, and with her help walked slowly across the room and fell heavily down on the cot.

She took his pulse. "You must try to sleep," she said.

"You are a nurse . . .?"

"Yes . . . in a way, I'm a nurse," she replied.

"That's why you didn't tell on me?"

She smiled for a moment. "You need rest. You are much too weak to be a soldier . . . and too young." When she smiled, her face was almost beautiful. The black eyes were moist and the thin, austere mouth became almost soft. The soldier smiled, too, gratefully. He stretched out his hand as if to touch her blue-black hair which, loosened now, fell down to her shoulders. Then he was asleep again. The smile disappeared from the girl's face. It was serious again and held a searching expression as though she was trying to find out something.

When she came home that evening she found him pacing the floor impatiently. Maria Ivanovna frowned. "You must be careful. Nobody must know you are here."

"Yes." Nevertheless, he continued walking about, his hands thrust deep in his pockets. "I wish I were at home," he said finally.

Her gaze followed him. He was just a boy.

"The town I was born in is just like this one. Not much bigger anyhow. And there's a deep woods around it, just like the woods around here. I used to play in them when I was a kid. One day . . ."

"Yes? . . . What happened?"

"Nothing." He sat down on the cot. Suddenly he cried out, "Will this war never end? Must we always march and march and march? And shoot and shoot? Why? I don't want to shoot any more. Why should I shoot Russians? I have no quarrel with them!"

She looked at him earnestly, searchingly. "Well, why did you shoot, then?" Her voice was soft, almost inaudible.

"Orders," he said dryly. And then, "But you are right . . . why shouldn't we just stop shooting and marching?" There was a pause. "But let's not talk about me. How about you? How is it that you are here?"

"I?" She shrugged. "There isn't much to tell. I'm a nurse. Or you might say I am a doctor."

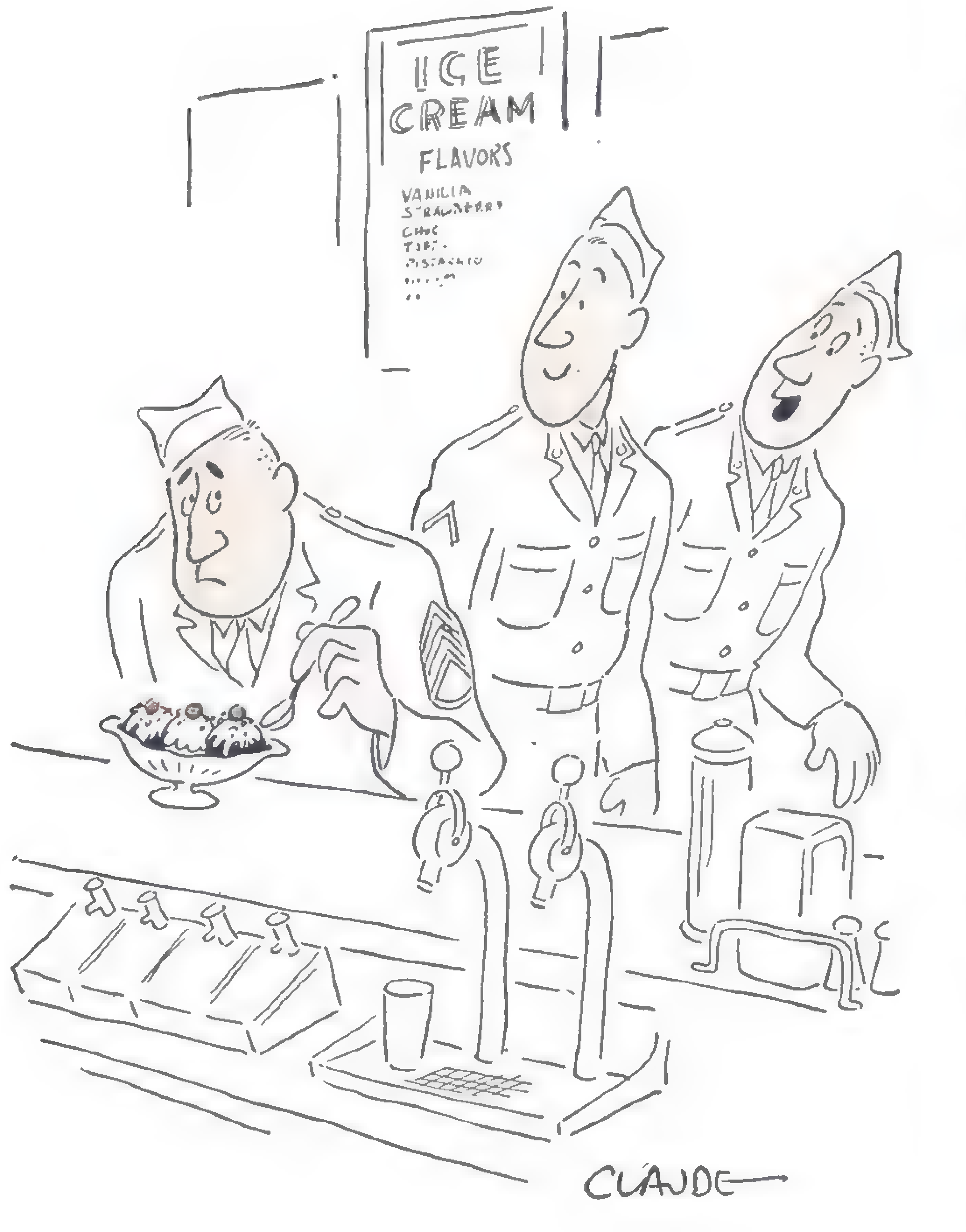
"A doctor?" He seemed impressed. "You can do things . . .? I mean you can operate . . .?"

She laughed softly. "Well, not exactly that. My line is . . . psychology . . . I have to find out what goes on here . . ." She tapped his forehead with her finger. She laughed again, very softly.

Then she put out the lamp and it was dark in the room.

The next morning she was sitting in the Municipal Theatre.

She had come early and had



"Why, the Sarge does too have a weakness!"

stood quite a while in line, but even so she had been lucky to get a seat in the last row but one. The place was crowded. People must have come from many outlying villages. But in spite of the huge mob of spectators there was complete silence. Everybody looked at the stage, where the three German soldiers were sitting under heavy guard. In front of them were the lawyers whom the Russian State had appointed to defend them. The prosecutor entered after a little while. He immediately busied himself with his papers. An elderly woman sitting next to Maria Ivanovna whispered: "Why don't they just shoot them? Shooting is too good for those bastards . . ."

The old man next to her wiped his glasses. "Comrade Anna, I am surprised at you. We are not barbarians. We don't shoot people like that. They must have their trial. Everybody must have his trial."

Maria Ivanovna nodded. Yes, she thought, everybody must have his trial.

A group of moving-picture photographers appeared on the gallery and began setting up their cameras and putting on a battery of bright lamps.

At ten sharp the Atrocity Commission entered the stage. Maria knew the judge, Nicolai Starkowsky. How old and tired he looked! His hair had become almost white since the war started.

The judge turned to the German soldiers. "You have been accused of . . ."

The moving-picture photographers let their cameras run. You could hear the small continuous sound.

That evening Maria Ivanovna told the soldier everything that had taken place during the session of the court. It wasn't a nice tale. The listeners had heard the story of those five hundred Jews who were led outside of the town, forced to dig their own graves, take off their clothes in spite of the bitter cold and then shot. Then there was the story of the mothers who were told that their newborn babies would have to be killed if they cried, because the noise disturbed the sleep of the big shot officers. The babies did cry, because their mothers had no milk to feed them with . . .

And there was the story of the Seventy-Sixth Army Hospital. The south wing had housed about four hundred seriously wounded Red Army men. A detachment of German soldiers led by a lieutenant arrived in the town, set the wing on fire and then bolted and nailed the door shut. The fire spread quickly to the cots where the wounded lay. The men struggled to get to the windows, their gowns in flames, shouting and crying for help. The German soldiers shot anybody who tried to get out of the windows.

The nurses were able to save some of the wounded, perhaps fifty or sixty in all. But the next day the lieutenant came back with a handful of men and shot all of them. The last one they took outside and nailed to a wall. Then they just stood around and took pictures and laughed.

When Maria Ivanovna had finished her gruesome narrative the young soldier cleared his throat. He seemed shocked. "And who told them to do all this? Who is the beast who gave such an order?"

She shrugged. "It was perhaps the lieutenant's idea. Well, they didn't tell."

"But weren't they asked?"

"Of course they were asked. But they didn't tell."

"Those who give the orders are really the guilty ones."

She shook her head. "I don't think so. You become guilty when you follow orders . . . any orders. There is a limit to everything. You have the duty of thinking and deciding for yourself. Everyone has."

He wasn't listening. He went over to the window and stood there, pressing his forehead against the glass.

"Be careful," she warned him. "Somebody might see you from below."

"And what of it? Sooner or later they will get me anyhow. I haven't got a chance in the world. They hate us, all of us." His voice rose; he was almost shouting now. "You must hate me, too. Why do you protect me? Why do you keep me here . . .? Let's get it over with."

She looked at him with her cold, appraising eyes. "No. I don't hate you. I don't hate any of the Germans. All I am interested in is to find out . . . what goes on in their heads."

He calmed down. "You must understand," he said slowly, as though searching for words, "I don't like these things any better than you do. I think it's terrible. It's inhuman. We Germans really aren't that way. You must believe that. But what can we do? Orders are orders. Either you do what you are told or you are stood against a wall. Don't you see?" When she did not answer,

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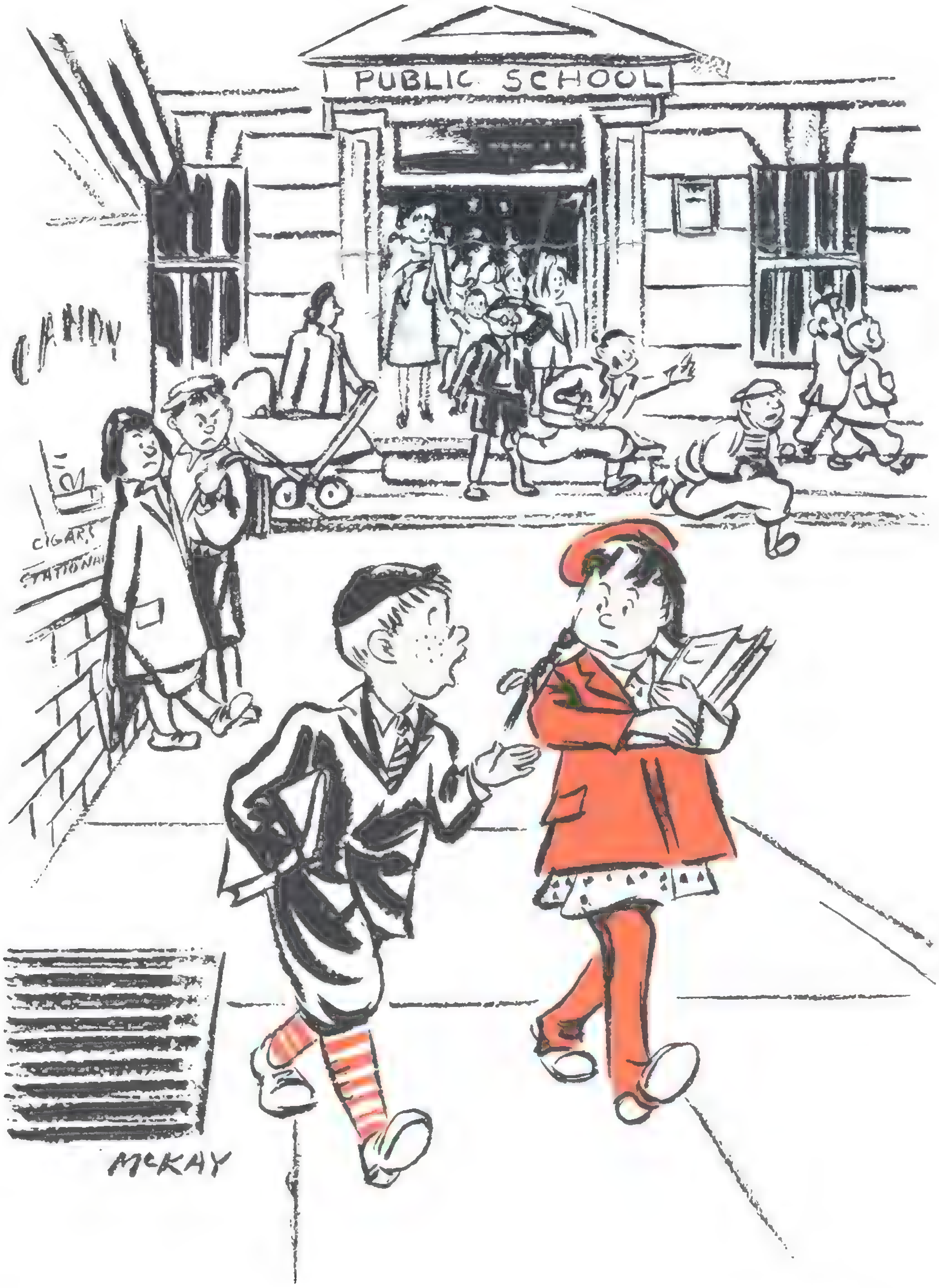


"I'd like to carry your books for you, but you know how people talk"

Boxing Boom at Wisconsin

Badgers win collegiate bouts with a system of three fast punches and send many stout soldiers to the Big Fight

by JOHN J. WALSH

SPORTS

Crowds averaging 13,000 and ranging as high as 16,000 have been jamming the University of Wisconsin field house for the past decade to watch intercollegiate boxing matches. How did this boxing boom at Wisconsin develop?

It all began very casually, very accidentally. Back in 1932 Joe Boland, now a radio announcer for radio station WSBT, South Bend, Indiana, but then football coach at the College of St. Thomas in St. Paul, was operating a football coaching school on his campus, with Andy Kerr of Colgate and other big name headliners. Fred Swan, then line coach and boxing coach at Wisconsin, went over to St. Paul to demonstrate for Kerr, at Andy's request. I was then working in the athletic office at St. Thomas and during the school term helped tutor the kids who competed in the once-a-year campus boxing championships.

During fanning sessions at the coaching school, Boland got to batting with Swan about boxing. Boland began bragging about me and claimed that if St. Thomas met Wisconsin in the ring the smaller school would win at least *one* bout, which Swan seemed or pretended to disbelieve. One thing led to another; Swan asked if St. Thomas could get a boxing team together, and Boland and I finally decided to get one by picking the winners of our annual tourney. The meet with the Badgers was agreed on, and it was also agreed that I could coach our team and also fight on it.

By the time the match came up the following spring, Fred Swan had left Wisconsin for Temple and George Downer, Director of Athletic Publicity, had taken over the event. Thus it happened that I had the honor of coaching and boxing in the first Wisconsin intercollegiate boxing meet, and I have coached the Badgers in every dual meet since. Incidentally, that match in 1933 ended up all square, four and four. My opponent was Fausto Rubini. I was his coach the next two years, and this past season he in turn coached a great University of Maryland team and tried the "Wisconsin method" against us in a very interesting dual meet at Madison.

I have Joe Boland to thank for introducing me to Madison, the most enthusiastic college boxing town in the country. I can thank George Downer for hiring me and for guiding boxing along the first few years. We bestowed on George the title of the "Father of Midwest Intercollegiate Boxing." All through his journalistic career he was a boxing enthusiast and he, more than anyone else, was responsible for stimulating the intense boxing interest that now prevails at Wisconsin. "Stub" Allison, another former line coach at Wisconsin, now head football coach at California, also deserves a bow for promoting the first All-University tournaments. "Stub" put his head in a huddle with "Hank" McCormick and "Hank" Casserly, sports editors of the two Madison papers, and between the three of them they did a swell job of "smoking up" collegiate boxing enthusiasm.

The style of boxing I have always tried to impart to our Badgers can be traced back to Mike Gibbons, "the phantom," and his brother Tommy. Their styles were very ably taught me by Jimmy Potts of Minneapolis, and my coach and trainer, Leo Ryan, also of Minneapolis. Jimmy and Leo gave me my first lessons when I was nine years old, and I myself still teach mostly the same style today. Apparently Jimmy and Leo could teach the Gibbons style, as one night when I was boxing, with Tommy Gibbons refereeing, he remarked the style I used was more like his brother Mike's than he had ever seen before.

The Gibbons method, as taught to me and passed on, incorporates a fast jabbing left hand, mixed up with a sharp right and often followed by left hooks. Just three punches, but used in many variations. The head is always moving side to side, sometimes ducking in, sometimes moving out, and just slipping and rolling the blows by a small fraction—really no intricacies nor anything up the sleeve; however, slipping the blows often creates a hazard. "Zigging" instead of "zagging" sometimes causes trouble and this is always the hard point to teach the boys. I'll always remember a remark I heard Mike Gibbons whisper to his son Jack during a bout: "Don't try to punch hard, Jack, just fast; the speed will take care of the punch!"

We teach our boys to use a lot of left hooks and, strange as it seems, this blow is perfected on the light punching bag. Again I have Leo Ryan to thank for this. Leo was a great boxer and a marvelous left hooker. He was also a great punching bag advocate and later toured in vaudeville as a rapid-fire rataplan bag puncher—Rat-a-tat-tat, and then Boom!—the left hook. Naturally he started to work on me to use a left hook and to practice faithfully the hooking method on the punching bag. Rat-tat-tat—Boom! Left-Right-Boom! Left Jab, then Boom! All the variations! I had previously worried about throwing the hook because you do leave yourself vulnerable to a sharp right. However, after much careful tutoring, I promised Leo the next bout I had I would let it go.

The American Legion sponsored a Midwest Intercollegiate Tournament in the Chicago Stadium in 1932, and I entered from St. Thomas. Leo didn't go down with me, but he had my promise regarding that left hook. In the very first bout we walked to the center of the ring, I feinted the left jab to the body and then Boom!—the left hook! My opponent fell forward and was counted out! There was no one in the stadium more surprised than I was. Two more bouts followed for me in the tournament and they also ended the same way in the first round as the result of the "Ryan Hook." Needless to say, Ryan's vaudeville punching bag routine and his left hook have been in the training program of every Wisconsin boxer during my eleven years of coaching.

Gordon Harman, our 155-pounder, during 1935-36-37, was perhaps the best boxer we have ever had. I recall he worried about his left hook and how to improve it. We gave him a big dose of the "Ryan bag treatment" for one week before the Syracuse match. He was to meet Mike Button, the Syracuse captain and Eastern Intercollegiate champion. I prevailed upon him to throw his left hook the first punch of the match, after a feint to the body. Gordy did throw the hook, and Button did land on the floor, *out!* Gordy stood in the center of the ring more amazed than any one of the 13,000 in the crowd. A southpaw who learns a right hook in the same manner becomes very dangerous. Our first national champion, Bobby Fadner, in 1936, became champion because of developing a good right hook, which is seldom seen in a southpaw.

College boxing calls for only three two-minute rounds, but that usually means action from bell to bell with no "professional"

Continued on page 188

THE ESQUIRE CANTEEN

Dreamland on wheels

The fairy princess with golden hair is Gloria Nord, star of the roller skating extravaganza *Skating Vanities,* which is currently wheeling around the country. Her rollicking retinue is a fair sample of the good-looking younguns who skim through precision chorus routines in the show with the same zest with which they used to whizz around their neighborhood rinks.

No amateur exhibition, the *Skating Vanities* is thoroughly professional entertainment, reeled off at a pace that is fascinating to spectators who remember back to their own laborious skating maneuvers—interrupted by frequent contact with the sidewalk. Its essential difference in technique to the perennial ice show gives the roller skating exhibit a personality of its own. While some intricacies of blade work are missing, there is an intriguing impression of dreamy fluidity and dazzling speed. On roller skates, it seems, a little push takes you a long way.

Harold Steinman's caravan is packaged by theatre-wise veterans Franchon and Marco, with additional bright touches of staging and costumes by Gae Foster and Joan Personette. Besides the beautiful dancing numbers of the boys and girls, there are jugglers, trapeze acts, comedians, bicyclists and an exhibition badminton match (not on wheels) played by champions Ken Davidson and John Scott.

Gloria Nord, who is twenty-one, was skating for fun at a rink in her home town of Hollywood with the usual Friday night crowd of kids when Steinman caught a glimpse of the glitter that makes a star. She was seriously studying for the ballet at the time and was merely amusing herself by trying out some ballet figures on skates. After a few months of training, she became a professional skater and two years later made a coast-to-coast exhibition tour. Once he had developed his star, Steinman hitched his show to it, recruiting other teen-aged artists from the ever growing number of rinks. Prima rollerina of the *Vanities,* Gloria also appeared in the skating sequence of the movie *Pin-Up Girl.* Her eyes are blue and she's sugar and spice and everything nice.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTON BRUEHL

Education of Eddie the Great

He had knocked himself out proving what an ordinary, government issue egg he was despite a fifty-thousand-dollar-build-up

by RON BROOM

FICTION

PVT. EDDIE NIXON, Eddie the Great, filled his lungs with Italy's air and flexed his famous throwing arm. "Oh, mother," he cried. "What a day for a game."

"Yeah," said Ben, not too interested. "I guess they got the field all fixed up for you guys."

Eddie chuckled. "We'll have the natives popeyed. They've never seen a ball game." They headed down the long apron past the B-25's. "You coming, Ben?"

"Maybe," he shrugged. "I don't go much for it."

Eddie wondered if it was jealousy with Ben. He guessed not. Ben Holsclaw was just sort of a loose screw. Just a plain guy—the kind the Army was full of. Eddie couldn't help comparing himself with Ben. They were privates in the same ground crew, both from New York. The comparison ended there. Ben was about as unknown as a man could be. There probably weren't a dozen people in New York who knew or cared that Ben was in the Army.

But millions of people knew about Eddie Nixon and worried about him, because he happened to be an important guy. He was the 50,000-dollar shortstop of the Blue Sox. The kid Grant Rice had called "a bandy-legged little speedball who looks like the greatest in two decades." Eddie had one sensational year with the Sox before enlisting. Great with a bat. Great in the field. New York had gone crazy over him.

It wasn't too comfortable to be a somebody when the kids around you, like Ben, were nobodies. He guessed it couldn't be helped.

On Eddie's first day in uniform, a captain had made a pep talk. He'd ended by saying, "Remember—no soldier is more important than the next in this man's Army."

For Eddie's benefit, obviously. He'd even glanced at Eddie. And Eddie had grinned and nodded. He made up his mind to make good use of the advice.

But it hadn't worked out that way. All through training the men had insisted on making a big shot out of him. Hung around just to shake hands so they could write home and tell folks they knew Eddie Nixon personally. Even asked him for autographs. Naturally, Eddie'd talked a lot of baseball and told a lot of his experiences. And he'd always gone out of his way to be a good egg, showing them he liked them all and wanted them to forget how famous he was. But they hadn't forgotten—any more than Eddie himself had—not even after they'd got over here into the real fight.

No—if you were an important guy, you were an important guy, and that was that . . .

As Eddie trotted out for the first inning, half the crowd gave him a big hand. The noise was from the Army men, in the makeshift stands back of the third base line. Over in the other stands were the Italian villagers, about two hundred of them. They looked interested, but they were very quiet, even after an announcer explained who Eddie was. They didn't know how or when to cheer—not yet. But they would.

Eddie was going to cut loose for the natives. He hoped he would be hot. He felt surprisingly loose and easy, considering how little throwing and running he'd done.

"Let's go, you fifty-grand flash!" somebody yelled from the Army stands. Eddie recognized Sergeant Jeff Kelly's leathery voice. Eddie grinned and tugged at his cap. This was going to be fun.

He got his chance to show the Italians some real baseball. With a man on first, the hitter slashed a grass-clipper back through the box. Eddie scooted toward second. He made the hard stabbing stop with superlative ease. There was poetry in the way he flicked across the base and threw to first for an easy double play. Easy for Eddie Nixon. A lot of good shortstops would never have had a glove on that drive.

The Army side cheered. The villagers stayed silent. It didn't mean much to them yet. But they'd learn.

Coming up to bat, Eddie was glad there was better than ordinary pitching to hit against. Colberg had been a good Coast leaguer. He was the only other man in the game with any reputation, though he did have a couple of Class B league infielders behind him.

Eddie took a wide stance and cocked his bat in the pure Nixon fashion. He took a called strike and a high pitch outside. Then he teed off on a fast curve ball that might have fooled most batters. The screaming drive would have been a double to the fence in any park. It rolled between left and center. It was still rolling in the wide open spaces as Eddie ambled home.

The Italians remained unimpressed. However, a dribble of belated yells came from their stands after they'd heard the Americans sound off.

Other nice plays failed to stir them. Finally, in the fifth, Eddie got the chance he was waiting for. He raced far to his right for a scorching ground ball. He stretched far forward for an astounding back hand stab, jamming himself to a dead halt as the ball hit his glove. He rifled a magnificent long throw to first to nip the runner by an eyelash.

The Army men roared. It was a play that would have stood any mob of critical World Series fans on their heads. And once again the villagers were stone cold.

"Good Lord," he thought, "I wonder what they want."

Before the inning was over, he got another jolt. Somebody called, "Hey, Eddie, you're losin' your audience."

He looked toward the Italians. Sure enough, they kept moving down out of their seats until the stand was empty. Eddie felt odd. They were moving around behind those temporary stands. They were watching something—and presently a chorus of cheers burst out from over there.

At the next shout he called time and jogged over to take a look. Worming into the circle of villagers he stopped in wonder.

In the center of that ring was Ben Holsclaw. Eddie couldn't believe it. Ben was performing with a yo-yo!

He was really performing—and the Italian folk were goggle-eyed. Ben made it whiz far out, made it do extra loops before snuggling back into his hand. The villagers roared their delight.

When Ben saw Eddie watching, his hands on his hips, he stopped. He looked a little scared. "Gee, Eddie," he mumbled, "did I gum up the ball game? I didn't mean to. I was just moseyin' by."

The natives who had walked out on World Series shortstopping began to chant for more of Ben Holsclaw's tricky yo-yo.

Eddie blinked and swallowed and finally he was able to say something. "Ben," he said, "you go on with your show. Don't let us bother you."

"Well, gee—"

Eddie elbowed his way through the clustered villagers, who moved aside without taking their eager eyes off Ben. Eddie trotted back out to position. Funny thing—he ought to be sore. Plenty burned. Instead, he knew at last that he was just another soldier in this man's Army—no more important than the next guy. #

◀AMERICAN BEAUTIES, WESTERN STYLE

The face and fortune of Diana Lewis

A TRUNK top was her bassinet, theatre wings her nursery. While still too young for kindergarten, she made her stage debut. Diana, who is just an even five feet tall, says a lifetime of trouping, one-night stands and meals on the run may have stunted her growth, but she wouldn't have had it any other way. "Growing up on the road," says little Miss Lewis, "gave me the two character traits I depend on the most—determination and adaptability." Si Plunkett, the famous vaudeville "rube," is Diana's dad. He, too, was in show business from the diaper age on. The boards are in her blood—father, mother, two sisters and a brother are all actors. In private life Diana is Mrs. William Powell, says she couldn't have married anyone but an actor—the best actor. It was a Hardy picture that gave her her first real screen break. "I knew something had to break," says Diana, "but rather fancied it would be me. I'd trouped so long I couldn't stop. I began trouping right in and out of studios." R.K.O. tested her. Paramount gave her a part in *It's a Gift*—period. Discouraged temporarily, she joined the Pasadena Play House, and later she sang in the Casa Mañana. Then, with her full quota of determination, she took another crack at the unfriendly cinema. She won with a Warner contract and the lead in *She Couldn't Say No*. But that turned out to be a one-time shot and back she went to singing in a night club. She also went on making tests with other studios. Finally M-G-M signed her up with a long-term contract. Then along came that star maker (e.g., Lana Turner, Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney), a Hardy picture. Now in her early twenties it's still school days on the M-G-M lot for determined Diana. Piano lessons, dramatic lessons, ballet, tap and singing lessons. Statistics: little Miss Lewis is five feet tall, weighs 100 pounds, has chestnut hair and blue eyes. Athletically: she plays a mean game of badminton and can stand on her head on the end of a diving board. Intellectually: she plays chess and reads philosophy. Emotionally: The Thin Man is her favorite actor and husband.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HURRELL

Britain's Wirepullers

Strongest of pressure groups is the 1922 Committee, dominating British Government for the good of the Haves

by FREDERICK KUH

• ARTICLE •

Membership dues for the 1922 Committee, probably the most exclusive and one of the most powerful "clubs" in the world, are two dollars a year. Chances are you've never heard of this body, but its members, pledged to absolute secrecy, often shape British policy. One of the odd things of our age is that very few Britons and almost nobody in America has ever heard of the 1922 Committee. Seldom showing its face in public, the Committee acts behind the scenes. At times it's even more potent than the Government.

Committee membership is limited to Conservative members of the House of Commons. Until last year even Winston Churchill and those Conservatives who held posts in his Government were barred. The idea was that Committee members could speak more freely if Cabinet ministers were absent. But a few months ago the Committee relented and admitted several outsiders—limited to members of the Government like Churchill and Eden—who now pay their ten shillings annual membership fee and are permitted to attend the Committee's meetings. These are held every Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 behind carefully closed doors in Room 14 on the second floor over where Parliament sits.

Upon opening its doors to Tory members of the Government, the Committee changed its name to "Conservative and Unionist Members' Committee." It was almost tantamount to saying, "Since we've decided to admit fellows like the Prime Minister, we don't care who belongs now." Despite the change in title, the old name sticks. Anyone indiscreet enough to mention the 1922 Committee's existence at all, ignores its new, cumbersome name.

Perhaps the most powerful political pressure group in the world, the Committee exerts more influence on home than foreign affairs, though it keeps a roving eye on the international field, too. Usually it intervenes privately, with a velvet hand. A Cabinet minister is invited to one of its sittings and, although treated with exquisite English courtesy, he knows he's being put on the spot, sometimes a bumpy spot.

Or the Committee quietly sends a deputation to the Prime Minister to notify him that changes are desired in a bill which the Government is about to present to Parliament. The public never hears of the deputation but may learn one day that some piece of legislation which the Government had prepared has undergone radical amendment or has just been dropped with hardly any thud.

The fate of coal rationing in Britain illustrates the 1922 Committee's method of operating. Food, clothes and gasoline are among the necessities which inhabitants of the British Isles can obtain only with ration cards. Organized labor and other progressives decided in 1942 that the hour had again come to ration coal, which had been unrationed since 1940.

It was a straight "class" issue. Sir William Beveridge, Britain's foremost New Dealer, was asked by the Government to concoct a coal rationing system. He worked out a simple plan: People who live in Britain's thirteen million houses were to receive coal according to the size of their homes and their location. Under Beveridge's coal scheme, the little man would not have felt the pinch of rationing.

But the coal supply of wealthier folk in big houses was to be slashed. It would have cramped their winter parties and limited the number of rooms they could heat. More important than inconvenience to owners of country homes and their week-end guests was the threatened smack on the nose to gas and electricity companies and coal distributors.

Among the 1922 Committee's members are directors of such public utility corporations. A large part of the Committee's members also live in spacious dwellings and they shivered at the thought of unheated rooms in the damp, chill climate. In public they emphasized the red tape which they said would enmesh any coal rationing system.

"Don't you see, son? If I raise your allowance a quarter at this time, then we make a mockery of the hold-the-line policy"

The Committee summoned Hugh Dalton, tall, stentorian President of the Board of Trade (corresponding to the U. S. Secretary of Commerce). They told him bluntly of their distaste for the coal rationing idea. In fact they simply detested it. Some of the Conservative gentlemen at the meeting suspected, after Dalton had left, that as a veteran Socialist, he was capable of pushing the coal restriction scheme despite their remonstrances. It was almost unthinkable that anyone could be so lacking in sagacity and decorum as to defy the 1922 Committee, but it might be wise to take no chances. So the Committee sent a deputation to Prime Minister Winston Churchill.

News swiftly followed that the Cabinet had abandoned the whole coal rationing plan. Instead, the Government contented itself with an appeal to the people voluntarily to reduce their coal consumption.

It was this sort of activity which prompted a Labor member of Parliament to remark acidly, "It would be rash to conclude from its name that the 1922 Committee has any connection with the present century."

This comment was unfair and untrue. In a real historical sense the Committee bears the stamp of twentieth century Britain. It personifies the evolution of British Conservatism from its feudal origins to an outcropping of modern industrial society.

In its early days the Tory Party was run by two families, the Stanleys and the Cecils, leaders among the great landowning nobility. An ancestor of the present Oliver Stanley, Conservative and Secretary of the Colonies, attended William the Conqueror when he invaded England in 1066, and a later ancestor was created Earl of Derby in 1485. Viscount Cranborne, today Secretary of the Dominions and also a prominent Conservative, is a member of the Cecil family, whose earldom was founded about 1600.

After the Tory Party emerged in British politics, its destiny was usually decided at a family conclave of Stanleys and Cecils. British Conservatism remained their family party until well into the second half of the nineteenth century.

Then industrialism began to supplant feudalism. The Conservative and bluestocking Carlton Club, whose members included owners of the country's growing industries and expanding banks, replaced the family conclave and the landed nobility as the hub of Tory politics.

The Carlton Club in Pall Mall became the scene of the Conservative party's important meetings. It was here that the Government of Lloyd George, who had led Britain to victory in the first world war, was overthrown. Then as now, there was an electoral truce and people were grumbling against the Liberal-Conservative coalition. Bonar Law, Tory elder statesman, and his protégé, Stanley Baldwin, arose at a stormy Carlton Club meeting and swung it against the Government. Lloyd George resigned the premiership and the Conservatives won the ensuing national election. Bonar Law succeeded Lloyd George. Baldwin, who was to become Prime Minister when Law resigned a few months later, was named Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The 1922 election had put into Parliament many new Conservative members and to coach these striplings the 1922 Committee was formed. It was known familiarly as The Kindergarten. Soon all Conservatives in the House of Commons, excepting Cabinet ministers and undersecretaries, were admitted to the Committee, all being sworn on their honor to disclose nothing of the Committee's activities.

Now the Conservative Party had gained a mass following in the country and the new Prime Minister, Baldwin, needed a sounding board. So he got the habit of consulting the 1922 Committee whenever he wanted to know what the rank and file were thinking, be it on a new Government bill or on foreign policy. The Committee would tell the Premier, "We like this," or "Chuck that," or more probably, "We believe your proposed law is good, but we want a few points changed."

When 1926 came along Britain experienced the only general strike in her history. To many it came as a jolt that organized labor could fold its arms and arrest the whole machinery of production and distribution.

One could hear Lord Arfenough gruffly exclaim to his neighbor in the Carlton Club library over port and cigars, "Gad, sir, this isn't cricket."

The strike was smashed and, with labor prostrate, some Conservative politicians saw their great chance to put the trade unions in a strait jacket. Members of the Cabinet received a 1922 Committee deputation which strongly supported the plan to rush through Parliament a Trades Dispute Act. The act was passed. It declared general strikes illegal and rigidly curbed the use of labor union funds. The law is still on the books.

The Committee's influence rose. Winston Churchill as Prime Minister and leader of the Conservative Party has never defied it. Time and again he has held out an ear to the Committee's opinions when he wanted to hear the political grass grow. On one occasion during the war the Government announced its intention of adjourning Parliament for a month. The 1922 Committee's chairman, Erskine Hill, stood up in the House of Commons and in a one-minute speech demanded that the House be reconvened earlier. The Government promptly said, "Yes, sir; thank you, sir," and called back members of Parliament after a fortnight.

Erskine Hill, a Scotch lawyer, has presided over the Committee for almost four years. Someone has said that if you put all Tory members of Parliament in an immense pot, bring the contents to boiling and let them simmer, the residue will be Erskine Hill. Stout, slightly stoop-shouldered and with arms dangling as he walks, his appearance reminds us of our kinship with the larger apes. A man of personal charm, he has many friends. He has held the influential post of 1922 Committee chairman because he is a popular middle-of-the-roader. His friends say he is extremely ambitious and aspires to a big Government job.

As the Committee almost never votes on any question whatever, it is for Erskine Hill from the chair to sense the feeling of members. The volume and intensity of murmured "hear-hears" conveys approval of any speech. It's usually by harking to the hear-hears at a weekly meeting that the chairman is able to inform the Prime Minister of the wishes of Conservative Britain.

Rival currents sometimes tug or shove inside the Committee. There are left and right factions. More than forty progressive Con-

Continued on page 169

"I did pull down the blind, Mother!"

Poppa Joe Cambria: Talent Scout

For years Cambria's Cubans have enlivened the baseball scene, but Joe was never very funny to Commissioners Bramham and Landis

by JAKE WADE

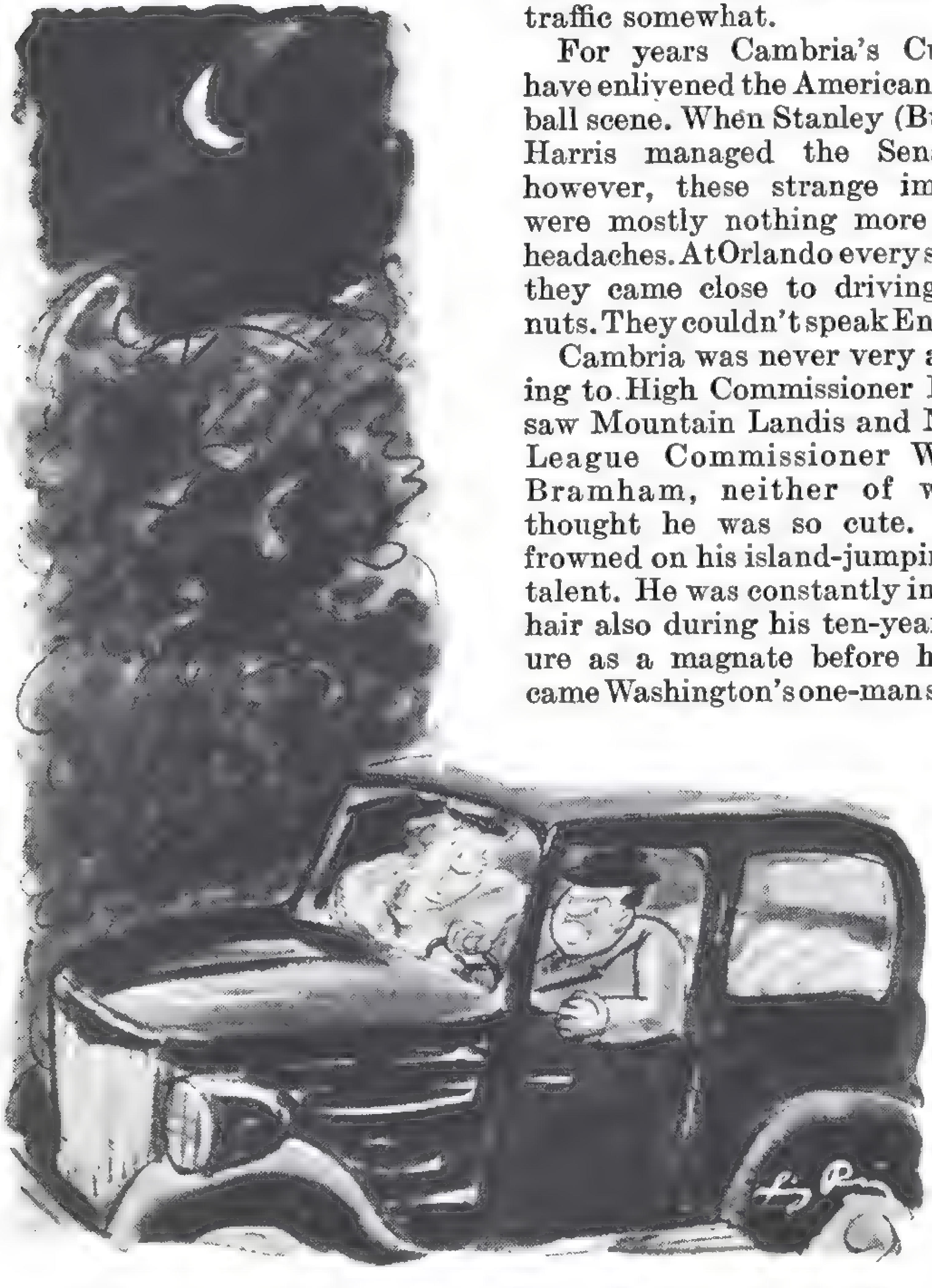
SPORTS

When members of the Washington baseball club at the close of last season presented Joseph Carl Cambria with a beautiful gold watch, suitably engraved with a touching sentiment, it marked the high point in the interesting but somewhat checkered career of one of the game's most picturesque figures.

The gift was a token of appreciation for that worthy's fine Italian hand in the surprising upsurge of the Senators.

It was the little brown man who, in the stretch drive last year, persuaded Clark Griffith to corral Jake Powell from the outpost of St. Paul, Minnesota, to give Washington a much bigger hunk of right-handed punch.

Most of the other key Washington chattels were Cambria men. He had picked up the great outfielder, George Washington Case, for a song several years previously. It was on his enthusiastic recommendation that the aging Bob Johnson was purchased from the Athletics for the other outfield post. First Baseman Mickey Vernon was Cambria's discovery. He also had dug up Pitchers Alejandro Carrasquel, Rae Scarborough and Jimmy Mertz, had engineered the deal for Pitcher Mickey Haefner, and had prevented Washington from disposing of Pitcher Early Wynn to the Giants for 50,000 dollars.



"Edgar, you darling—you haven't run out of gas like this in years!"

When the 1944 season rolled around, the Senators were loaded with newcomers. The nation's most widely traveled scout had brought in fresh new legions, concentrating as usual on Latins. In the training period the Washington club showed, among its new faces, such assorted characters as Pitchers Santiago Ullrich, Gilberto Torres, Olivirio Ortiz and Alberto Leal; Outfielders Epitacio Torres, Armand Valdese and Rogelio Rojas; Infielder Luie Suarez, and Catcher Fermín Guerra. They were Cubans, Venezuelans and Mexicans. Military draft importations later disrupted this traffic somewhat.

For years Cambria's Cubans have enlivened the American baseball scene. When Stanley (Bucky) Harris managed the Senators, however, these strange imports were mostly nothing more than headaches. At Orlando every spring they came close to driving him nuts. They couldn't speak English.

Cambria was never very amusing to High Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis and Minor League Commissioner W. G. Bramham, neither of whom thought he was so cute. They frowned on his island-jumping for talent. He was constantly in their hair also during his ten-year tenure as a magnate before he became Washington's one-man scouting staff. As a club owner, Joe apparently never could understand the ramifications of baseball's complicated rules. Or, if so, he showed a fine disregard for them. Clark Griffith invariably went to bat for him in his countless bouts with the game's governing peers. Their great friendship grew out of the troubled waters in which Cambria was so often immersed.

"Joe is a mighty good baseball man," the Old Fox would insist. "He has a flair for showmanship that helps make the game. It's too bad he's always getting in jams. He never does anything wrong intentionally."

For a while Joe Cambria was the game's biggest independent minor league operator. In 1938 he owned four bush league ball clubs in widely scattered sections of the country. Two years previously he shifted his Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, franchise in the old New York-Penn League three times —from Harrisburg to York to Trenton. That same Arabic property, still under Cambria's wing, eventually found a home at Springfield, Massachusetts, in the Eastern League.

"He thinks he's running a Chautauqua," shrieked Commissioner Bramham with indignation. "What can you do with a fellow like him?"

A "Chautauqua operator" was one of the nicer things that Bramham called him. Cambria, in fact, has been called a lot of things by Bramham and others who have been foiled or flabbergasted by his bizarre activities in the national pastime. About the only sobriquet that Cambria relished was "Poppa Joe," a tag applied to him by his jabbering Cubans.

The forty-nine-year-old Italian once played baseball himself. On the Boston sandlots he was a right spry outfielder for the Roxbury Reds, and in 1908 he was a semipro with Mattapan, Massachusetts. Two years later he broke into professional baseball with Newport, Rhode Island. After that he cavorted in the New England and Canadian Leagues, and it was in 1912 with Berlin of the Canadian League that his playing career ended. He slid into third base and broke a leg.

The interlude followed when he was to make his money for financial backing for baseball things to come. Like several other famous sports impresarios, notably George Preston Marshall, George Halas, Francis X. Shields, Sidney B. Wood, Jr., and Tuffy Leemans, Poppa Joe took a fling in the laundry business. He pitched his soap suds enterprise in Baltimore, starting out with one truck and one driver (himself) and finally controlling two wash establishments. One of them, the Bugle Coat and Apron Supply Company, came to be the largest in Maryland, occupying a building a half block square and employing more than two hundred, with a fleet of thirty trucks which traversed four states. Poppa Joe, a fairly affluent citizen with several hundred thousand potatoes salted away, sold out a few years ago to devote his entire time to baseball.

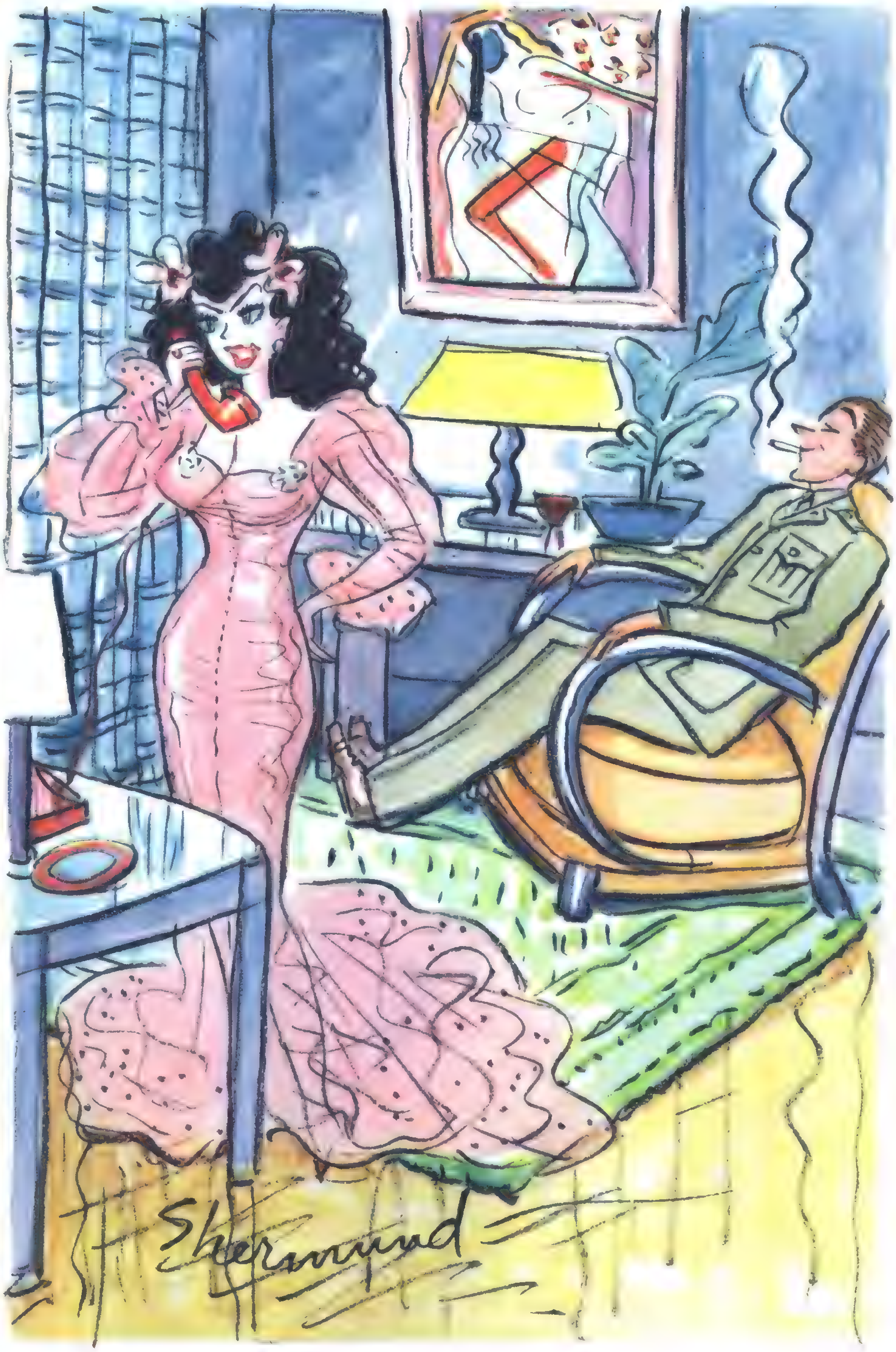
Out of the laundry business came Cambria's first baseball promotion, a famous semipro team called the Bugles. Cambria built a fine park for the Bugles and made money with the club. It was while blowing the Bugles that he first came to know Clark Griffith. One of the Old Fox's nephews, Calvin, was a catcher for the Bugles during two seasons. In addition to the Bugles, Cambria also sponsored the Baltimore Black Sox, a flourishing Negro semipro team.

But he was not satisfied with semipro operations. He wanted to walk with the mighty in the organized ranks. Twelve years ago he purchased the Hagerstown, Maryland, club in the Blue Ridge League and for the first time had his name on the national roll of minor league magnates. Jake Powell and Babe Phelps were among his Hagerstown chattels. Cambria realized 75,000 dollars on Phelps in various transactions.

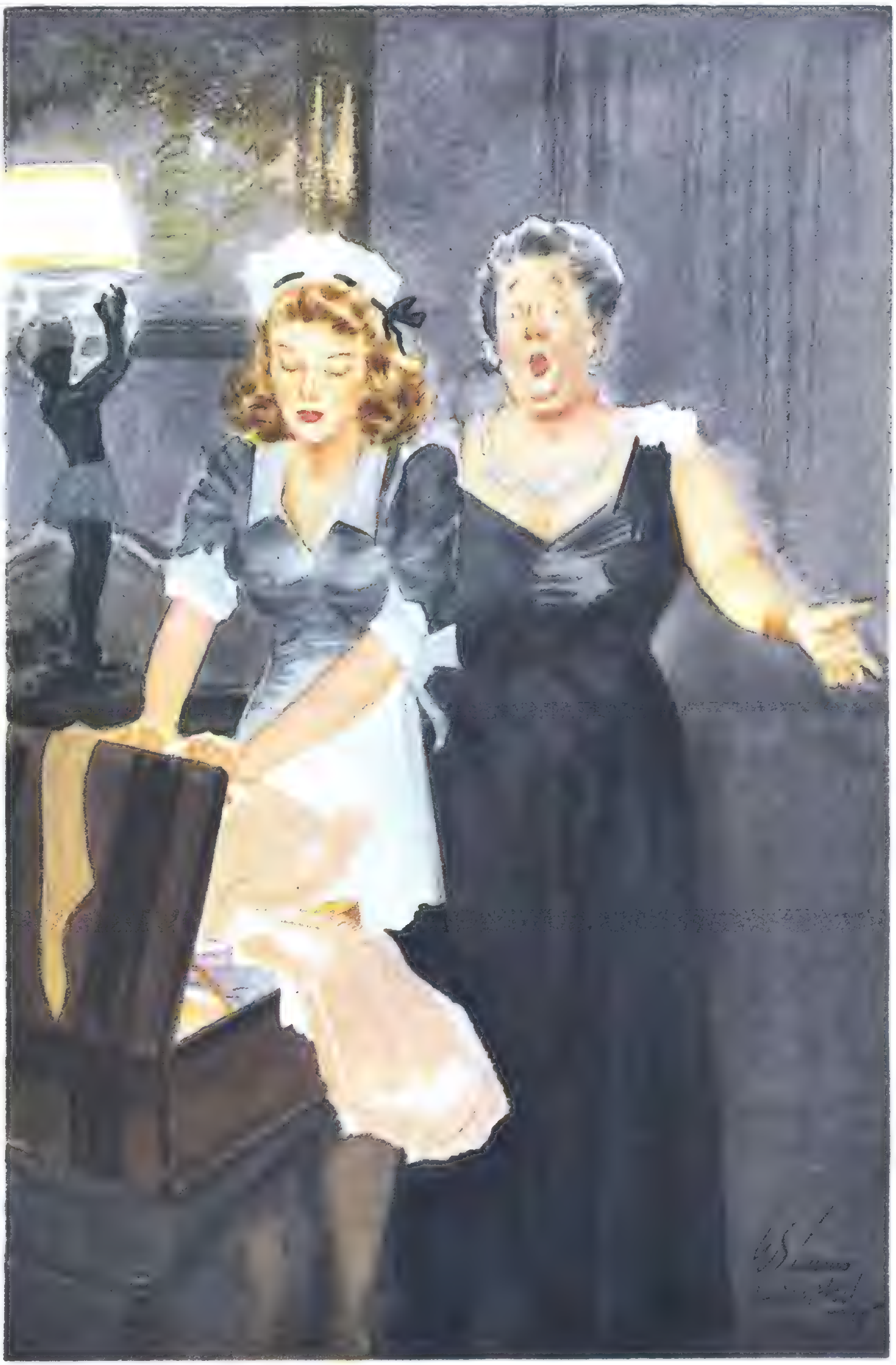
Later he gained control of Youngstown in the Middle Atlantic League. When the franchise was transferred to the Central League, Cambria went along with it, serving at one time as both owner and manager. In 1933 he pulled his biggest coup when he invaded the big-time minors, purchasing the ailing Albany franchise of the International League from the Chicago Cubs. Cambria had lived in Albany during 1917 and 1918.

His admiration for Clark Griffith even then is reflected by the fact that he called his Albany club the Senators. The team had a wretched start the first year, encountering weather conditions

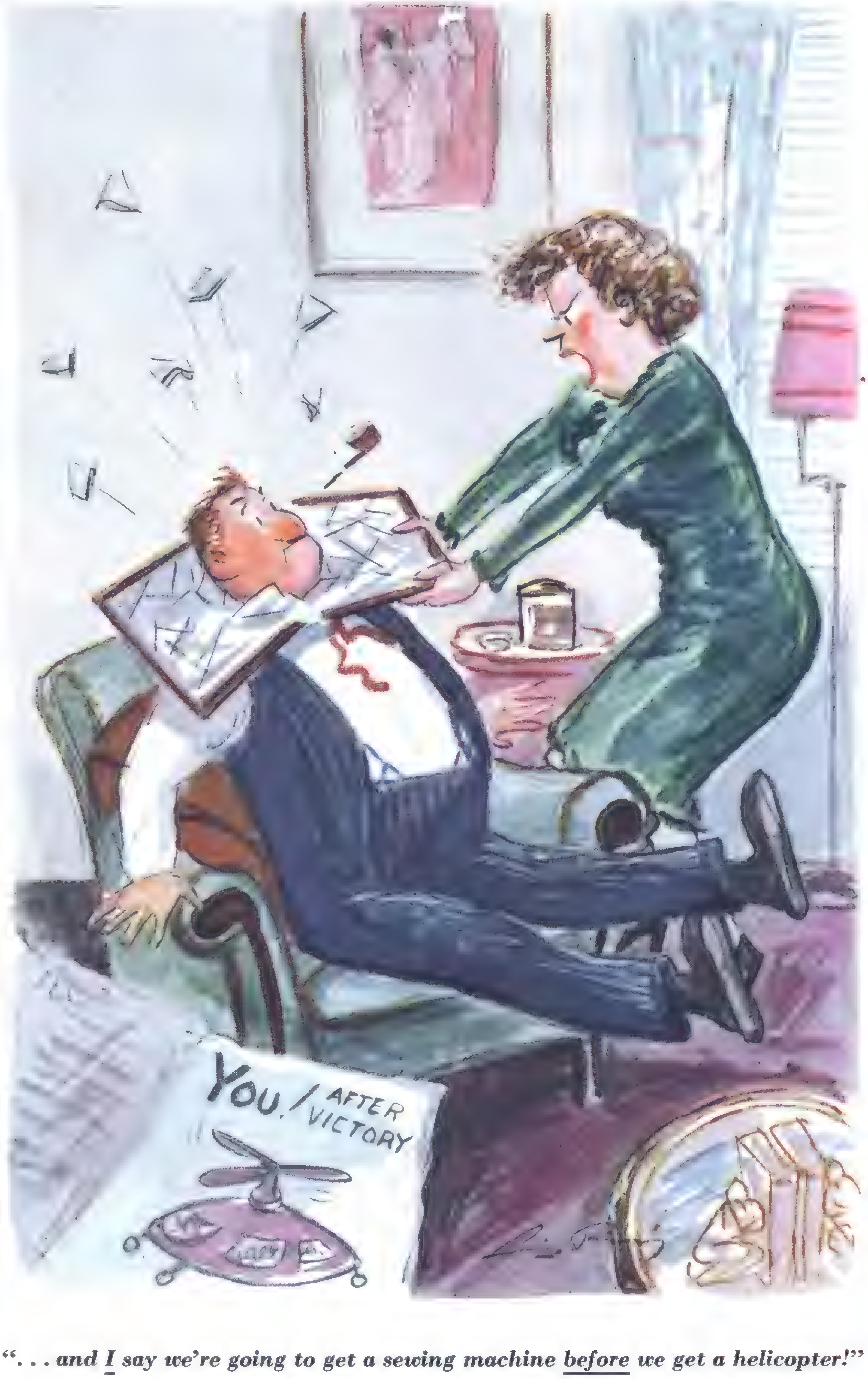
Continued on page 174



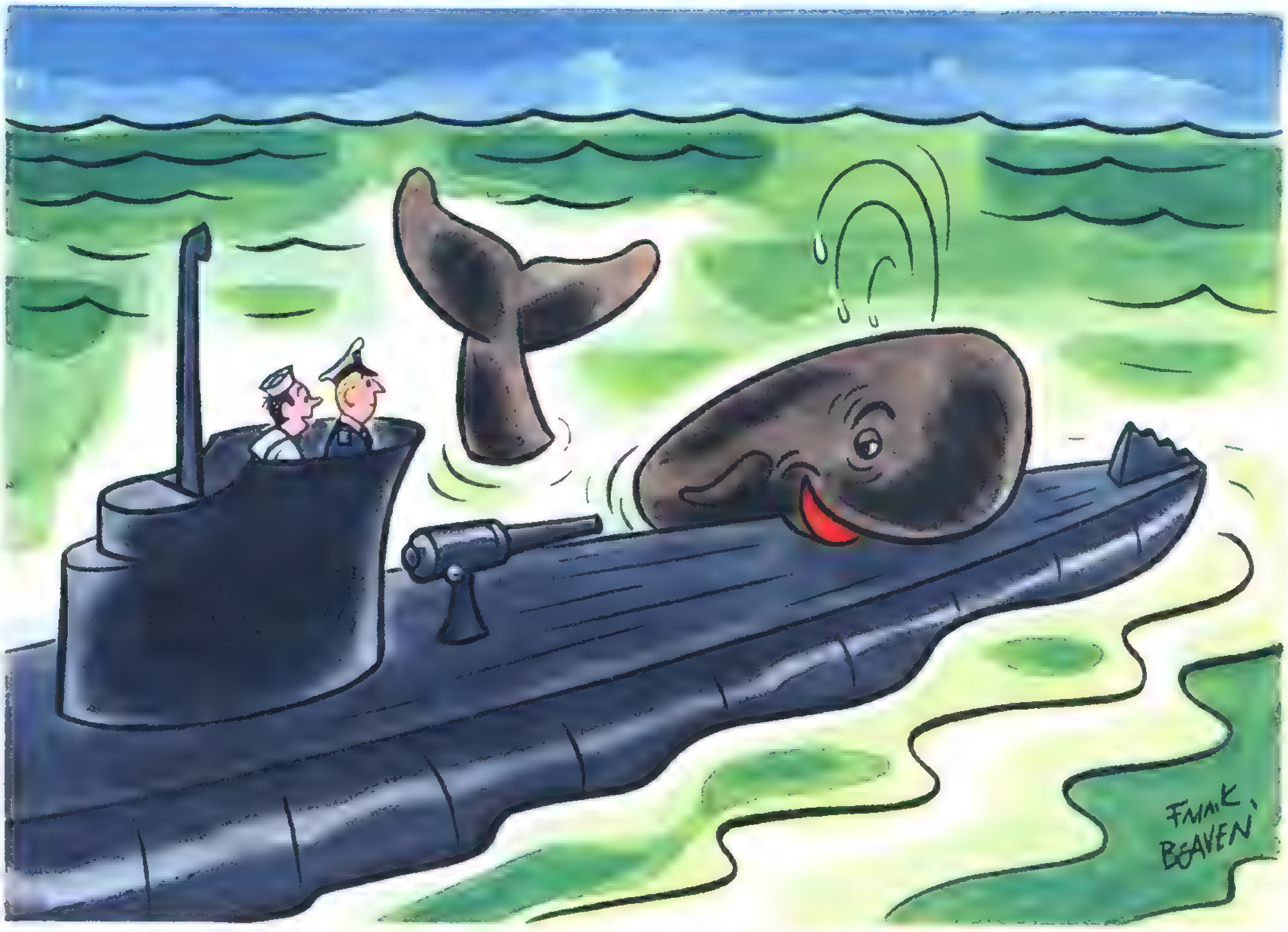
"Jack is home on a four-hour leave and asked me to call you to see if you'd care to play a few rubbers of bridge"



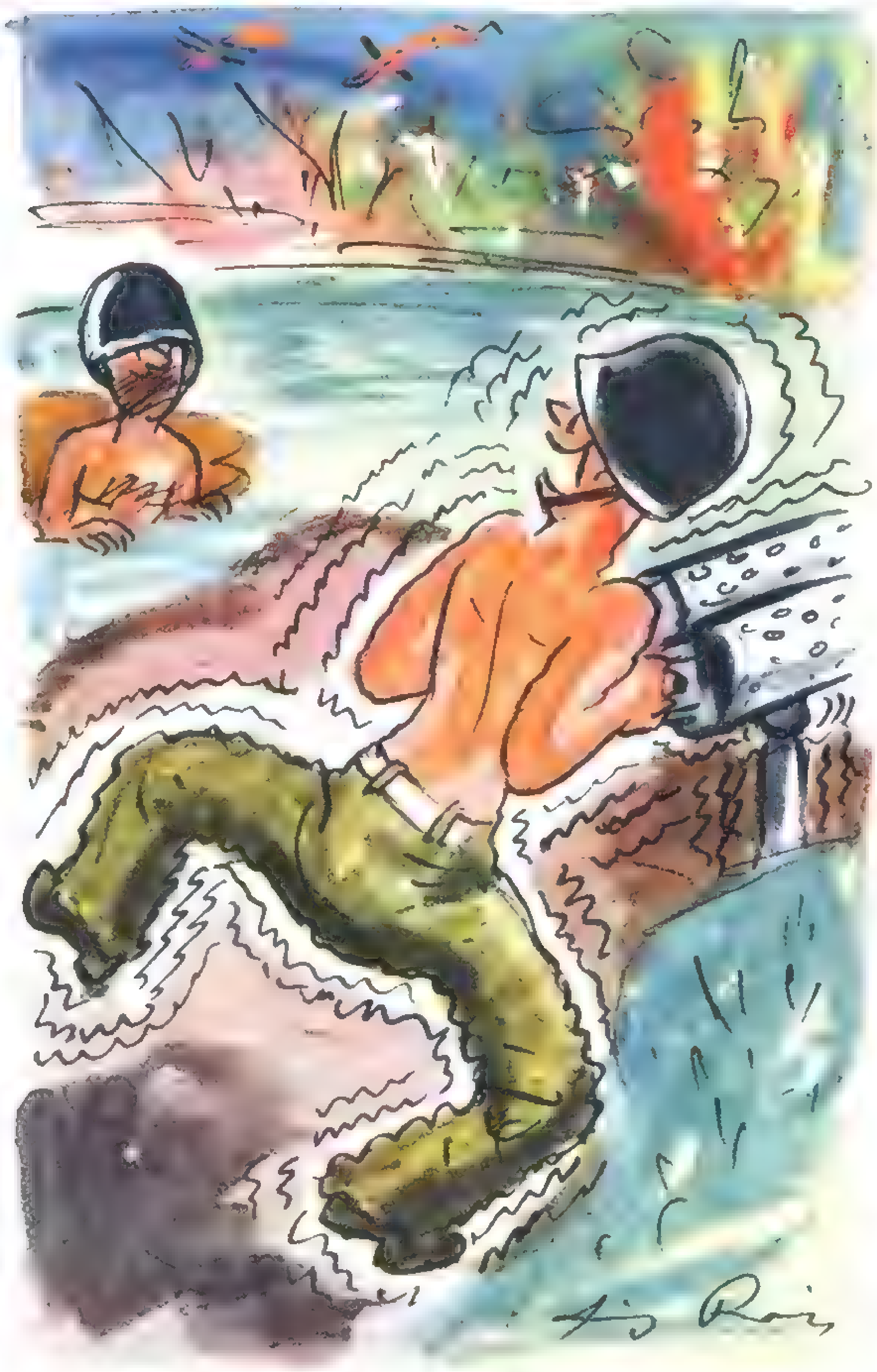
"I'm giving it to you straight, Nora—I've done welding and you won't like it!"


YOU! AFTER VICTORY

“. . . and I say we’re going to get a sewing machine before we get a helicopter!”



"Taft gave him some canned shrimp, Sir, and now we can't get rid of him!"



"By the time the war is over I'll be the world's best jitterbug!"

ESQUIREGRAPH No. 1—BOB HOPE ◆

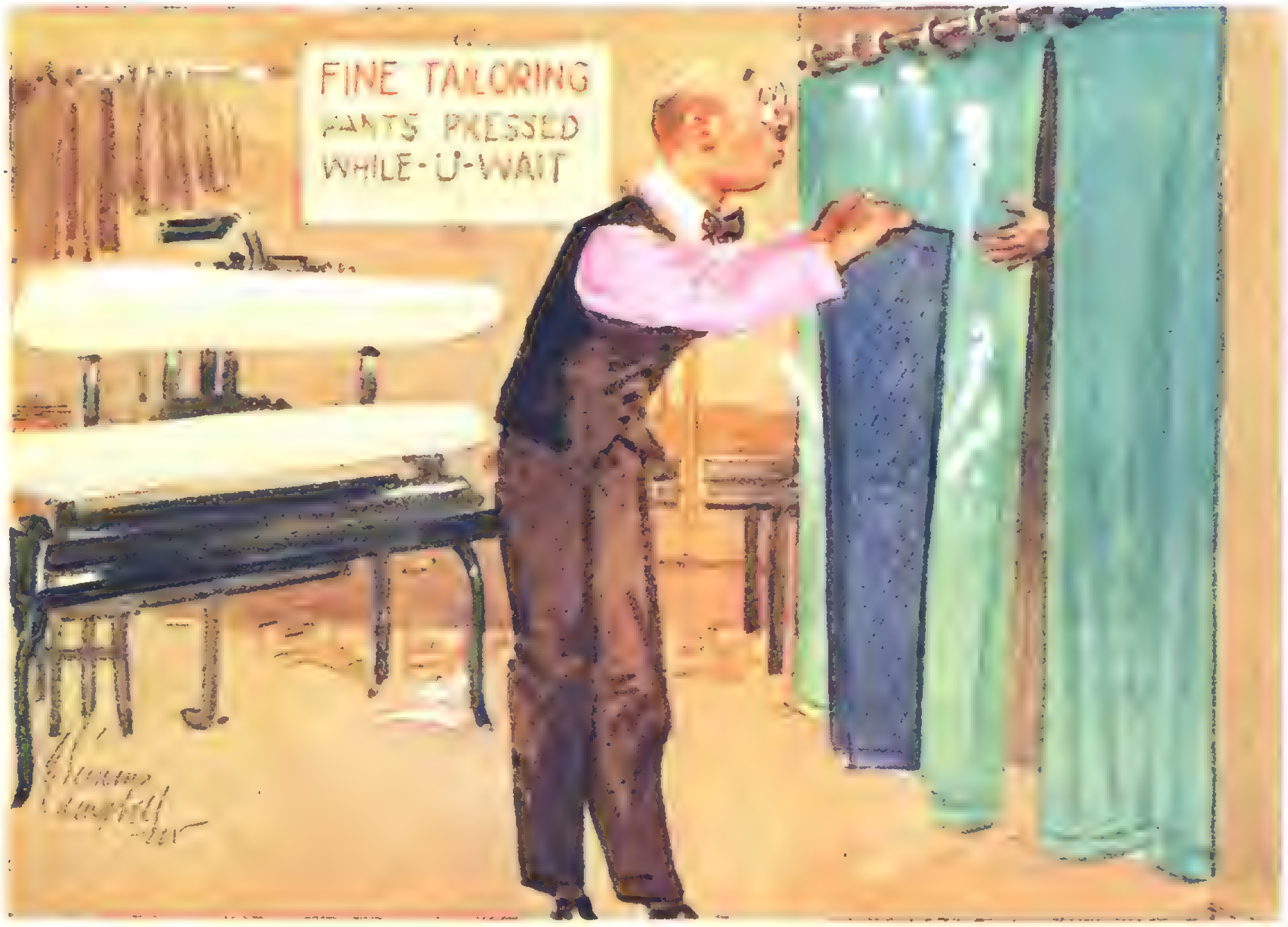
Bob (Soldier in Greasepaint) Hope has been, since Pearl Harbor, the chief dispenser of laugh plasma to United Nations fighting men on three continents. Ski Nose, as Don Bingo Crosby calls him, has turned out to be something of a secret weapon, operating with devastating effectiveness. He ranks with cigarettes and mail from home as a morale builder in the theatres of operations and is a human hypodermic needle on the Purple Heart circuits. If the enemy ever bombed Hope out of the war, as it has almost done on more than one whistling occasion, it could well lay legitimate claim to having destroyed a military objective. Hope, whose actual combat experience has been confined to getting knocked out in the semifinals of a Cleveland amateur boxing tournament when he was sixteen, has caused Washington and London brass hats to discuss the wisecrack, the ad lib and the belly laugh in the same breath with manpower, production and logistics. Thanks-for-the-Memory, who is forty-one and father of two adopted children, was, early in the war, on the verge of getting out of his Beverly Hills sports flannels and into G.I. khaki, but when Uncle Sam got a load of his jet propulsion tongue, Rapid Robert was classified 1-E—the E standing for entertainment.

The man who made a nation irium-conscious on the Pepsodent show, nearing its seventh year on N.B.C., is only something of a memory to his wife and children in North Hollywood these days. When he's not away somewhere convulsing a few thousand servicemen, he's washing dishes in the Hollywood Canteen or abroad in the land raising millions for the Red Cross or the latest War Bond drive. His War Bond-admission golf matches with Crosby, his closest friend, have channeled an even twenty-five million dollars Mr. Morgenthau's way, and Hope's only squawk is that Crosby, unlike his specimens of equine breed-improvement, invariably wins. Somehow this singular civilian manages to squeeze enough time out of a twenty-hour day to make those "Road" pictures with Bing—Singapore, Morocco, Zanzibar and Utopia—and you may have read his new book, *I Never Left Home*, which he actually wrote himself. His royalties are going to the National War Fund.

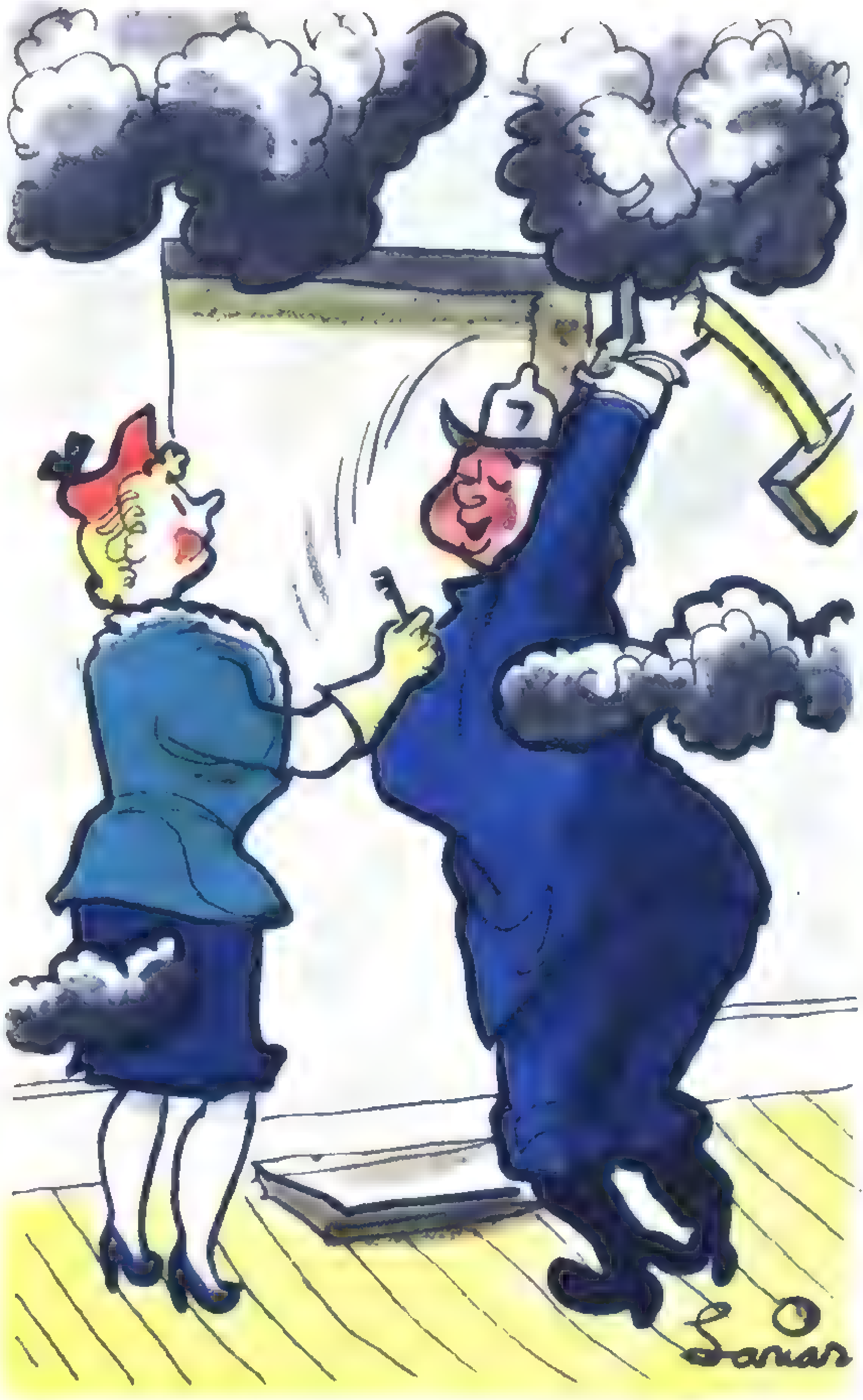
Hope doesn't get the chance these days to play pool with another man with a celebrated nose—W. C. (Ugh! Water!) Fields. There will, however, probably be a hilarious contest between the two cue-and-ivory experts, right in the middle of W. C.'s living room, some happy tomorrow after Bob Hope has finished his vital role in showing the Heinies and the Japs The Road to Hell.—Alan Hynd

RAVITZ-PALAZZO PHOTOCOLLAGE

NBC
POOR MIRIA



"Careful—they're still hot"



"No, thanks, lady—I don't need a key!"

AMERICAN BEAUTIES, EASTERN STYLE

The face and fortune of Jean Garver

Basking in the late sun, our Indian Summer girl begins to think of back to town, good-bye to lazy days. Jean is one of the models most in demand for sports clothes, but since she goes in for casual tailored things anyway, she finds it no strain to stand around in them for photographers—and get paid for it.

Jean began modeling a year ago after some amateur experience in Junior League fashion shows in Westchester and Long Island. She was quickly typed for outdoorsy chic. She denies she's a sportswoman, however. "I just look that way," she says.

An ace at ping-pong, she shoots in the 70's at golf (for nine holes). Around boats she's a lazy sailor. When they sing out *hard-a-lee* and the boom swings over, she never has to duck. She's stretched out on the deck in the sun, letting someone else cope with the tiller. She loves poker and got off to a good start, picking up a royal flush in her first hand. But best of all she likes to lie on the beach with a portable radio playing softly, preferably in a Cape Cod or Palm Beach setting.

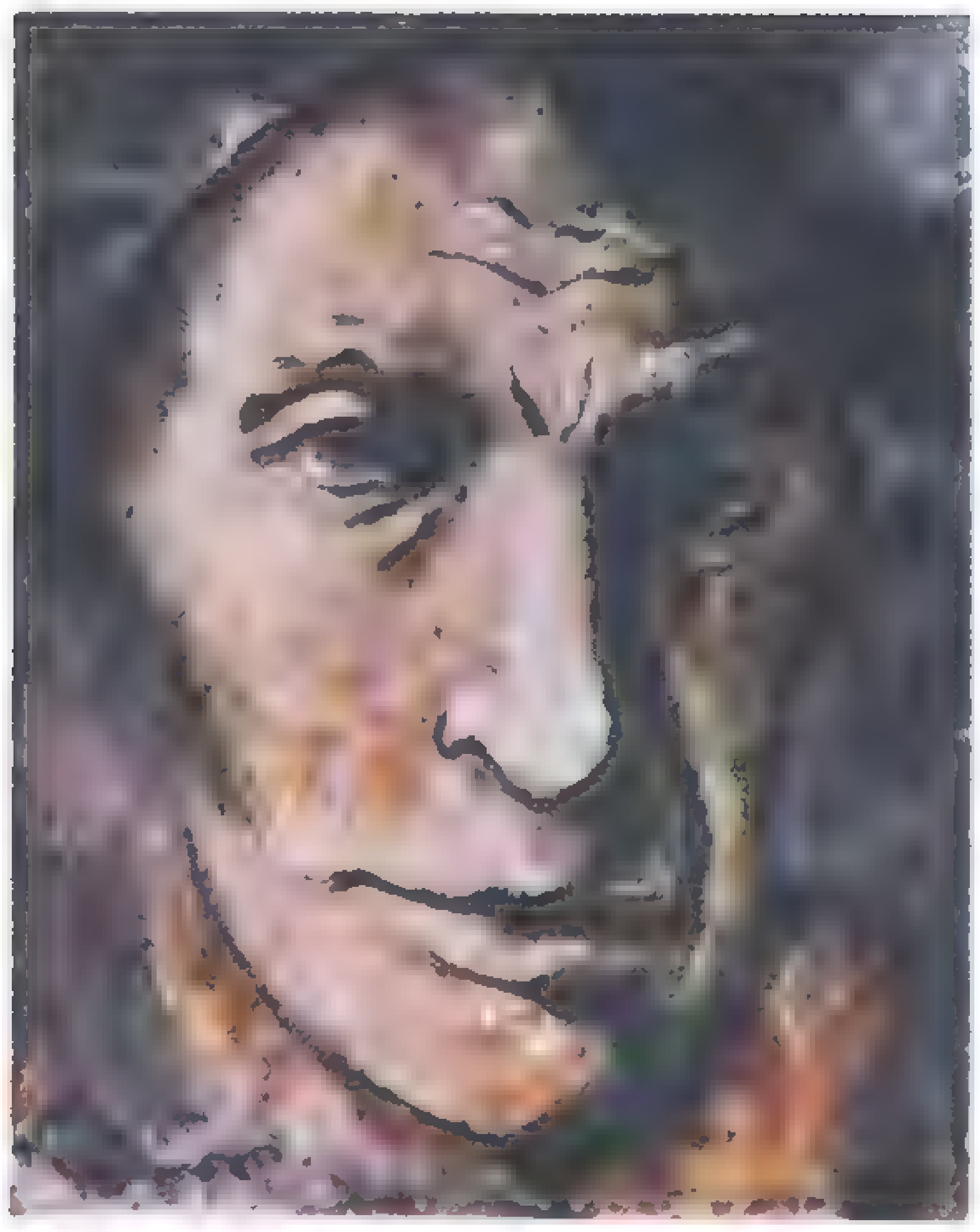
As for more serious interests, she likes to read biography. She always reads the political columnists in the newspapers, but skips the funnies. For long-hair music, she likes Russian: Shostakovich not Tchaikowsky. Short-hair music: there's nothing wrong with Harry James.

Jean knocks herself out cooking and is usually too tired to eat when she finishes. She does best with solid items, like pot roast with vegetables, and is terrific with an outdoor grill. Can she bake a cherry pie? She can try, but says it usually shrinks to a turnover that looks like a patched tire.

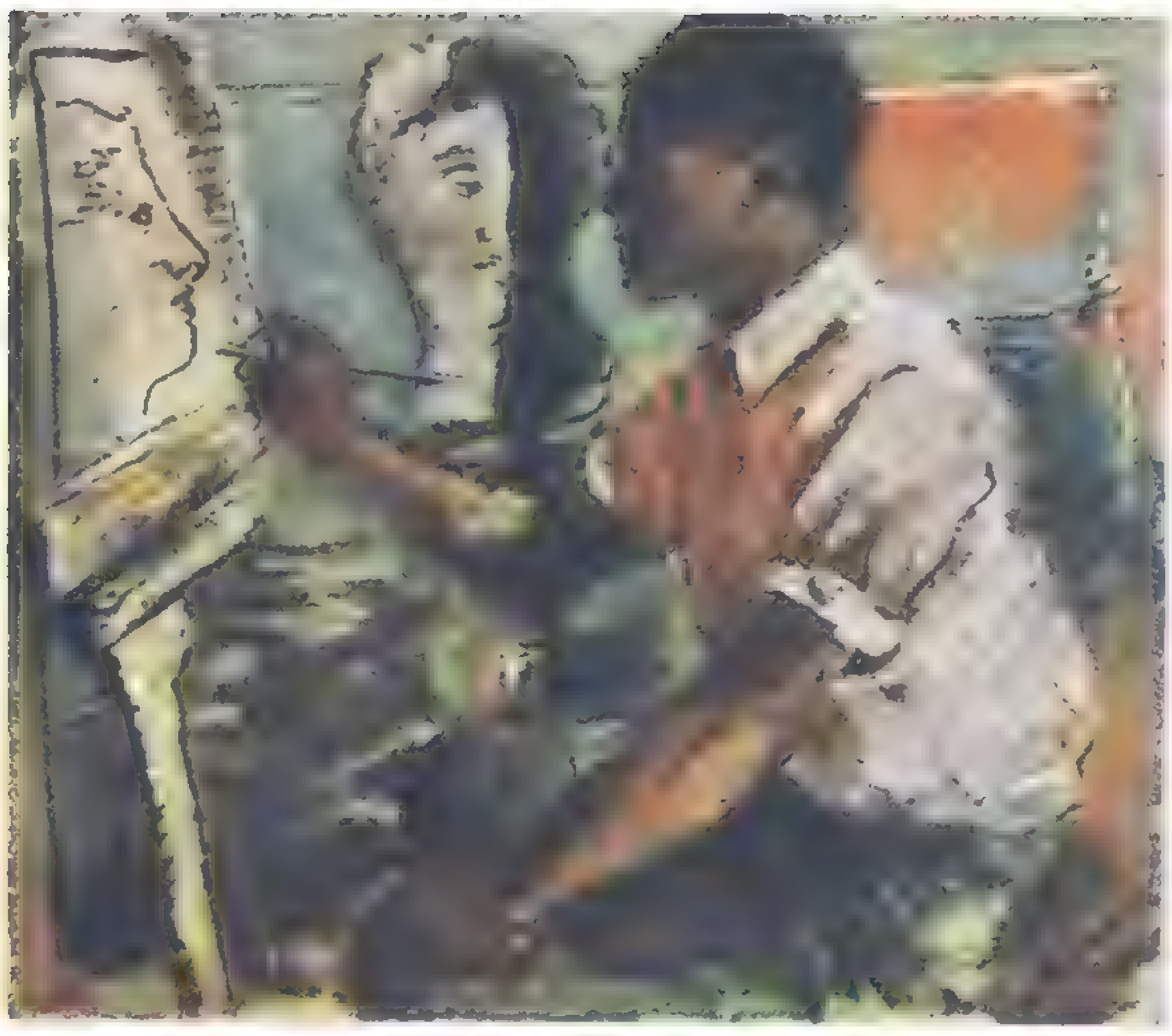
Miss Garver on Men: "I like the big, shaggy lovable ones, complete with old tweeds and a pipe. But they'd better be gourmets so they can appreciate my cooking. I think mutual appreciation is the basis of any relationship, anyway. I don't care for the smoothie attentive type. Flowers and candy bore me. I *do* like it when a man shows some real thought in a gift. For instance, the nicest present I ever got was a pint of chopped chicken livers—which I adore."

Vital Statistics: *Model Agency:* John Powers; *Height:* 5′ 6″ with shoes; *Weight:* 102 lbs.; *Age:* 23; *Bust:* 32″; *Waist:* 23″; *Hips:* 33″; *Hair:* dark blonde; *Eyes:* brown; *Type:* woodsmoke.

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM RITTER



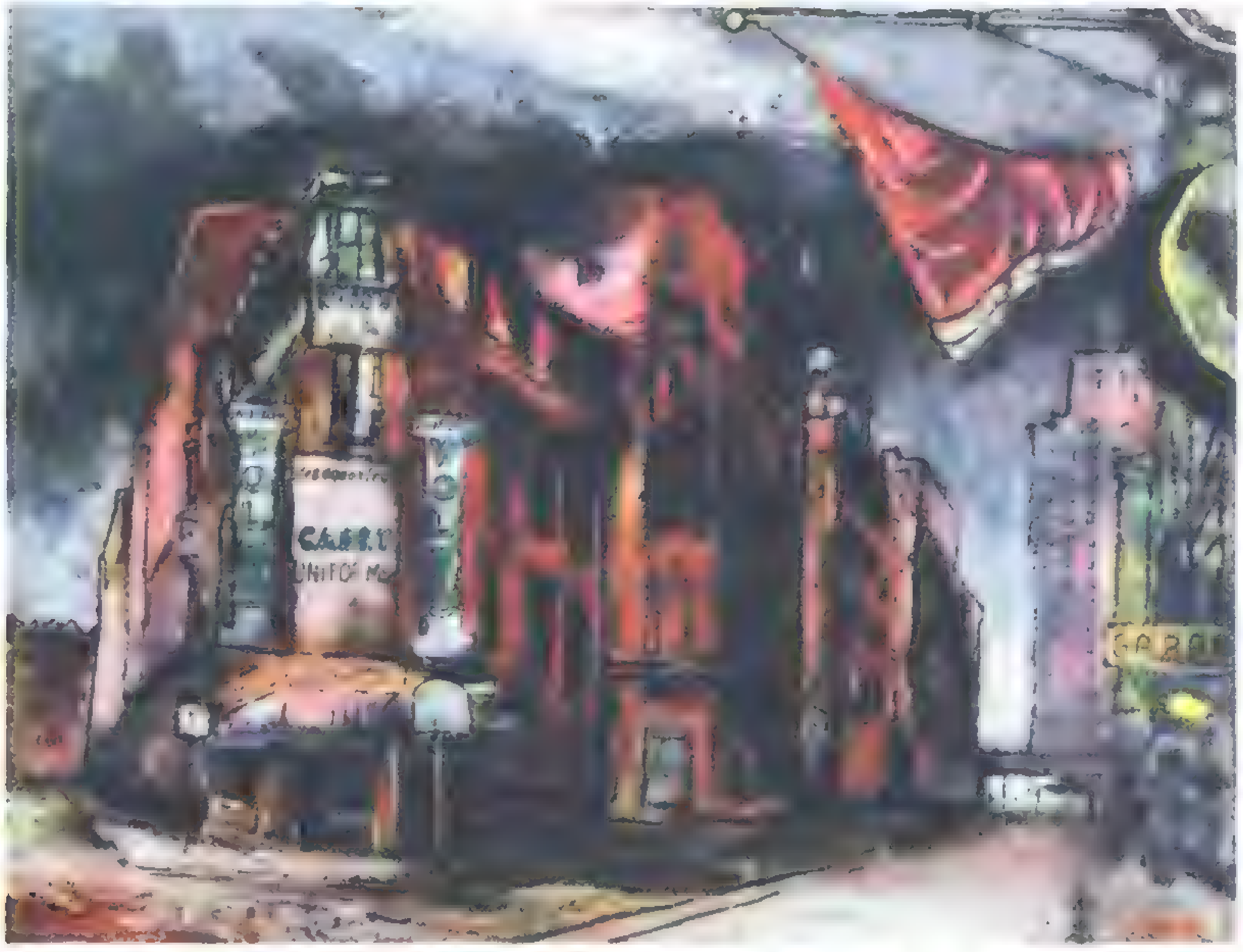
SELF-PORTRAIT, 1943



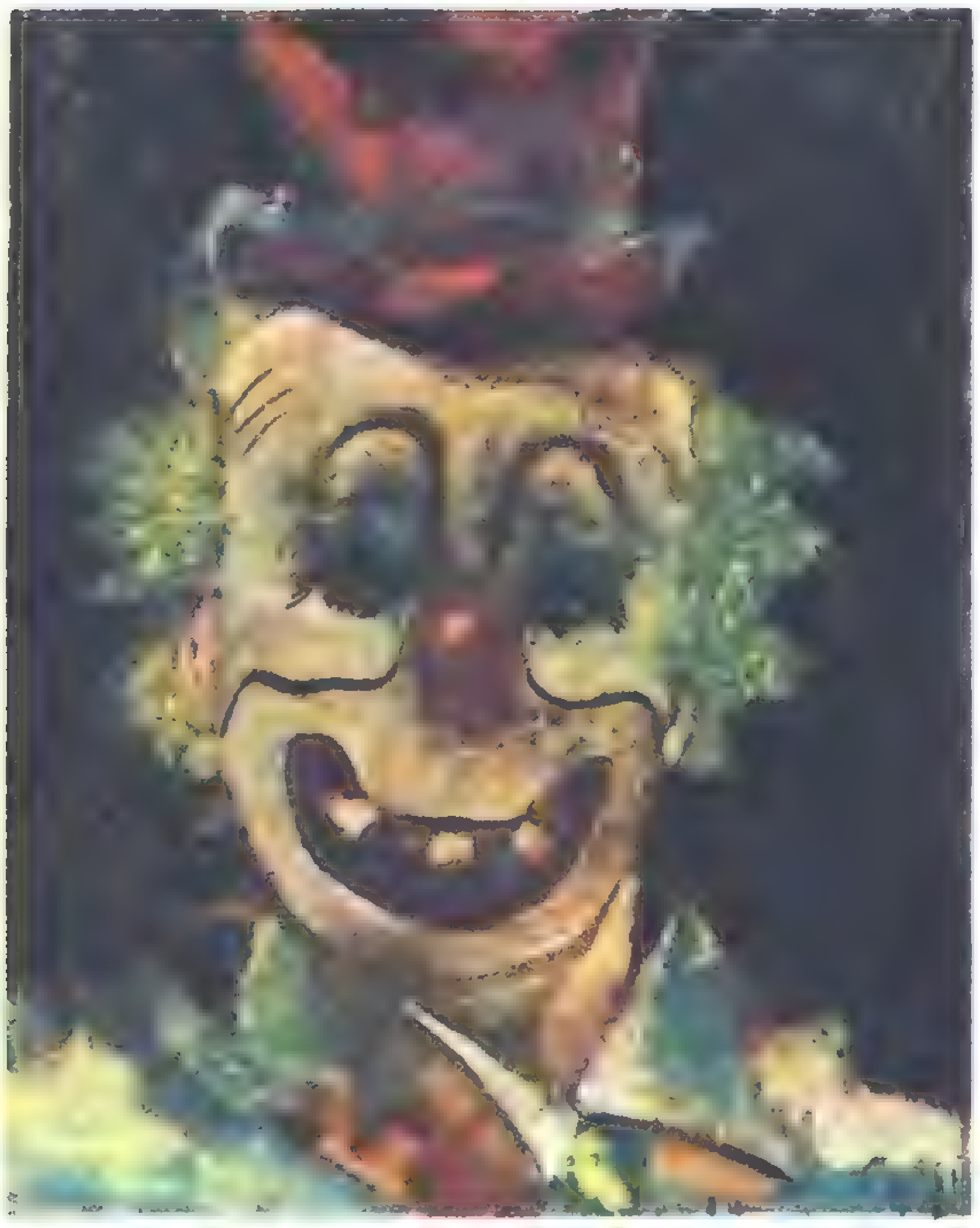
THE COLORED PAINTER, 1941

A Group of Five Paintings

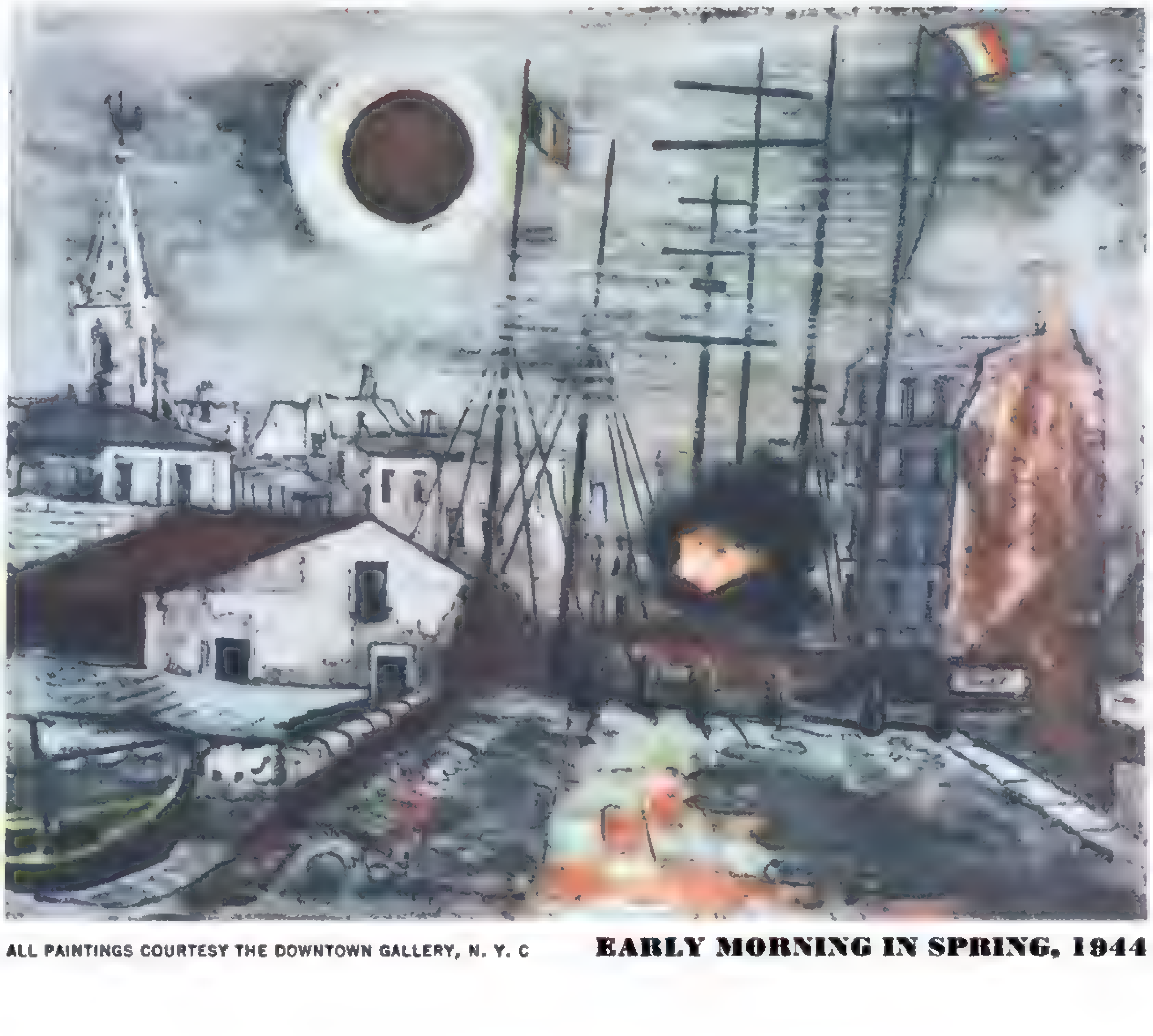
by **KARL ZERBE**



PORTLAND ST., BOSTON, 1942



CLOWN, 1940



ALL PAINTINGS COURTESY THE DOWNTOWN GALLERY, N. Y. C

EARLY MORNING IN SPRING, 1944

Artist in Search of a Medium

Suggesting the combination of creator and craftsman, artist and technician, makes Karl Zerbe an excellent teacher

by HARRY SALPETER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

KARL ZERBE paints some pretty wonderful pictures, and he paints them in encaustic, and that is about the sum of his story; the rest is explanatory text.

To begin with, encaustic is that ancient mode of painting with heated wax as the element binding the colors, from which our wordmakers have evolved the word caustic, which means biting commentary to the critic, and, to the scientist, a chemical substance which burns and corrodes living tissue.

Karl Zerbe is one of the handful of living painters who are working successfully in this medium, which was ancient when the Greeks gave it a word. It was in use 5,000 years ago and chiefly tomb portraits testify to the permanence of the medium. It was a popular style with Egyptian artists and craftsmen. Vesuvius preserved the Pompeiian frescoes painted in this manner and it was used also in decorated brick and tile, pottery and enamel ware, although chiefly an easel medium. It fell out of favor around the ninth century. Merely to have re-explored so long abandoned a medium and to work exclusively in it gives Zerbe a technical distinction in the history of art apart from the quality of his creative performance.

Almost from the time he took up art seriously in 1922, when he was nineteen, until only a few years ago, Zerbe has been a painter in search of a medium. Perhaps only the Mexican Siqueiros has devoted himself more steadily to the investigation of new and old ways of painting. The patience which Zerbe has devoted to his researches, the notation of variations between each set of circumstances and its corresponding result—all these are typical of German conditioning in art as in science. To an outsider remarking the concentration in Zerbe's career on the means rather than the end, it would appear as if the artist had been trying to do things the hard way when, by the very simple process of squeezing colors out of a tube, he could paint pictures that Mr. Outsider probably would find hardly less satisfying. But conscience and craftsmanship also are part of art, whether German or American, and even a slight difference in the end result, whether or not Mr. Outsider can perceive it, is worth a little patience, a little experimentation in the means. It is probably the delicacy of the balance within Zerbe of artist and student, of creator and technician, that makes him so excellent an executive-teacher in his post as head of the department of painting at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts School.

We can come close to exploring the whole of Zerbe's career as an artist by charting his course among mediums, just as it is possible roughly to survey broad acres by floating down a river which cuts through them strategically. The philosophy which Zerbe expresses in the subject matter of his art and in his accents upon it pervades all his mediums and differs in skill and subtlety as between oil and tempera, or Duco and encaustic, only by the degree of his technical accomplishment; his philosophy is innate, his method of expression deliberate and studied. His chief pilgrimage as an artist has been in the direction of finding a way of saying the thing that he would say anyway.

Even before he became a serious art student, he studied chemistry at the *Oberrealschule* in Frankfurt, which gave him a foundation in the science. At Munich, where he studied at an art school and at the official academy as well, he worked in an architectural firm doing tracings and plans. No one the least bit familiar with Zerbe's work into the present year can fail to be aware of his absorption in buildings, streets, parks, city vistas, street corners, church façades, impregnated as they are in a personal atmosphere so vivid as to be nearly magical. So far as subject matter is concerned, the sum of Zerbe's art is to be found in his streets and buildings, on one hand, and in his philosophical combinations of, and commentaries upon, still life themes.

About this time he was strongly influenced by a German teacher named Eberz—in which you will find Zerbe—who was himself a strong colorist influenced by Cubism. Zerbe beat the inflation by painting designs on silk fabrics, which he sold in gold-standard Switzerland and then lived on the proceeds in Italy, where he traveled, painted and learned the things his teachers had not taught him. When his money gave out he painted another parcel of silks, extending his lease on life and art. By 1926 he was selling paintings in Munich and Berlin, as one of the coming lights in the *Neue Sachlichkeit* movement, a logical reaction against Romanticism, a celebration of the new reality. A German painter always feels a little easier in his mind if he can paint under the banner of a school or a slogan or a synthesis. He does not like to be alone. Those were the days of Expressionism, the Blue Rider, Dadaism and Cubism—a name to give at least semi-official status to the most radical forms of art. About this time or later Zerbe made etchings, dry points and engravings, a fact which is important only because it has left more than vestigial traces in the graphic, linear quality of a good deal of what is generally considered his most luminous, colorful work.

We skip the routine data of his increasingly successful life as a German artist to bring Karl Zerbe to the United States in January, 1934, before which time, having read aright the signs in the political skies, he decided to emigrate. He came to Cambridge, Massachusetts, to which he had been invited, and at the Germanic Museum of Harvard University held his second one-man American exhibition, the first having taken place the preceding May in a New York gallery. Upon the termination of his visitor's visa, he left for France and in August, 1935, returned as a full-fledged immigrant and with an engagement to teach the following year at the Fine Arts Guild at Cambridge. It was in 1937 that he was installed in his present post at the Boston Museum School.

From Europe he had brought considerable technical equipment in the application of gouache, oil and tempera. During his student days he had faithfully copied the Old Masters in the effort to capture their secrets of color. In that search he experimented with various types of tempera, using not only the usual yolk of egg, but also casein, fig milk and wax soup as the emulsifying agent. He tried to see what effects he could produce through mixing tempera with oil paints. During the Summers of 1936 and 1937 he visited Mexico and there came upon the work of Siqueiros, pioneer in the use of Duco as an art medium. Zerbe began using Duco, whose chief advantage is its fast-drying quality which enables a painter to complete a canvas in one session. Later, Zerbe experimented with a Duco-tempera mixture; Duco for the base, tempera for the surface, Duco being suitable for the broad and solid effects, but not for the delicate calligraphy which is characteristic of much of his work. However, he discarded the com-

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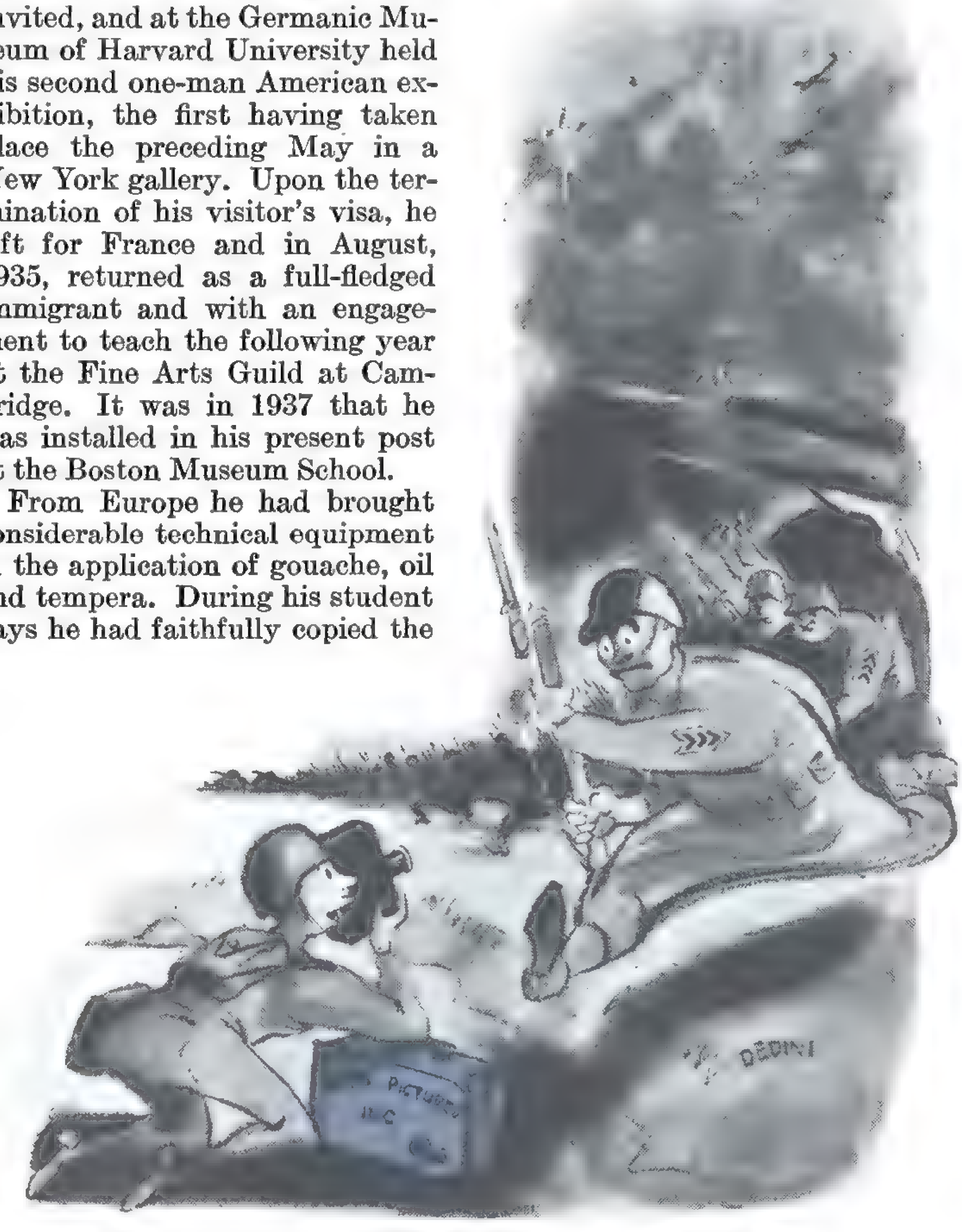


"Smile"

The Lion and the Mouse

Strange application of the perennial question: what would such a beautiful girl ever see in a fellow like that?

by EDWARD PRICE

▪ FICTION ▪

The brave lion on the swinging sign over the door was doing its best to live up to the name of the place as Major Little strutted under it and into the long, narrow restaurant.

A brilliant bar ran the length of one wall; tables lined the other from the back to the single big window.

The patrons on the bar stools turned as he entered. "Hi, Major!" "Howdy, Major!" "Hello, Major!" With the air of a man accustomed to the admiration of crowds, the Major waved a pudgy hand in collective greeting, and his slight paunch preceded him to the table nearest the window.

"I'm expecting a lady," he informed the waiter. "Bring me a double whiskey, plain water for a chaser." He lit a large, black cigar and studied the menu.

When the waiter returned with his drink, he told him, "I'll order dinner now, and you may serve when the lady comes. Shrimp cocktail, consommé, Creole cutlet and the chef's salad bowl." Then he added, indifferently, "Make that for two," and stared abstractedly out the window at Burkey's Gym directly across the street.

He had been looking out this same window, at this same table, just a year ago. He had been waiting for somebody then, not a lady. The man he was waiting for had come out of the gym and crossed the street, grinning arrogantly from the tower of his height. There were half a dozen men with him, running to keep pace with his stride, and they entered the Brave Lion.

Sitting at the bar, in the center of the group, the big man ordered a glass of homogenized milk. He had the unshakable confidence of a champion; and a week later, he was one.

The Major said to the waiter, "Is that Steve Logan?" And without waiting for affirmation, he added, "Would you kindly ask him to come over to my table for a minute?"

He saw Logan turn when the waiter relayed the message and then grin; Logan slid from his stool and came over.

"Hello, Steve," the Major said. "Sit down a minute, will you?"

"Sure, Major, it's a pleasure. How are you, Major?"

"I'm fine," the Major said. "Steve, I understand you're interested in one of the girls in the show. Paula Grozier. That right?"

The big man grinned, tolerantly. "That's right, Major. She's a cute cookie."

The Major flicked some cigar ashes on the tablecloth. "Lay off, Logan. She's a particular friend of mine, see?"

Logan came half out of his chair in amazed anger. "Why, you—"

The Major said coolly, "Better sit down and listen a minute to what I have to say, Steve. A week from tonight you're fighting the champ in the Garden. Now, you wouldn't want anything to happen between now and then, would you?"

Logan had recovered his patronizing good nature.

"Now, you listen, Major. You're a nice guy, and I like you. I feel bad if you go for Paula, too, but you ain't got a chance with me in there. What do you think you could do?"

The Major said blandly, "I'll fight you, muscles." Logan roared his amusement. When he became quiet, the Major added, "Publicly. Not just once, understand, but as often as you've got a crowd around." He looked at the noisy crowd packed around the bar and remarked thoughtfully, "In fact I could start right now."

Steve Logan said, puzzled, "I don't get it, Major. 'Course, I wouldn't hurt you; I'd just push you away. But there's no sense in it."

"You don't get it, Steve. So I make a swing at you and you push me off. And tomorrow, some time, some place, I do it again. And the next day. I'll see that the newspaper boys are around. I'll tell them why. Because you're stealing my girl. That's a howl, isn't it? That's a screameroo. From coast to coast they'll roll in the aisles. Wonderful publicity for me, but for you— You'll walk down to that ring next Friday night at the Garden and the mob will holler, 'Here comes Steve Logan, the guy who's stealing a girl from—' "

The contender for a crown pushed a hand pleadingly across the table. His face was drained of color.

The Major continued his attack relentlessly, "So you're a champ. You want to be a popular champ, don't you? Sure you want publicity, but, my God, Steve, not that kind."

Logan said slowly, "You're right, Major. I couldn't live it down. It ain't worth it; no cookie is."

The Major said, kindly, "I hope you win the match, Steve. I wish I could stay to see it, but we're booked to play Detroit next week."

Steve said, "Thanks, Major." He started to move away, then came back and stretched out his hand. The Major regarded the big, dangerous paw and said, "You won't mind if I don't, Steve? With a grip like yours—"

Grinning, Logan said, "Sure, sure," and went away.

Now, a year later, the Major swung his gaze to the door, where a beautiful girl made an entrance and came to him.

"Darling," she said, breathlessly, "I'm late."

Without rising, the Major said, "Forgiven. I've ordered for both of us, Paula."

At the bar, a man marveled, "Now, what in the hell would a beautiful cupcake see in a guy like that?"

His companion said, "A lot of things, friend. They find them fascinating because there's a little girl in every woman. She's marrying him after Saturday night's show."

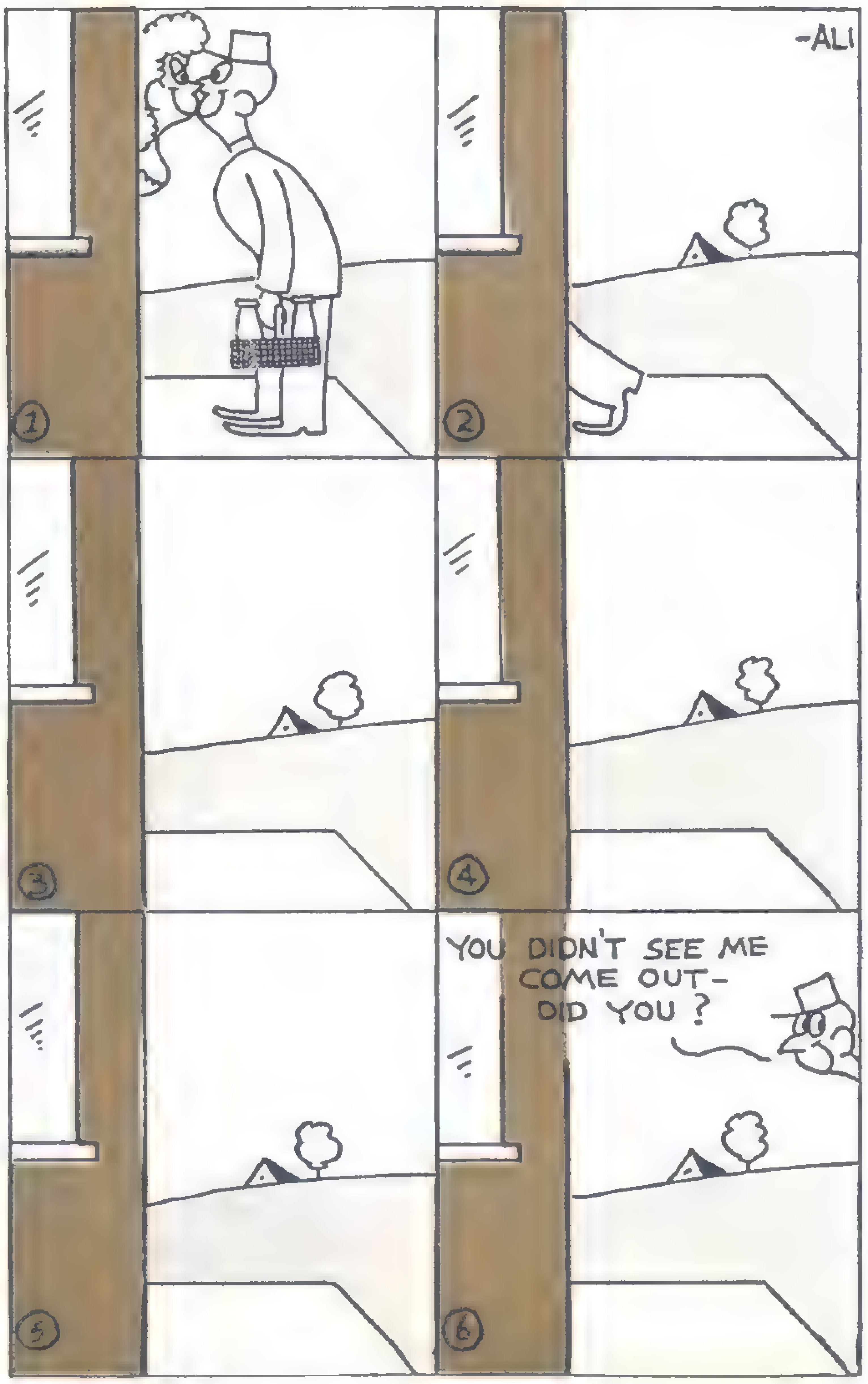
"I still don't see—"

"Then, remember that he makes good dough. Not many of us are born to earn big money as easy as he does."

"Yeah, but even so—"

"Well, these psychologists explain it. It's what they call the maternal complex, the protective instinct, or—"

"But, my God," said the other, draining his glass, "a midget!" ##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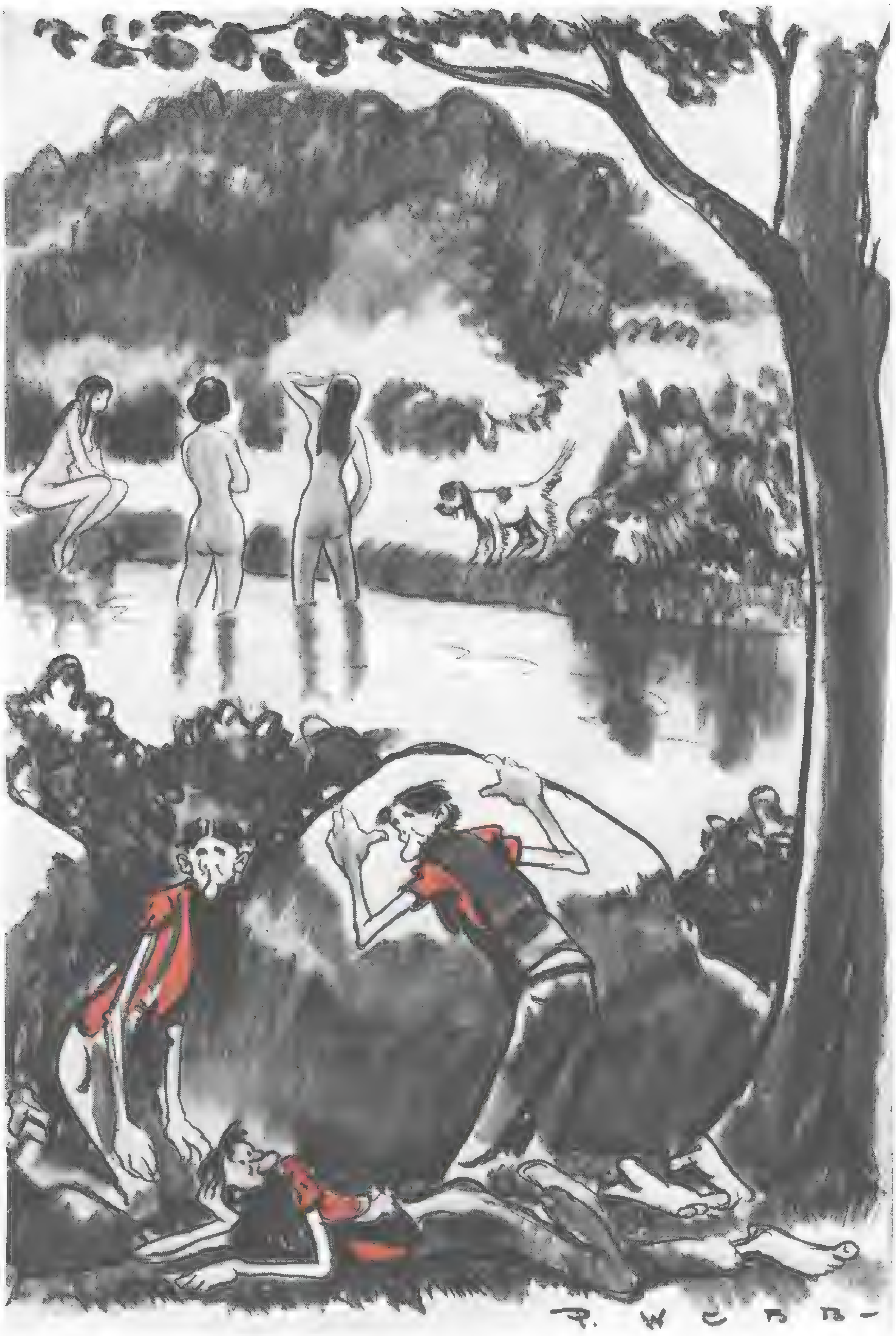
YOU DIDN'T SEE ME COME OUT- DID YOU ?



"*Tell me some more 'bout their bird dog—sounds like a mighty pritty critter*"

Hitler's Strangest Division

It was known among the anti-Nazi members of the 999th Division that they were being deliberately sent to their death in Africa

by GUENTHER REINHARDT

▪ ARTICLE ▪

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *The disclosures in this article came out of an American prison camp from a German prisoner of war who was a member of Hitler's 999th Division and who has strong reasons for hating the Nazis.*)

ADOLF HITLER had a bright idea in the Spring of 1942. He decided to form a special infantry division, comprised chiefly of Germans known to have expressed anti-Nazi sentiments, to be sacrificed in the African campaign.

Der Führer, by this move, hoped to kill two birds with one stone. He would be executing political enemies who were potential troublemakers, without seeming to, and he could utilize the mass execution, carried out for him by the Allies, in the nature of a useful delaying action on the battlefield.

The men who were to comprise the special division had long since been in official disfavor. There were several thousand of them, and most of them had at one time or another served time in concentration camps. All had formerly been considered *wehrunwuerdig*, (unworthy to bear arms) until Hitler got his bright idea. Now all was to be forgiven—apparently.

Physical examinations began in the Summer of 1942. Naturally, none of the anti-Nazis, some of whom had been behind the German organized labor movement, failed to pass. In mid-September the first recruits, ranging from the late twenties to the early forties, were called up. Their training camp was on a lonely mountain plateau in southern Baden.

Many soldiers in the outfit, known as the 999th Division, were acquainted from membership in labor and anti-Nazi organizations and also from concentration camps.

If they thought, however, that Hitler had been so stupid as to afford them the opportunity to take up their anti-Nazi crusade where they had left off, they were sadly mistaken. The noncommissioned officers at the mountaintop camp were for the most part former guards in concentration camps who were well acquainted with the personalities and backgrounds of most of the recruits.

The training program was hardly under way when hardened ex-convicts—the scum of the German social order—arrived by the hundreds. These characters, also undesirable to Hitler, were to be absorbed in the new division at the ratio of one to every six former political prisoners. It became obvious to the ex-political prisoners, many of whom were men of considerable intellectual and cultural stature, that some of the jailbird-soldiers were stool pigeons.

The commanding officer of the division—one Colonel Thomas, formerly commander of a battalion at Hitler's headquarters addressed the recruits. "The past is dead. The future is glorious. You will be given the privilege of wiping out your past when you serve Der Führer—in Africa."

Colonel Thomas told the recruits that the 999th Division would be completely motorized and would have the most modern weapons at its disposal. The men were to get special rations on orders from Der Führer himself.

The recruits weren't deceived. Such forgiveness was never part of Hitler's nature. The suspicion grew among them that they were going to be led to slaughter.

Despite the vigilance of the camp guards and the activities of the stool pigeons, the anti-Nazis, managed to talk things over with one another. Their first impulse, upon realizing that they had been led into a cunningly-baited trap, was to desert. They decided against such a course when several of the ex-convicts tried it and were shot down in their tracks, thanks to advance information turned over to the sharpshooting guards by the stool pigeons.

The Nazis, suspicious that the men in the division were aware of the plot, began to bear down on them. When a deserter was caught he wasn't shot on the spot but was brought back to camp. Then he was shot in the presence of representatives of the various units in the division—a procedure calculated to discourage disloyalty.

In the meantime, the recruits, with the notable exception of the ex-convicts, whom the others didn't trust, evolved a definite plan of action. They decided to obey orders scrupulously until they got to the fighting front. There, they were agreed, they would take advantage of the first opportunity to desert from the Hitler army and go over to the other side. They were aware of the fact that the time for German advances was drawing to a close and they were of the opinion that they could safely desert during a retreat.

The one-time political prisoners were agreed on another thing. As men of principle, they resolved that they would not fire a single shot against Allied soldiers who were fighting Hitlerism.

Toward the end of October, regular Nazi commissioned officers arrived at the camp and took charge. Although these officers had never laid eyes on the men before, they seemed to possess a sixth sense that warned them that the men had seen all too clearly behind Hitler's murderous ruse.

One day one of the new officers gave a speech to the men. "Don't think," he said, "that any of you will be able to go over to the enemy when we are at the front. We have decided upon means to deal with such a situation!"

During the first eight weeks of training at the mountain camp not a single pass was issued to any of the men. Even the noncommissioned officers had some sympathy with the desires of the men to get an occasional furlough, if only for a few hours.

Morale finally became so low that the men, most of whom had wives and families, were given liberty on Sundays between two and seven p.m. Most of them spent their liberty with their wives in furnished rooms in villages near the training areas until the Nazi authorities issued a decree forbidding residents of these villages to rent rooms to military personnel.

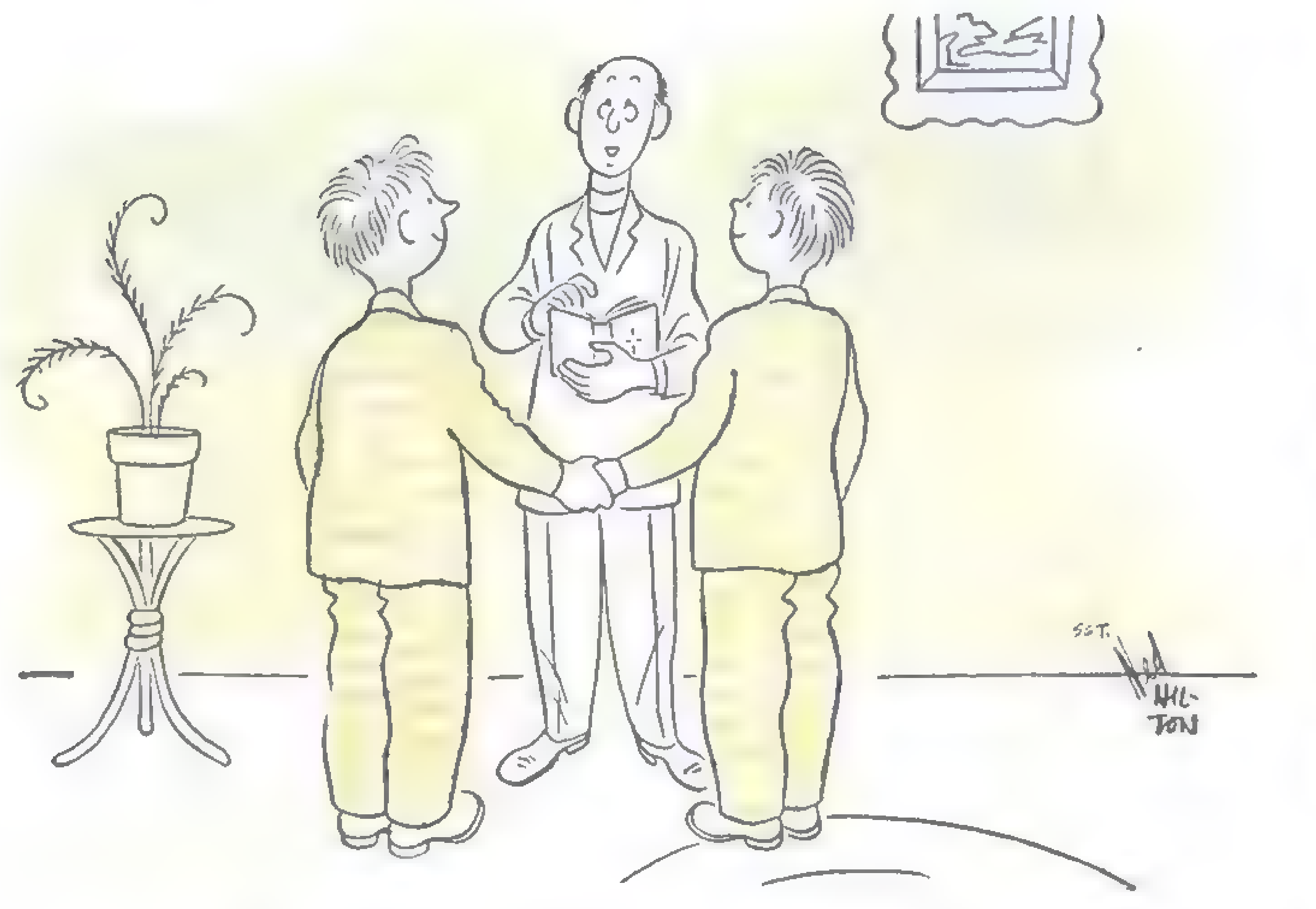
In the first week of January, 1943, the 999th Division was moved from Germany to one of the occupied countries. The various units were billeted in several small towns in the vicinity of a large city. Tropical uniforms for use in Africa were issued.

The ex-political prisoners disclosed their identities to the natives. And many a German soldier was welcomed into a native home under cover of darkness to listen to the truth about the war as given out by the British Broadcasting Corporation.

Then came the day when the division left on the first leg of the journey to Africa. Instead of getting motorized equipment, there were merely a few infantry carts drawn by horses. Instead of each company having six antitank cannons, as had been promised, there were only two such cannons for a company. Hitler had begun to drop his pretense on the eve of the division's departure for the battlefront.

In the south of France, where the division was scattered out over many villages, maneuvers were held. A new commander—one Colonel Wolff—took over. He made a long phony speech to the division, pointing out to the men that they would return to the fatherland as heroes. "I promise to every one of you that you will return home," said Colonel Wolff, "and I shall personally see to it that nobody will ever again bring up the past." The colonel paused before concluding. "I am happy to see from your eyes that you are willing and eager to fight." Later, one of the anti-Nazi soldiers overheard Colonel Wolff saying to another officer, "If only I knew what their *real* attitude is!"

From the south of France the division went by train to Naples



"Now just tell me which is which and I'll get on with the ceremony"

and then on to Messina and Palermo. By this time, three-fourths of the Nazi officers had disappeared, like parachutists bailing out of a doomed plane. The trip from Sicily to Africa was made on Italian destroyers, with the men squeezed below decks and all doors and hatches tightly bolted so that everybody had something of the feeling of being buried alive.

The sea crossing from Sicily to Africa was made at a time when the Allied offensive was hitting on all cylinders and the German front in Africa was crumbling at all points. The result was that destroyers carrying some of the 999th Division were sunk and one of the two regiments that comprised the division was badly decimated when it arrived in Africa.

The first stop of the first regiment to arrive in Africa—Regiment 961—was Tunis. Next came Kairouan in central Tunisia. In an olive grove near Kairouan a Nazi officer made another speech to the men. "No acts of heroism are expected of you," he said. "Just do your duty—whatever you are told to do."

By the end of March, 1943—even the dullest of the ex-criminals knew they were to be sacrificed. Regiment 961 was assigned to protect the flank of Rommel's army as it retreated from south Tunisia. Thus the sacrificing of a unit comprised of potentially dangerous men would contribute to saving Rommel's valuable army. Some Italian, and a few Austrian mountain troops were to join in the sacrifice.

Within a few days of the regiment's arrival at the front the men began to melt away, as if into thin air. It was simply impossible for the few remaining Nazi officers to be on the alert for their own hour of escape and keep tabs on the expendables, too. Little groups hid out, to await the chance to surrender to the advancing British wherever they could. There were so many defections from the ranks that it was a physical impossibility to hunt down every deserter. Some of the men were found and shot forthwith. Then came a regimental order announcing the execution of every tenth man in case there were any further desertions.

Everybody—except some of the ex-convicts who enjoyed fighting anticipated a big enemy offensive which would bring about a German retreat. On the night of April 5—the night before the Allied offensive—the second and third lines of the German positions were secretly withdrawn. That left the troops in Regiment 961 in the death trap.

By noon of April 6, hundreds of troops had gladly become prisoners of war, but more hundreds were killed before getting a chance to surrender. The regular Nazi officers had disappeared during the night. Only the noncommissioned officers—the former guards in the concentration camps—remained with the men.

As the retreat progressed, the noncoms, blindly loyal to Hitler, were helpless to prevent the surrender of the former political prisoners, still they managed to hold some of them and order them into retreat. But the men who hated Hitler were determined to be captured. Bridges that had been prepared for blasting were not blasted. The columns of stragglers grew longer and longer. The noncoms, fleeing for their own lives, yelled back at the stragglers, "If you are captured you will rot in Canada!"

Between the first and the tenth of April the British captured 2,000 of the approximately 3,500 men in Regiment 961. Half of the noncoms escaped, a quarter of them were captured and a quarter of them, murdered in the front lines by the troops.

On another sector of the front the second half of the doomed division—Regiment 962—went into action against the Americans. Originally, there had been about 3,500 men in this regiment, but it had been decimated during the crossing from Sicily. All pretense was dropped once they reached the front. One Nazi officer openly told them that they were to be sacrificed. They were exposed to Allied artillery and bombing. Again, as in the case of the other regiment, noncommissioned officers were shot by their men. About a thousand men were killed, five hundred escaped and about a thousand were captured by the Americans.

Today, in a German prison camp in this country, there are several hundred prisoners from the doomed division. But even over here they have not known safety. Up to the beginning of April, 1944, members of the German Gestapo, operating right in these American camps, had actually carried out eleven death sentences on the anti-Nazis by hanging or beating them to death. It was only recently that the United States Army, cognizant of the situation, took drastic and effective steps to offer protection at last to men who have always hated Hitler. ##

DARK ROOM
KEEP OUT
Angelo

"It's another offer from the Bureau of Printing and Engraving wanting me to go to work for them!"

This Man's World

Good deeds that shine in a war-clouded world involve a Maltese poodle, a cutie with a heart, a heaven-inspired sergeant

by PAUL GALLICO

• OPINION •

℞

There is a war story that I cannot get out of my head. It keeps singing there, for it is poetry and music and light and all that is noble and good in man.

I read it in the newspapers some months ago and I cannot even remember the names of the two men involved in their moment of superb and immortal beauty. The story was on an inside page and no more than a few paragraphs.

It had to do with a Flying Fortress that got into trouble over the target in Germany. Flak and fighters got her and she commenced to burn. The captain ordered the living to bail out, and one by one they cleared from doors and hatches.

Now this story was reported by the last man but two to leave the dying ship. It seems that the kid in the ball turret had been wounded, but worse, the mechanism of the turret had jammed and it was impossible to get him out. He was hurt. He was trapped. He was only seconds away from the end of a life yet unlived. Before God and man he was in mortal fear.

One hand emerged from the space in the ball turret, the fingers clutching pitifully, a shoulder and part of the boy's head were visible.

So there were three men left on the burning ship, the screaming boy in the ball turret, the man at the door, his hand on the rip cord ready to take the dive to life and safety, and another, a gunnery sergeant who was waiting his turn to go. It is this gunnery sergeant who gave rise to the music that should ring in all men's hearts.

For the man at the door heard two sentences spoken before he hurtled into space. The trapped, wounded boy cried, "Don't leave me. Don't leave me alone here!"

And the gunnery sergeant, the whole man with his life-giving chute harnessed to his back, all the instincts to survive, to live that life storming in his breast, took the hand of the frightened boy in his and held it fast.

And the last thing the escaping crewman heard as he dove was the gunnery sergeant saying, "Take it easy, kid . . . I'll take this ride down with you."

The flyer's chute burgeoned and he swung safely from it. He looked up, but no other chute blossomed to follow his. He saw only, tumbling out of the sky, the flaming Fortress, falling first lazily, then in grim and ever tightening circles, carrying to oblivion the boy who could not leave and the man who chose to keep him company so that he need not spend those final terrible moments alone.

"I'll take this ride down with you . . ."

Rough, slangy, hard-boiled. Exquisitely tender, moving and superbly beautiful.

How empty are the spoken phrases of love against this human deed of love and pity for a fellow human. They were shipmates, these two, and they must have been friends. They had lived together, fought together, and, a faint, whispering sigh, lost in the screaming storm of war, they died together.

Surely, if there is anything left of the love and the spirit of Christ abroad in this flaming bitter world, a part of Him was in that dying ship above the clouds.

He who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," clasped a frightened, lonely child's hand and said likewise, "I'll take this ride down with you. . . ."

Maureen

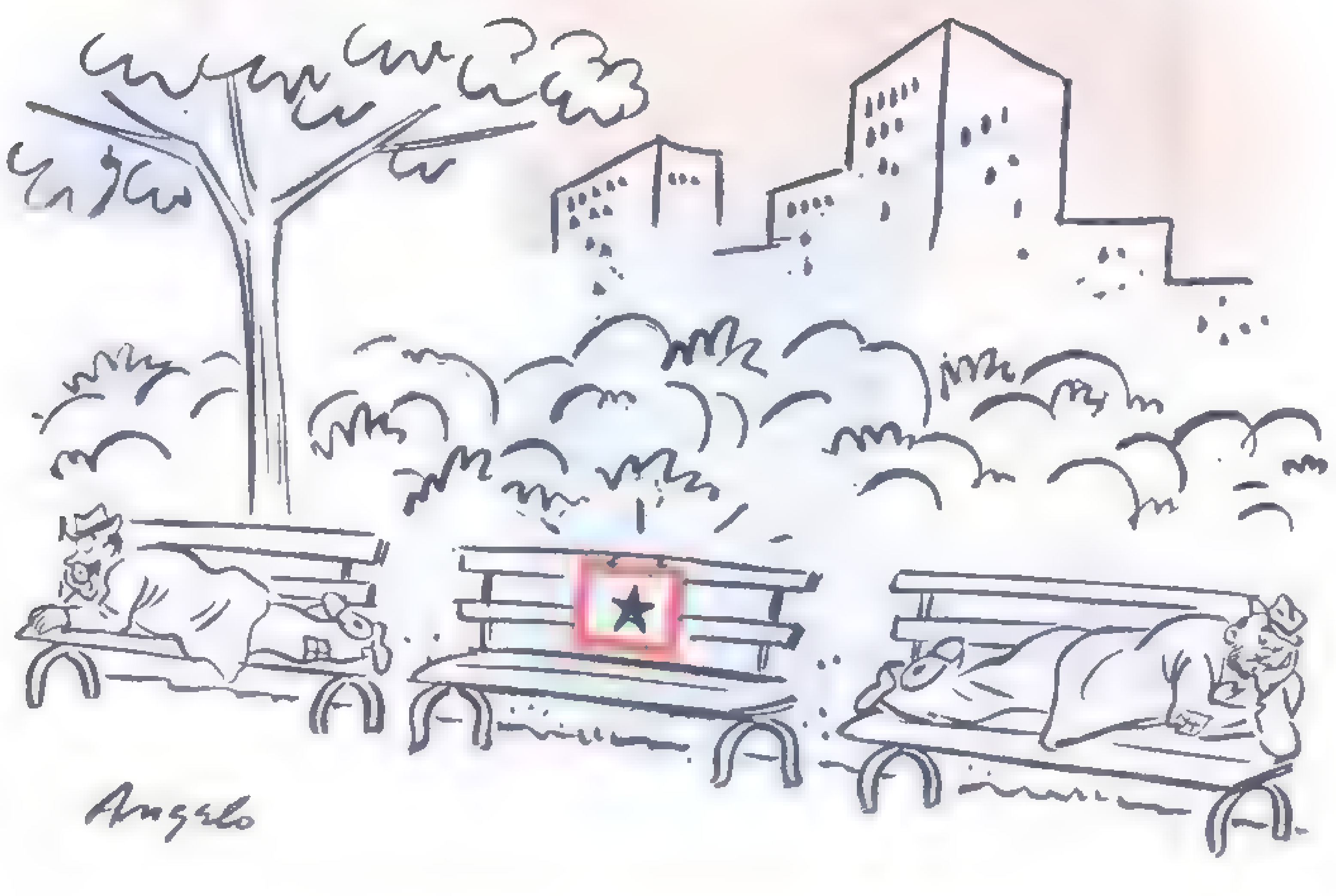
I had the pleasure the other evening of meeting Maureen, a notable heroine of World War II. This event occurred at the home of Paul Hollister, the C.B.S. executive, where the J. Cheever Cowdins were also guests. Cowdin used to play a considerable game of polo in the days when I was writing sports and is now head of Universal Pictures. It was he and his wife Andrea who brought Maureen. They brought her on a leash.

Maureen is a Maltese poodle. In case you do not know what a Maltese poodle looks like, it is two black button eyes and a black button nose enchantingly arranged in about ten pounds of animated white pelt.

Maureen's war career began in Nazi Germany where she was the pet of a Messerschmitt pilot. The origin of her name is obscure. It can only be guessed that her owner liked it, or once knew an Irish girl by that name and fastened it onto his dog for sentimental reasons.

At any rate, for over a year Maureen flew missions in the Messerschmitt from an advanced field somewhere in France. They know it was an advanced field frequently bombed by the Allies because, like her master, Maureen quickly learned what an air raid is all about. When the sirens sounded and planes appeared overhead, she took cover. When the practice air raid sirens sound over here, Maureen still takes cover.

She flew tucked into the breast pocket of the Nazi's flying jacket and was content right side up or upside down or in a screaming dive. The roar of the engine and the chattering of the multiple machine guns became normal music to the ears of the small white dog.



Eventually, the percentages in the form of a P-38 caught up with pilot, Messerschmitt and Maureen and dumped them into the blue waters of the Mediterranean. The riddled plane sank, but Nazi and dog floated around in a rubber boat for several days. When a Dutch sea captain stopped his freighter and picked them up, Maureen's intelligent eyes were peering cheerfully out of the pilot's bosom.

The Nazi flier was turned over to the British as a prisoner. He pleaded to be permitted to keep Maureen, but since both the Dutch sea captain and the British had an intimate acquaintance with the doubtful charm of the Luftwaffe boys, neither was inclined to be sentimental. Maureen remained aboard the Dutch boat and exchanged life in the clouds for life on the bounding waves.

She switched her allegiance from the Axis to the United Nations, from the pilot to the Dutch captain. She learned the ways of a ship as she had learned the ways of the air field and quickly adapted herself. When the alarms sounded, when the Stukas or the JU-88's appeared overhead and the antiaircraft guns began to stutter, she took cover and vanished.

Born and nurtured in a world of violence and explosions, adventure was her normal life and she took two torpedoings in easy stride, though the first nearly cost her her life.

When the tin fish punctured the thin hide of the wallowing Dutch freighter and blew up, the alarms sounded and Maureen took cover. She thought it was another air raid.

The ship was badly hurt and in danger of sinking in a few minutes. The ship's company took to the boats and abandoned her. Maureen could not be found and there was no time to search for her.

It was only when the Dutch captain was in the bobbing lifeboat and preparing to pull away from the doomed ship that they heard her bright bark from high up on the bridge, and there she was, alone on the stricken vessel, forty feet above them.

The Dutch captain stood up in the lifeboat, held out his arms to her, called her name and ordered her to jump.

Unhesitatingly, Maureen did.

From forty feet above, her little body, legs stiffened, back arched, described a perfect arc and landed unhurt in the stout arms of the captain.

Another ship, another day, another torpedo. But by now, Maureen had learned to distinguish between attack from the sky and attack from beneath the surface of the sea and when the order came to abandon ship, she was frisking on the spot, waiting to take her place in the lifeboat.

This time they drifted around for eleven days in the North Atlantic before they were picked up. Maureen was a little white bag of bones, covered with a mass of salt-water sores. With a heavy heart, the Dutch captain, who was a kindly man, decided that she had had enough of war and danger, that she was entitled to peace and rest and a permanent home. Upon his arrival here, part of her story was told that she might be had by someone who would care for her. Mrs. Cowdin read the story and went down and got her.

For a long time Maureen remained uniform-struck. On the street, she would run to any man in uniform, especially if he were young. She continued to take cover when the air raid sirens sounded. She must have wondered why they were not followed by the whistle and crump of falling bombs and the coughing and rattle of antiaircraft fire.

Today, this is all a part of a glorious and adventurous past, and yet for all of being just a small white pooch, albeit an extraordinarily alert and intelligent bundle, she is a canine glamor girl and a compelling figure.

Her story has invested her with an aura that she wears with all the glory of invisible battle ribbons. She is kind to civilians, but retains the unquestionable mystery and dignity of those who have campaigned in the sky and over the dangerous waters.

Her new allegiance to the United Nations is unquestioned. The Hollister dogs, a sad-eyed Dachshund named Putzi, and a miniature French poodle staggering under the name of Giles Floride Quatre-cent-dix-neuf, fell madly in love with their glamorous visitor and paid her strenuous court. Maureen cold-shouldered the Dachshund and went for the Frenchman. Or maybe it was the beautiful curly black lace pants he was wearing. Who can look into the heart of a woman?

Fuzzhead

I don't know her name, or even what she looks like, so I am calling her Fuzzhead, not in a derogatory sense, but with a kind of veneration. When I heard the story, I pictured her as a kind of American party girl who does her bit helping out with the wounded men; two eyes, a nose and a mouth, and a head topped by a mass of fuzzy hair, with maybe a ribbon in it.

It was at one of those Theatre Wing parties at a hospital for grievously wounded men and there were some seventy-five girls, all dressed in their best, mingling with the guys in the recreation hall. The party was a huge success and was going full swing, with some of the girls dancing with the less hurt boys, others playing gin rummy or checkers with them, still others gathered around the piano banging out songs or clustered in little knots, talking, laughing or kidding.

It was at the height of the evening that Fuzzhead, momentarily detached, happened to go out into the hall where she came upon the boy in the bathrobe wistfully peering in at the gaiety inside.

She stopped to ask him in and then caught her breath sharply, because she saw why he was hesitant about joining the party. It was because of what had happened to his face. He had been indescribably burned.

There they stood in the corridor for a moment facing one another, the little girl with the shiny hair and the party dress and the hurt boy.

Then Fuzzhead said, "Won't you come in and join the party?"

The boy shrank. "Oh, no, thanks. I couldn't."

Fuzzhead coaxed. "Oh, come on in. Everybody's having a good time . . ."

The boy shrank still further . . . "I can't. I don't want to . . ."

Time stood still. Another instant and he would have turned and fled down the corridor.

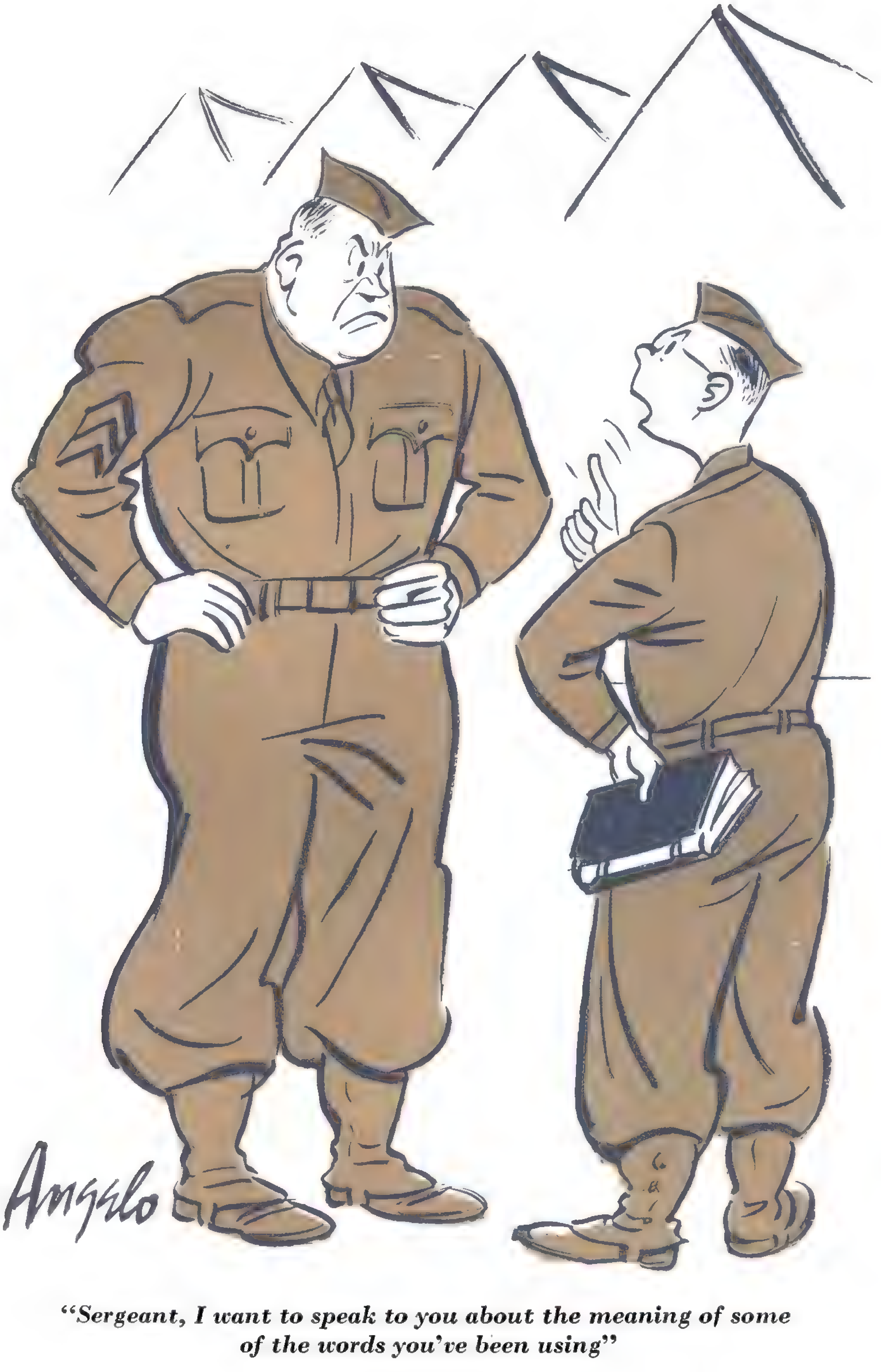
Then the little Fuzzhead spoke to him again. Or rather the divinity that lives in women came to the surface and animated the bright, silly head and the pink tongue. She said:

"You know you don't have to be a patient to come to our parties. *Anybody* can come."

The boy stared.

"Anybody . . . Even people who work here. We'd be glad to have you . . ."

Proudly, the hurt boy crossed the threshold into gaiety and light and song, the arm of Fuzzhead linked through his. #



"Sergeant, I want to speak to you about the meaning of some of the words you've been using"

Oh, Rare Miss Bergman

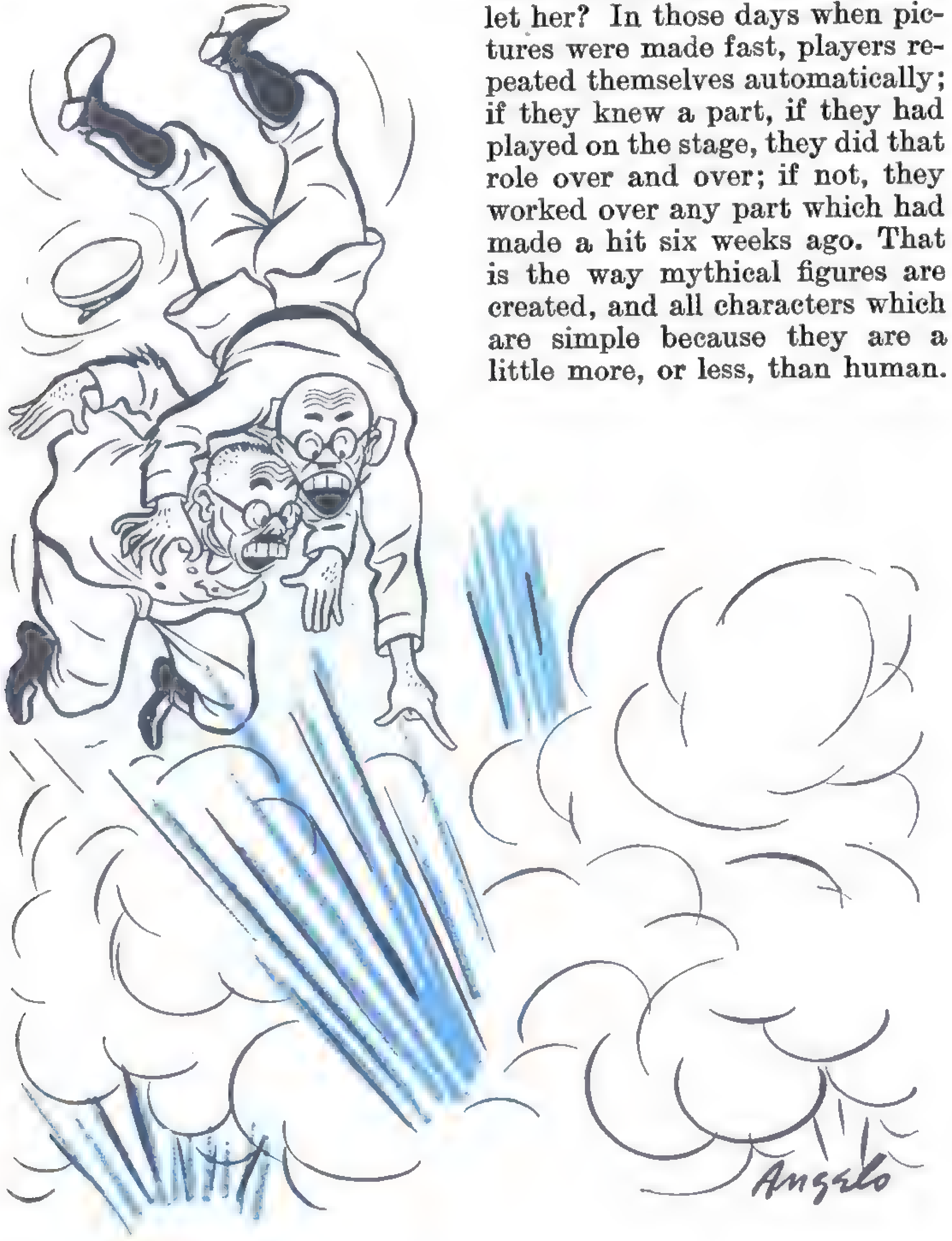
She owes little to make-up artists, knows no tricks, her foreign manner and accent are currently refreshing

by GILBERT SELDES

▪ THE LIVELY ARTS ▪

A LOT of people have said from time to time that no one in the movies can act, but George Jean Nathan was the first, I think, to remark that in the movies no one *needs* to act. This wasn't a sneer; it was part of an analysis, profoundly disconcerting because it seemed true, of the peculiar thing which had taken the place of acting. At its worst it is a kind of throwing one's weight about, a dreadful exhibitionism; at its best it is the projection, by highly technical means, of a personality. The best-known stars fall into the second class; some of the highly touted personalities fall into the first. And if you ask in Hollywood whether there are any actresses present, you will inevitably hear the name of Bette Davis; and among the more studious, the name of Ingrid Bergman. Bergman and Davis—a critic would say that the combination is impossible, if one of them is to be called an actress, the other can't be. But if you look at the matter without prejudice, it begins to make sense: Bette Davis is an actress who has played through all of Hollywood's accepted tricks; Bergman is an actress who hasn't even begun to admit that the tricks exist. Davis is the highly talented, very intelligent, very determined kind of actress who might have become any one of half a dozen big-eyed smart Hollywood actresses (you can name them yourself); and Bergman is the kind of actress Garbo might have been, had Garbo chosen to remain an actress instead of becoming a legend.

From the very beginning, the people who pay for the movies—the freeborn Americans at the box office—have resented the idea that the grey shadows they saw represented *actors*. With one resounding cry they announced that these shadows were *sweethearts*. At the top, of course, was America's universal sweetheart, Mary Pickford; and the chances are that Mary could act, but who would let her? In those days when pictures were made fast, players repeated themselves automatically; if they knew a part, if they had played on the stage, they did that role over and over; if not, they worked over any part which had made a hit six weeks ago. That is the way mythical figures are created, and all characters which are simple because they are a little more, or less, than human. From the movies we were getting *Jack the Giant Killer*, *Mr. Pickwick*, *Goldilocks*, *Cinderella* (Joan Crawford). And suddenly out came Garbo who was the Sphinx. What sort of a character is the Sphinx? (Incidentally, M-G-M's publicity once issued a picture of the Sphinx with Garbo's head superimposed; they withdrew it and finally re-released it.)



"Look, Yaki—here comes Tokyo!"

Oddly enough, the legend and the personality of Garbo are so impressive that she may be the one about whom we are deceived. I have seen her in moments of pure divine theatricalism—like the death of Marguerite in *La Dame aux Camélias;* but without her noble beauty and the austerity of her manner and the floating legend, would I have been so completely overwhelmed? I am a professional critic and will insist that there's nothing personal in my appraisal of Garbo's genius—but I write "genius" instead of "talent," automatically. Would I, if I were unaware of the historical figure?

About Davis and about Bergman, I think I am completely unillusioned. The circulated stories aren't, in fact, impressive. Davis is a hard worker and will learn an entirely new accent to get into a part, as she did for Mildred in *Of Human Bondage;* Bergman doesn't believe in make-up and shows her own face, bless her, to the camera. Bergman cropped her hair to play Maria, and got the mean job of being in *For Whom the Bell Tolls;* Davis created the name of the "Oscar" (which she has won twice for relatively second-rate performances). These girls aren't in the big league of legend at all.

But they are remarkably satisfactory players. You count on them as you count on good food at a first-rate place; not as you count on canned stuff, being always the same. I have seen Ida Lupino turn in a distracted woman easily ahead of anything Davis has done; and have seen Loretta Young twice as endearing as Bergman; but I know of no other women whose level of performance is so dependable.

Bette Davis was seen in *Ex-Lady*, *Fashions of 1934* and *Bureau of Missing Persons* before she was loaned to R.K.O. and did the spectacular job of Mildred. Then she did *Bordertown* and *Front Page Woman* and others and got the Oscar for *Dangerous* and played the girl in *The Petrified Forest;* then came half a dozen forgettable jobs and a few years ago the series of "big" pictures which include *Juarez*, *The Letter*, *The Little Foxes* and *Old Acquaintance*. In the past two years she has had the kind of pictures any third-rate actress gets, including *Now, Voyager* and *Mr. Skeffington;* but the studio let her sing and cut up in their jamboree; and she played a sympathetic role in *Watch on the Rhine*.

On the surface, Bette Davis is always playing pretty much the same part; the big difference is in approach. Sometimes she's a wicked devil, other times she suffers, something cruel! But always she's a woman with a furious drive, a lot of intellect and plenty of character. She'll take a lover away from her sister or she'll keep a secret in silence; she'll be, in any case, the dominant character. She hasn't a wide variety of expressions or gestures, but she uses her head and her hands effectively; her voice isn't particularly flexible; and even skillful make-up leaves her looking pretty much like herself.

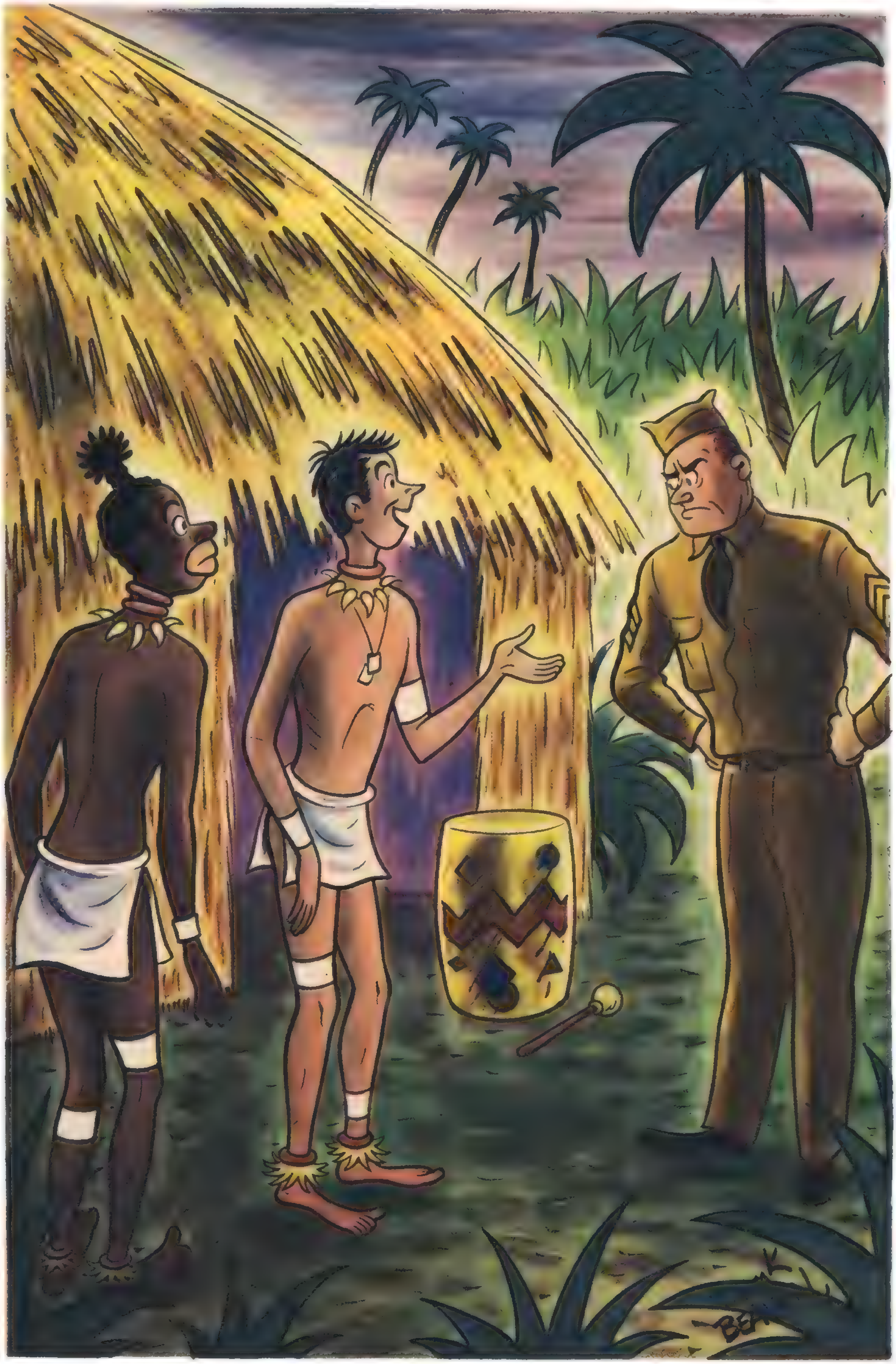
The great thing she has is comprehension of what she's doing. (It would be more accurate to say that she always makes me feel that she knows what her play is about.) The characters she presents are homogeneous; what Davis does at the beginning has a specific relation to her acting at the end. She has intensity and relief, both. Most movie characters are pretty one-sided; the betrayed woman is not likely also to be a wanton, the good little secretary may become a duke's mistress, but she remains awfully good. Davis manages to give to these characters a three-dimensional feeling; they are real when she gets done with them.

This has made her a draw at the box office. It has also resulted in a letdown; for she could stand far better direction than she has had, more varied direction; and maybe she needs to be bossed more and pushed around so that she won't take the easiest way through a year's work. Mr. Bosley Crowther wrote in the New York *Times* recently that if she keeps on as she's going now, Miss Davis will be "a female Lon Chaney in a few years." Well, Chaney knew all the tricks of Hollywood and used some of them better than anyone else. Maybe what Miss Davis needs is to watch

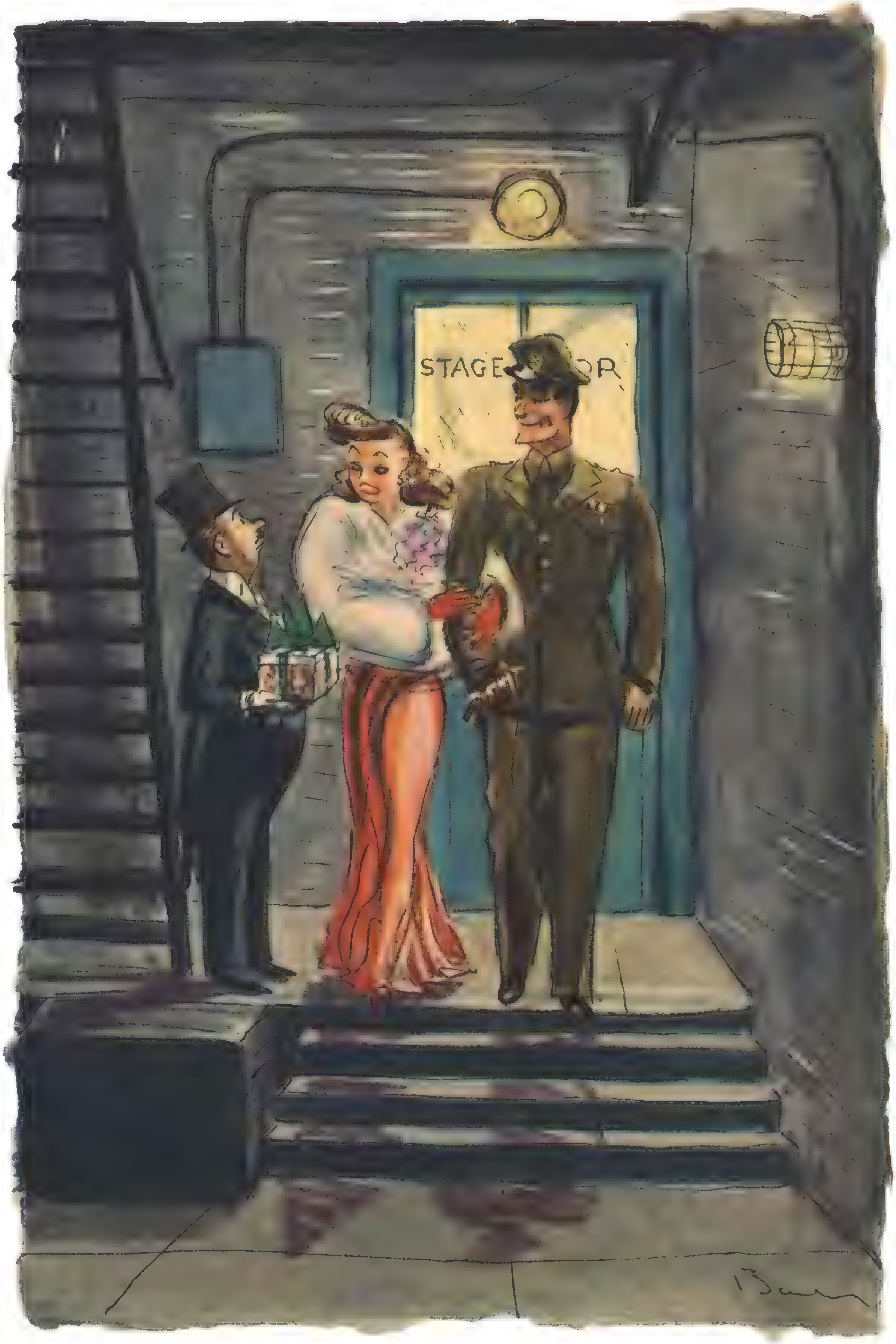
Continued on page 161

all out doors

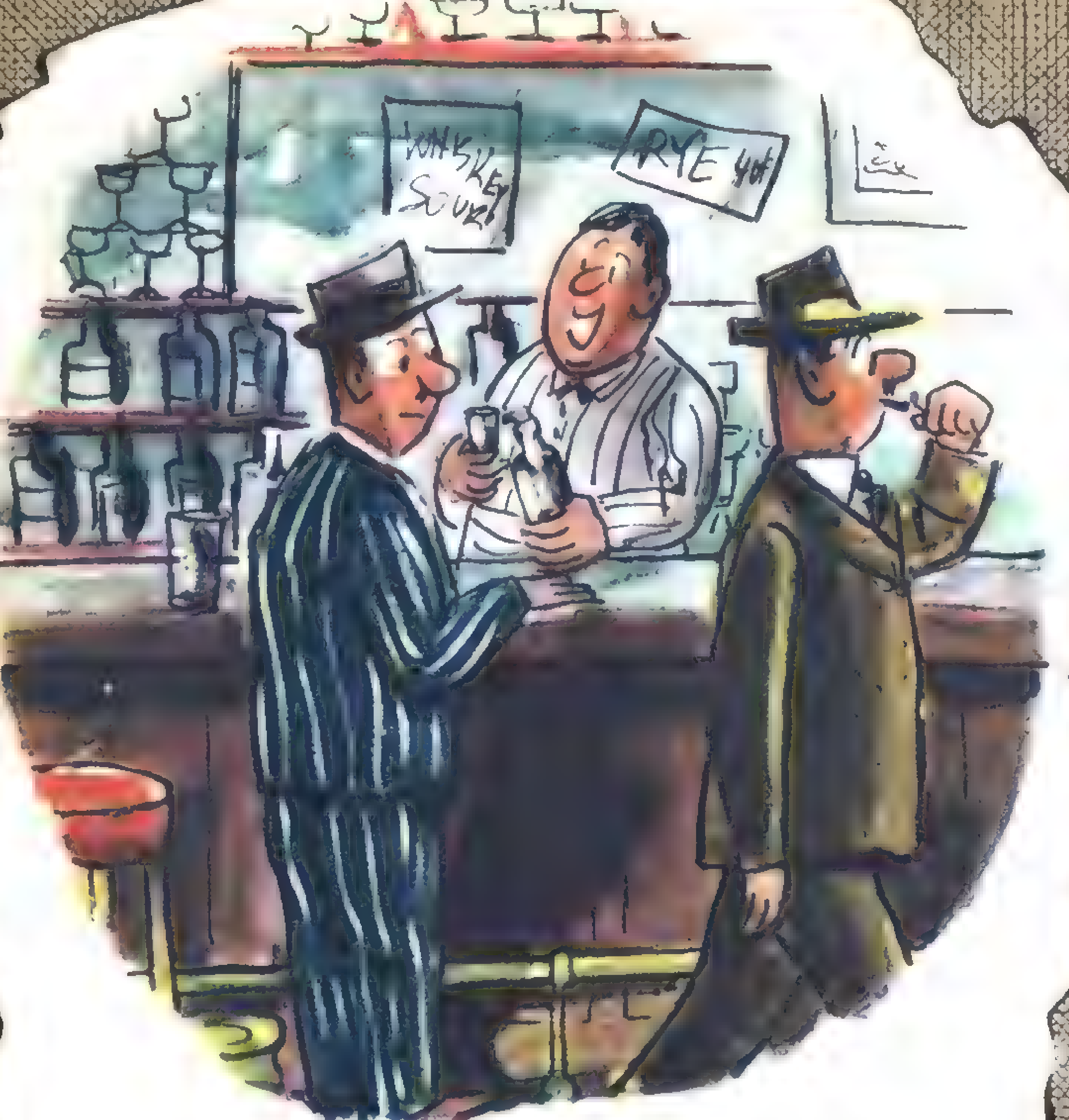
Americans hike all over the countryside this autumn for diversion and exercise. The hiker carrying the framepack wears a loose-fitting processed fabric jacket, patterned after the military model, red flannel shirt, green homespun wool tie, green pork pie felt hat, ruddy brown woolen slacks and brown blucher shoes. The young lady combines brown suede and wool flannel in her outfit. The horseman sports a Lovat tweed jacket, cavalry twill breeches, all pre-W.P.B. regulations. His cap is a brown checked tweed.



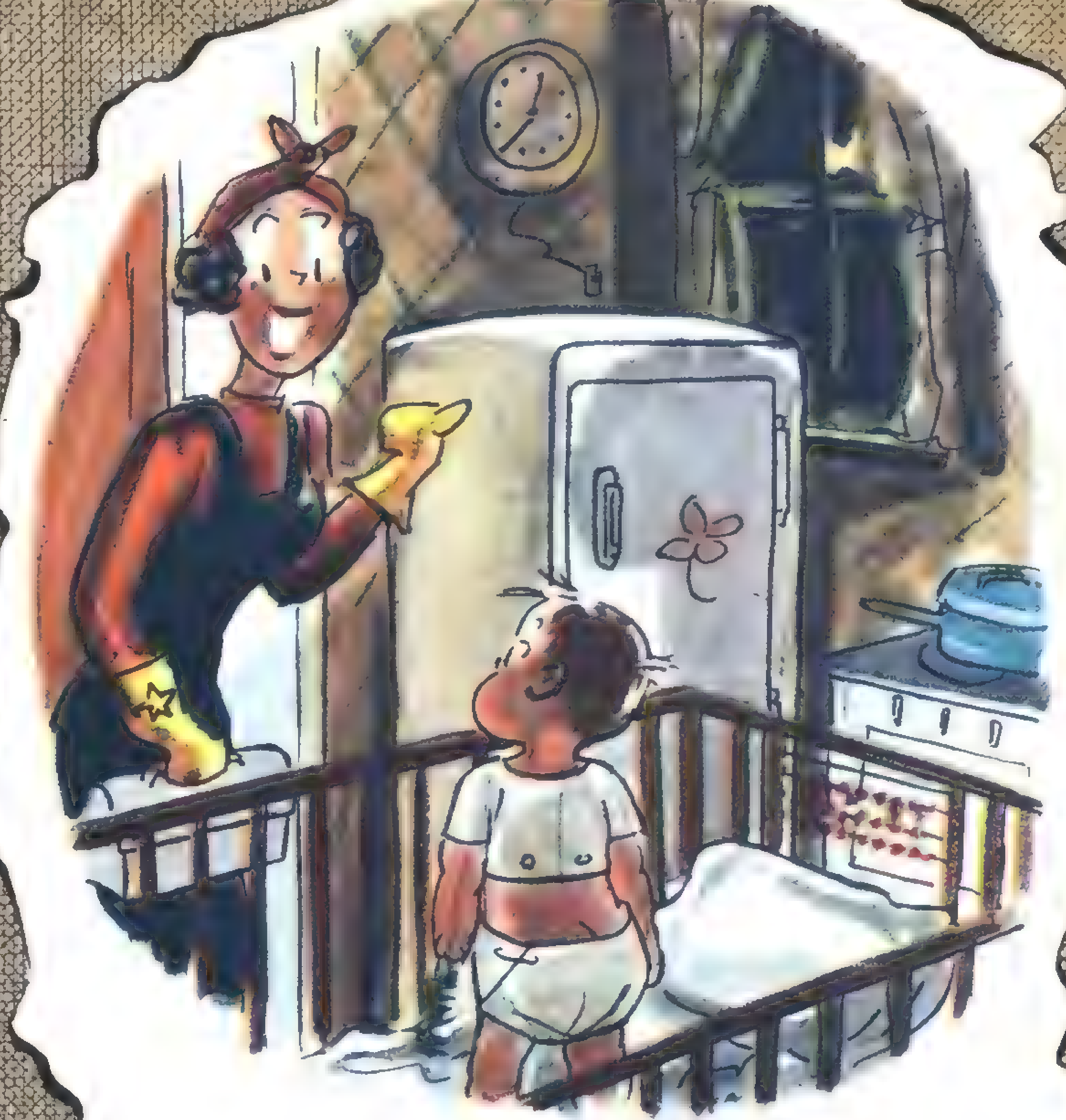
"*Try it, Sarge—I find it very comfortable!*"



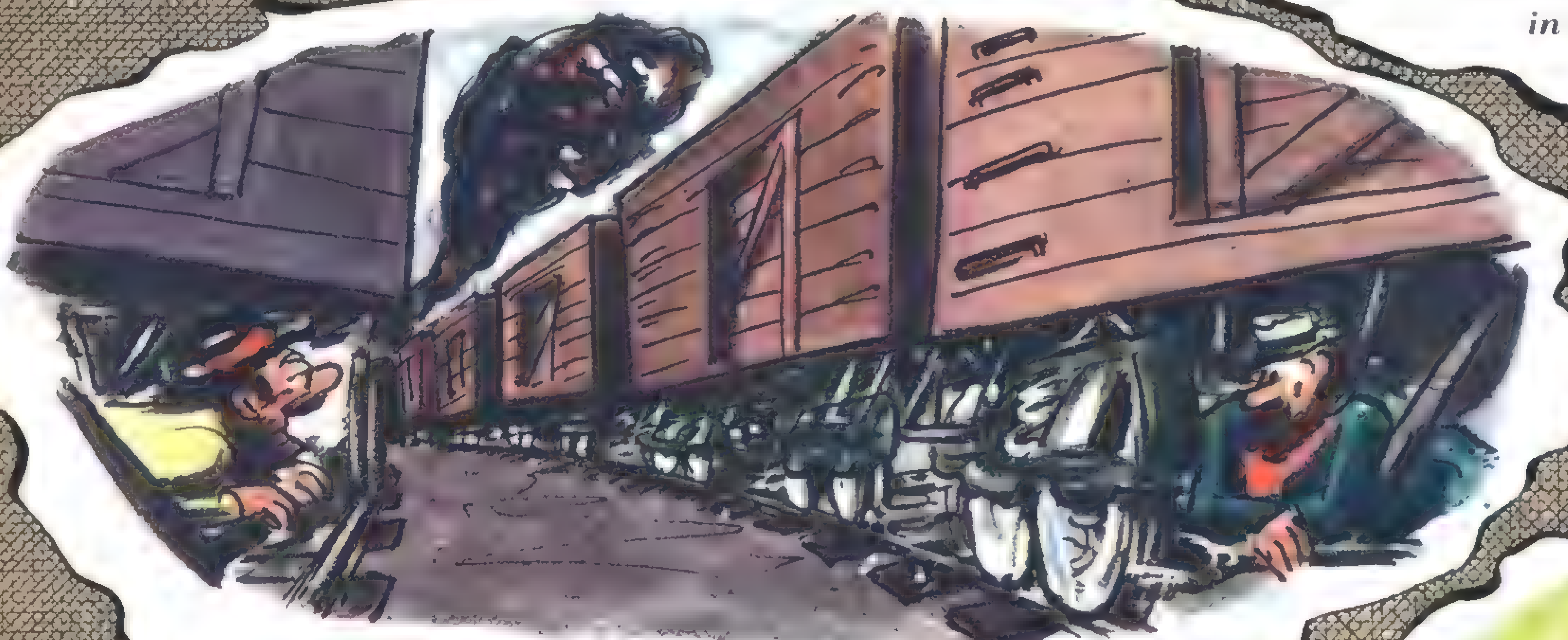
"I'm sorry, but, in the words of the Prime Minister of England, you're too little and too late"



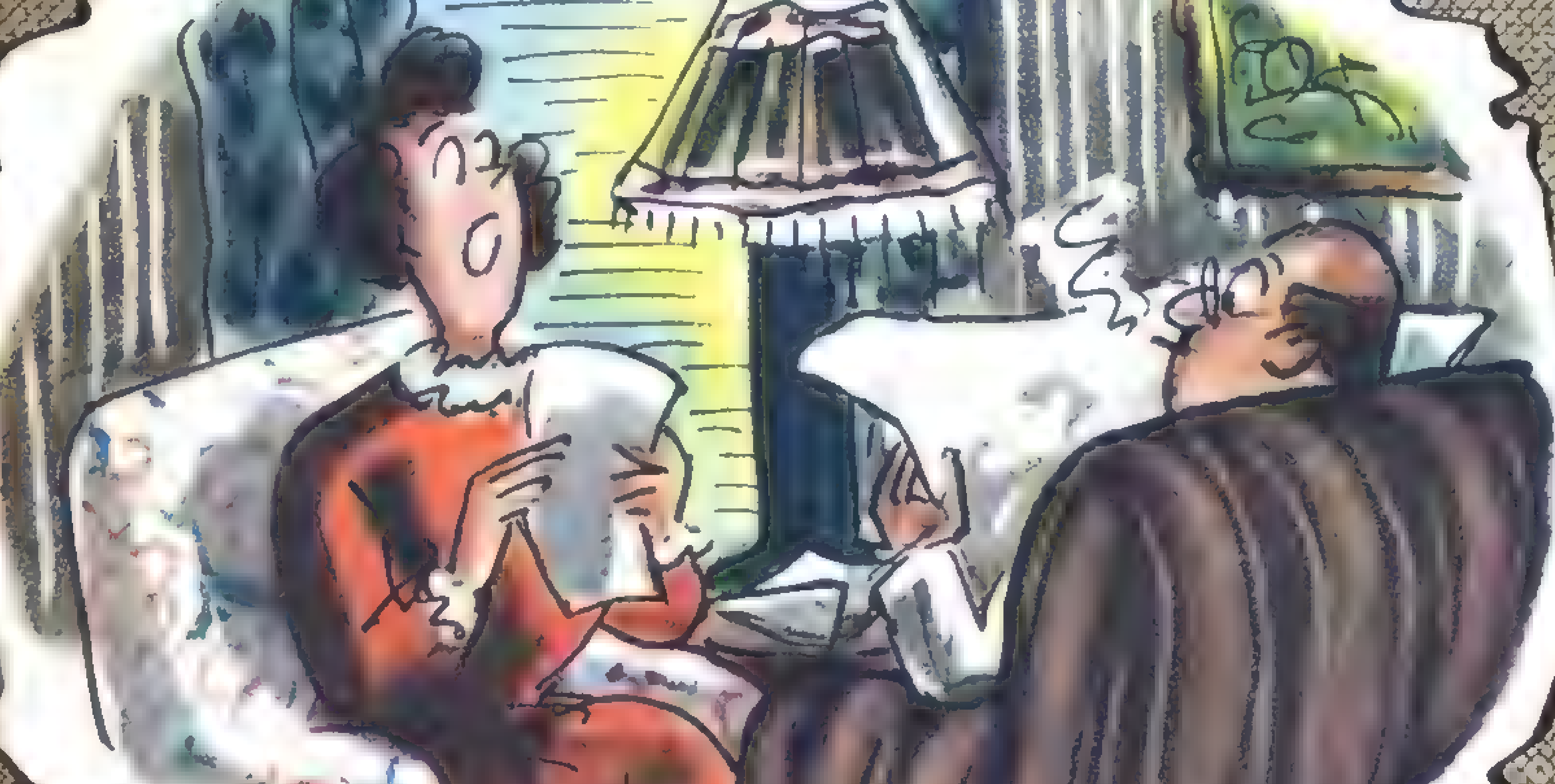
"He was just about to sum up the entire world situation when his wife phoned"



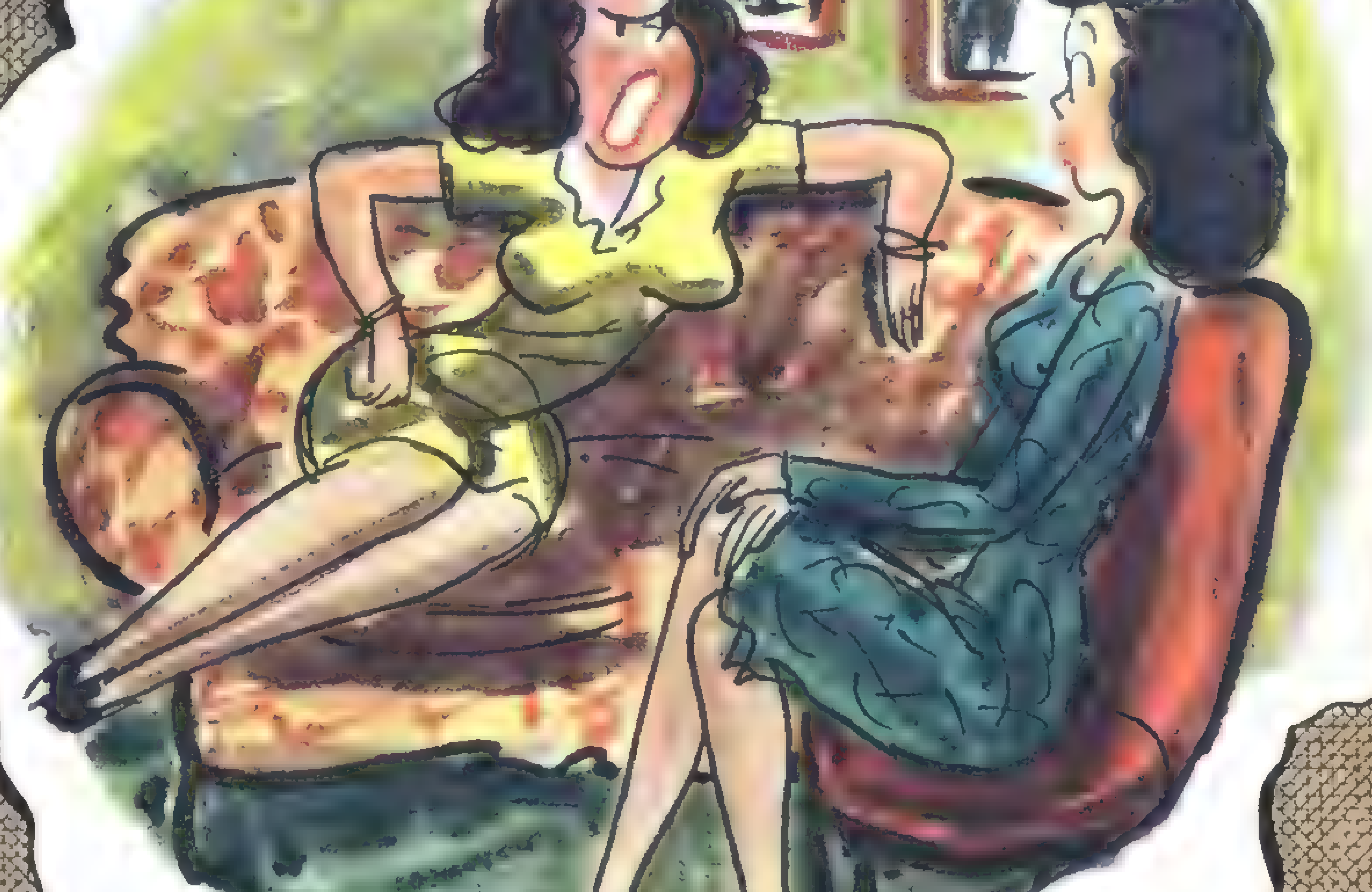
"Your bottle is in the ice box, the cereal is on the stove and there are fresh diapers in the bureau drawer"



"East is east—West is west!"



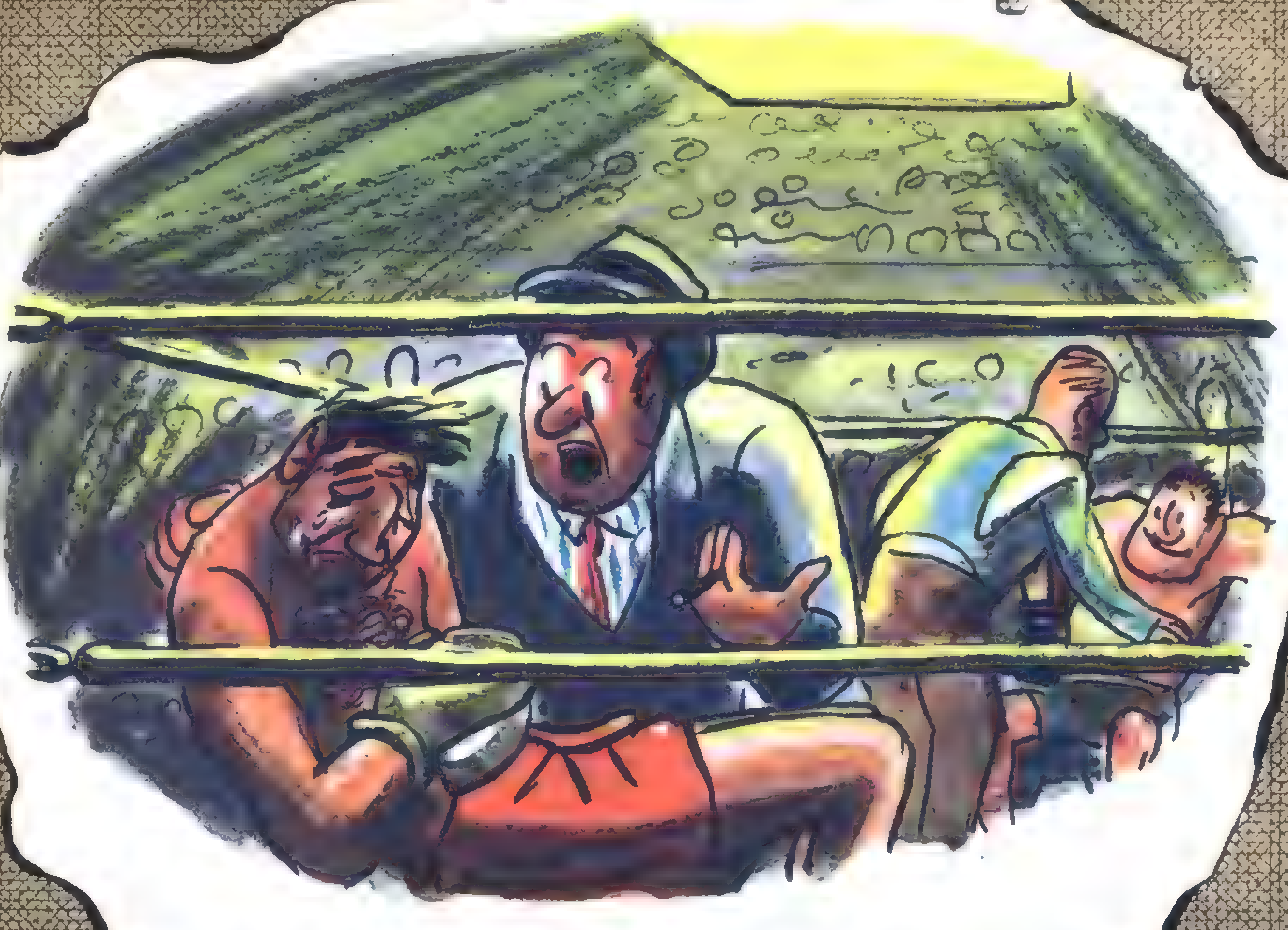
"Junior lost four pounds—in a crap game in England"



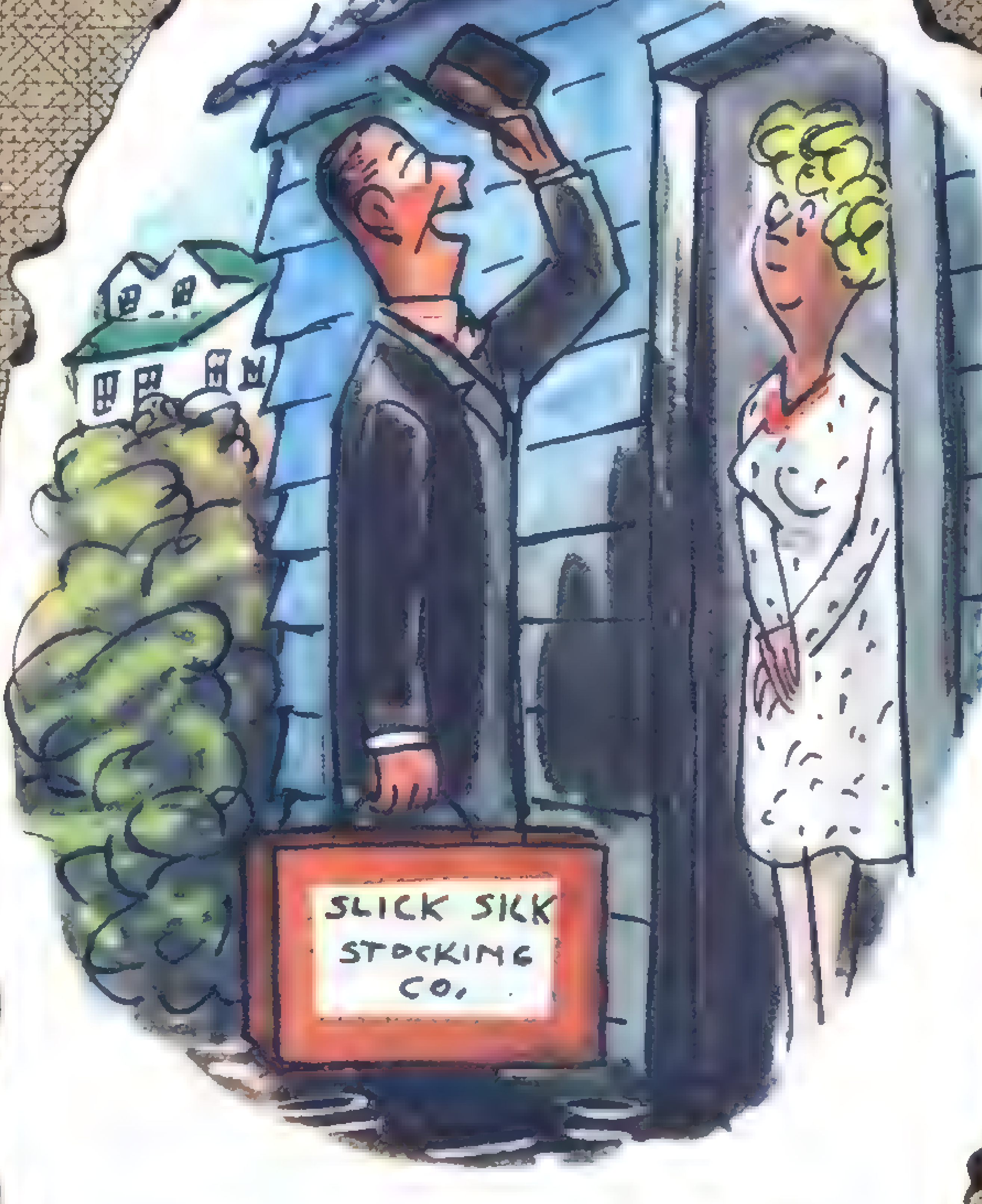
"He spends more on his old income tax than he does on me!"

Brown October Ailments

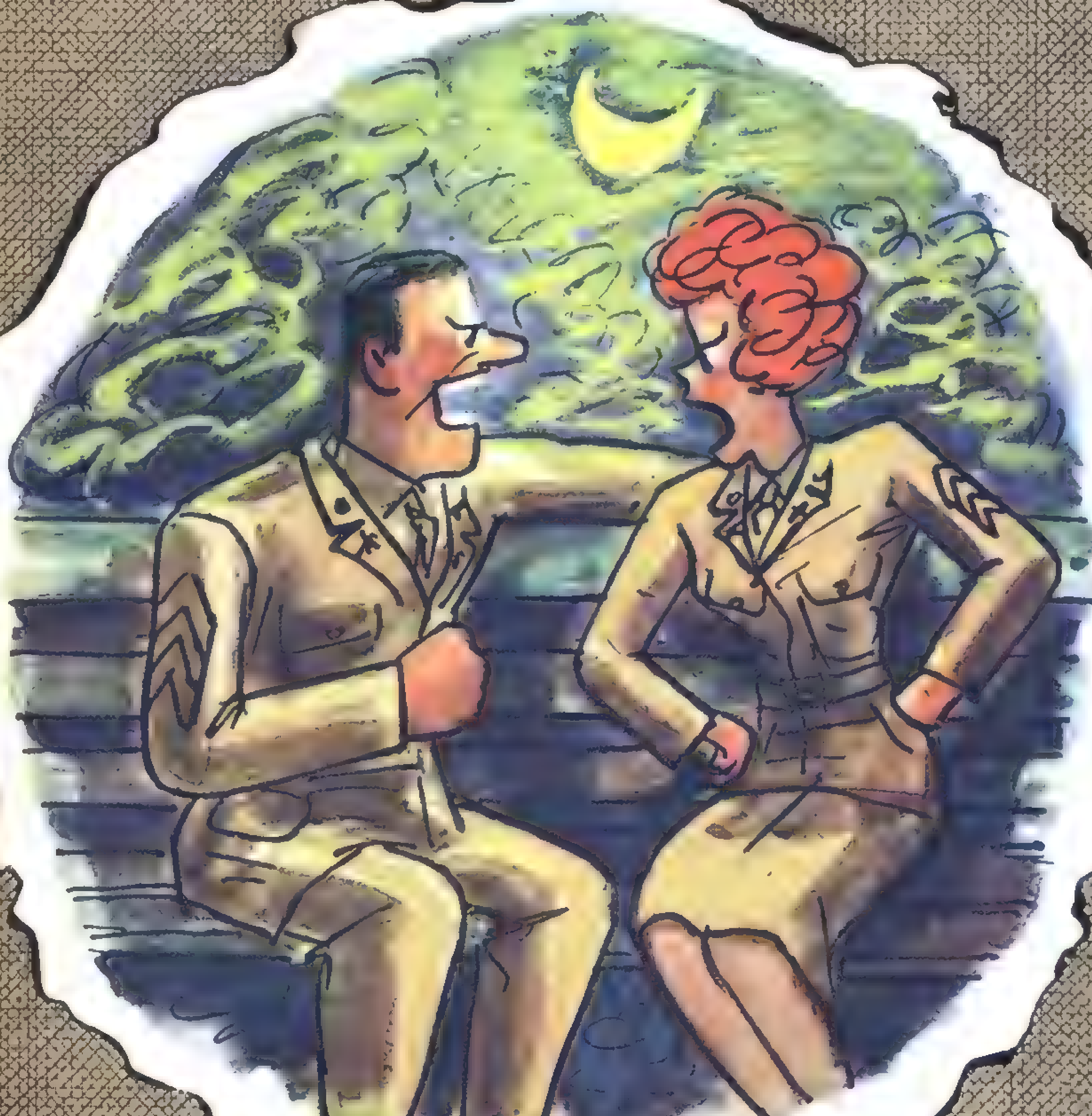
by IRVING ROIR



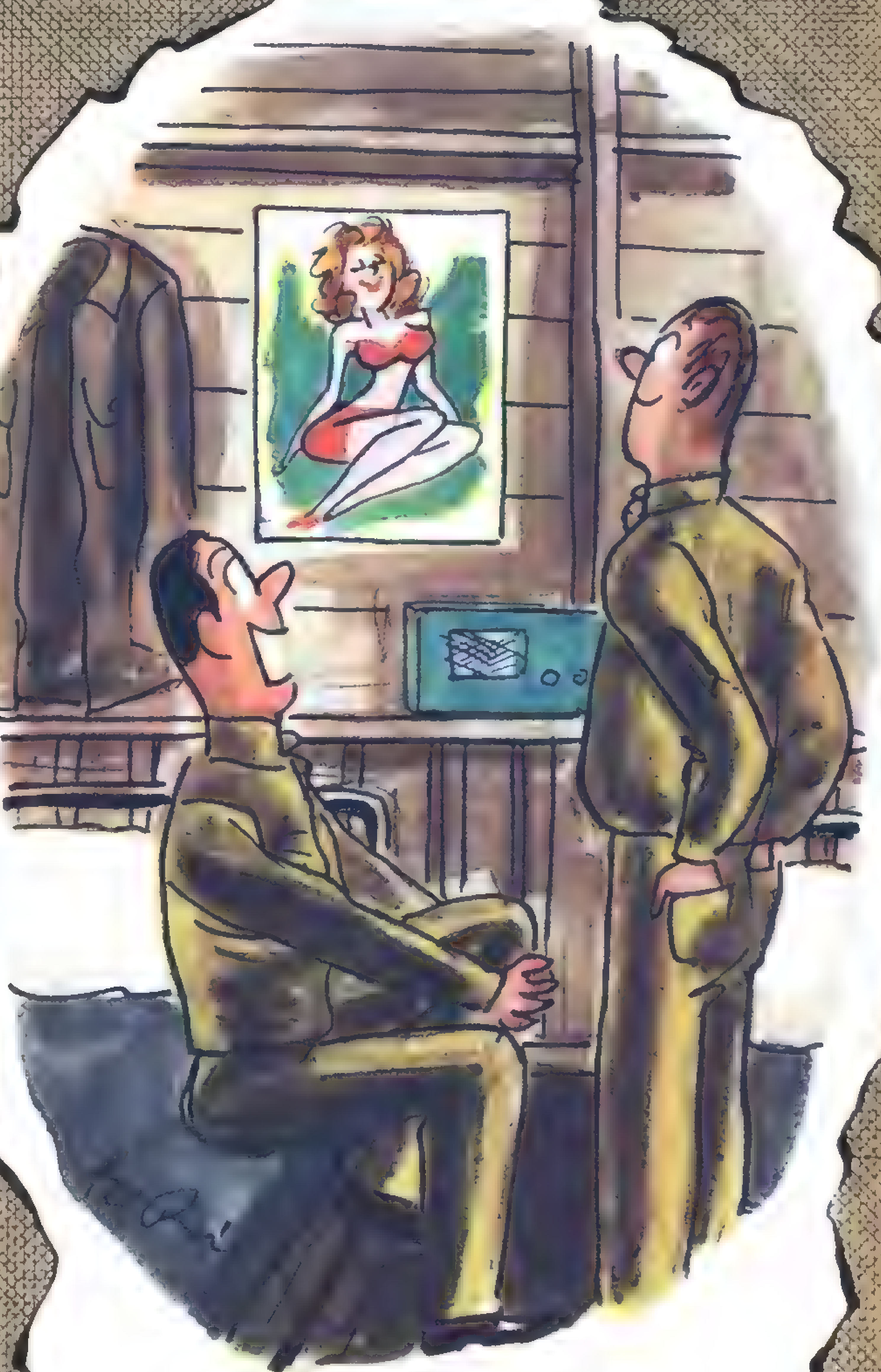
"Don't, for heaven's sake, let him see those tears!"


SLICK SILK STOCKING CO.

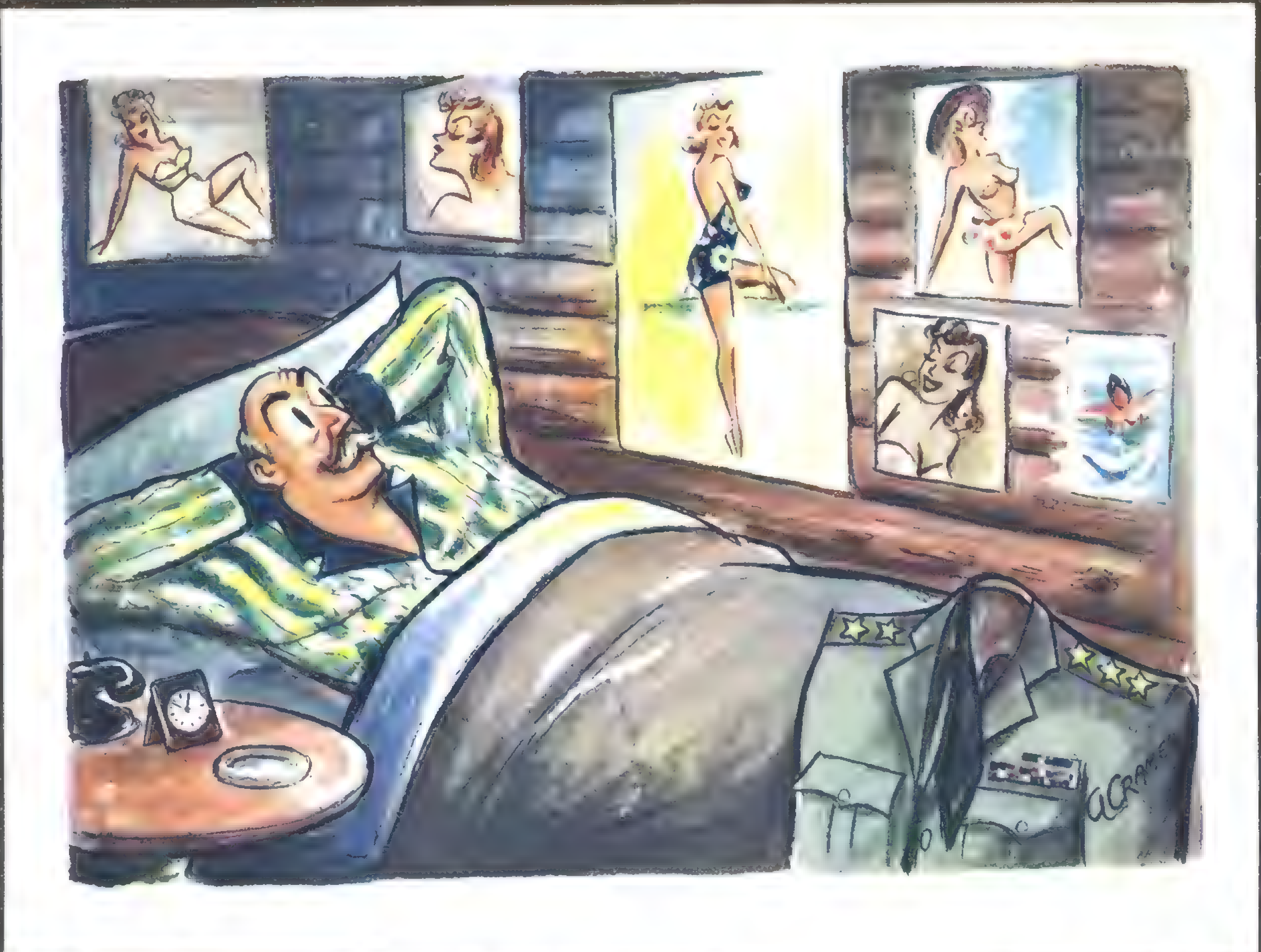
"Would you listen to a five-minute institutional sales talk?"

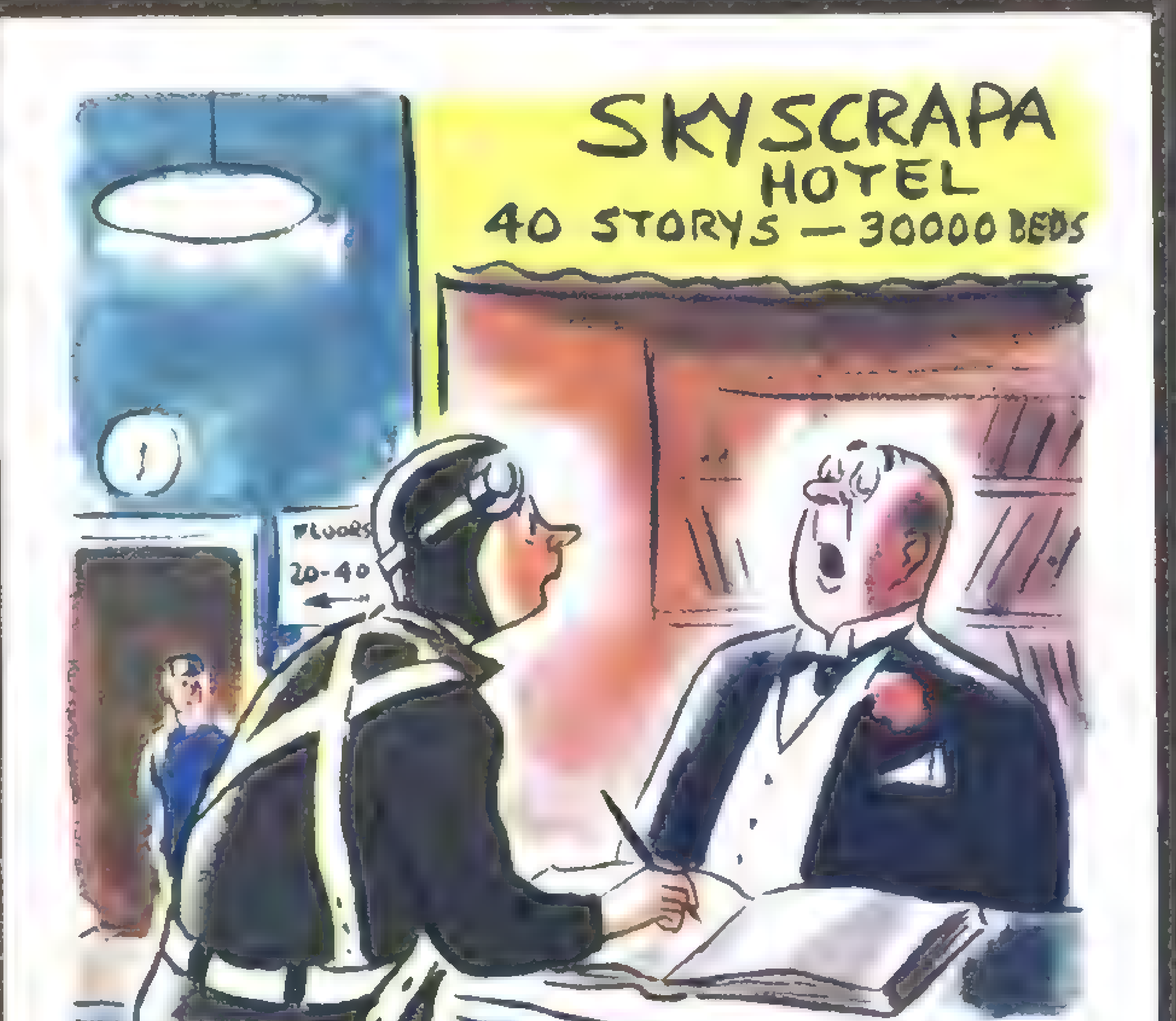


"Yes!!" "NO!!!"



". . . and as the Chinese say, 'One picture is worth 10,000 words' "



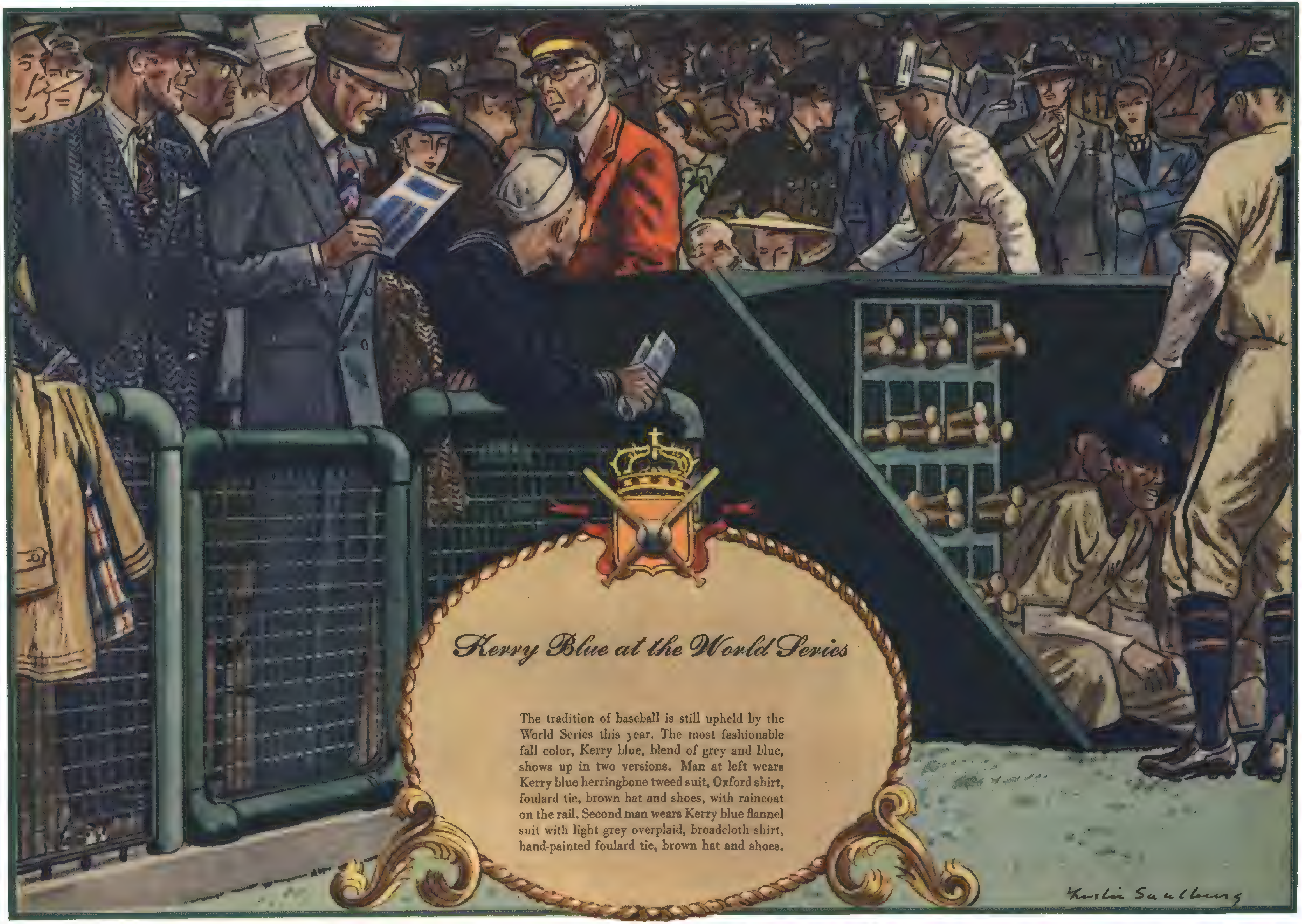


"Sorry, but for anything above the second floor you'll have to pay in advance"

OUR NAVY'S SUNDAY PUNCH

➧

Devastated shore installations and sunken enemy transports and warships mark the trail of the Helldivers over a wide area of the Pacific. These carrier-based dive bombers have performed valiantly in raids against the Japanese at Kavieng, Rabaul, Naura, Truk and the Marianas. They are used as attack bombers by our Army and Marine Air Corps as well as the Navy; the Royal Australian Air Force has taken delivery of a number of them and British flyers in the United States have been trained in their use. The Navy's version (SB2C) made its spectacular debut at Rabaul by sinking two Japanese warships and heavily damaging others without a single loss in personnel. As the dive bombers approached the harbor, swarms of enemy fighters swooped in, in an attempt to break up their formation before they could dive. But the escorting Navy fighter squadrons beat off every attack. Approximately eighty Zeros were in the intercepting force. After the attack, in which more than 28,000 pounds of bombs were dropped, the Helldivers sped back to their carrier. As they pulled out of their dives the enemy fighters attacked again. Some of the Helldivers escaped without being engaged; the remainder fought their way out, destroying three Zeros and damaging another. Only two Helldivers were lost, because they had to make water landings near their carrier. But all the men were saved. During that operation the Tokyo radio admitted that the battle of Rabaul would decide immediately "the victor and the vanquished in the South Pacific battle." While at this writing the Navy has not revealed the names of the carrier-based planes slugging away at Japan from the East in Task Force 58, it seems safe to assume that the Helldiver is among them. Designed by Curtiss-Wright in response to our Navy's demand for a super dive bomber that would carry a greater bomb load faster and farther than any similar aircraft in the world, the Helldiver is a two-place, all-metal low-midwing monoplane. It is speedy enough to keep up with the Navy's fighter escorts and thus hits the enemy with highly effective surprise. The air-cooled Wright Cyclone engine is substantially more powerful than the 1,700 h.p. Cyclone which equipped earlier types.



Kerry Blue at the World Series

The tradition of baseball is still upheld by the World Series this year. The most fashionable fall color, Kerry blue, blend of grey and blue, shows up in two versions. Man at left wears Kerry blue herringbone tweed suit, Oxford shirt, foulard tie, brown hat and shoes, with raincoat on the rail. Second man wears Kerry blue flannel suit with light grey overplaid, broadcloth shirt, hand-painted foulard tie, brown hat and shoes.

The Legend of Dorothy Parker

Sifting the facts from the fiction about a richly endowed lady whose trenchant wit has been her undoing

by RICHARD E. LAUTERBACH

•ARTICLE•

THERE is a plump little dark-haired lady now nearing fifty-one who might have been America's greatest woman writer if she had only held her tongue. As it is, her four thin volumes of verse and her three slim collections of short stories are credentials enough for a place close to the pinnacle.

Dorothy Parker, the reluctant wizard of the wonderful wisecrack, has only herself and her friends to blame for her brilliant failure as a literary giant. The things she said and the things they said she said were her undoing. If it had been less easy to talk so well, then perhaps all the rich promise of her quick eye for people, of her tightly tuned ear for language, might have been put on paper, bound into novels, produced as plays. But her skill in fencing with a rapier tongue swept her, too young, to a select literary heaven—whence the bright intellectuals of the gay twenties trumpeted her glib glory.

With such a build-up it was never possible for a fundamentally ease-loving person to cast aside her oral slings and arrows in favor of solid, earthy work. When motivated by love or hunger she penned perfectly cadenced, bitter little verses, or occasional short stories. She became in her heyday the symbol of supersophistication. Describing herself and other female writers of the old "smartypants" school, Mrs. Parker observed:

"We were gallant, hardriding and careless of life. We were little black eyes that had gone astray . . . a sort of Ladies' Auxiliary of the Legion of the Damned."

The reputation for the wondrous wisecrack, which changed the course of Dorothy Parker's career before it ever matured, is not entirely her fault. In Hollywood they tell a story about Sam Goldwyn having dinner with Mrs. Parker. During the meal he turned to her and asked, "Do you really say all those things which the papers report that you say?" Dorothy smiled, batted her long black lashes and parried, "Do you?"

In both instances the answer is "No." Any anecdote about a Hollywood producer with a garbled vocabulary and a genius for *non sequitur* is eventually retold about Goldwyn. And for twenty years most quotable *bon mots* emanating from U. S. literary circles were attributed to Dorothy Parker.

The concoction which Alexander Woollcott labelled an odd blend of "Little Nell and Lady MacBeth" was born Dorothy Rothschild on August 22, 1893, at West End, N. J. Her father was Jewish, her mother was Scotch. When Dorothy was very young, her mother died and she was taken to a convent in New York, from which she remembers only that if you spit on a pencil eraser it will erase ink. She was, by her own description, a plain, disagreeable child with stringy hair and a yen to write verse. Her unhappy stay at the convent culminated in her dismissal for writing an essay which the Mother Superior considered horribly unfunny.

Deciding that Dorothy wasn't going to become a teacher, her father did not put her back in school, hoping she would soon marry and therefore not require a complete education. Dorothy beguiled her way into a job writing fashion captions for *Vogue* at the lavish salary of ten dollars a week. On the side she swelled that income by writing and selling light verse and playing the piano for a children's dancing class.

While she was struggling along at *Vogue*, she married Edwin Parker, a handsome young man from Connecticut whom she had known most of her life. He was a Wall Street broker, serious and correct. They lived together for four or five hilarious days until his division sailed for France. When he came back two years later the Parkers began rollicking down the high, wide and handsome speakeasy road that smashed so many marriages in the twenties.

After the Armistice Mrs. Parker shifted her talents from *Vogue* to *Vanity Fair*. This urbane monthly, under the editorship of Frank Crowninshield, was then publishing the work of such writers as Heywood Broun, Edna St. Vincent Millay, John Dos Passos, Stephen Leacock, Floyd Dell, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Walter Lippmann, James Branch Cabell, Ernest Boyd, John V. A. Weaver, Donald Ogden Stewart and Grantland Rice. Working in almost glorious anonymity, Mrs. Parker earned twenty-five dollars a week, wrote picture captions with an exact count of 14½ which had to have a punch in them, and was friendly with a young pundit named Bob Benchley.

Mrs. Parker soon became the perfect lunching companion for *Vanity Fair* editors. Addicted to plain suits and cute little red hats, she was shy, a good listener and minxy rather than devastating with her modest sense of humor.

In those Prohibition days the bright young people drank their lunches and feasted on dry wit. Mrs. Parker learned fast, both in and out of the office. In a few months she was not only doing all the *Vanity Fair* picture captions but also writing articles under pseudonyms. She became increasingly popular with the staff, especially with Benchley, who was managing editor, and Robert Sherwood, dramatic editor. Mrs. Parker made a practice of calling them "Mr. Benchley" and "Mr. Sherwood," which she still does as a gag.

Mrs. Parker wasn't exactly fired from *Vanity Fair* in 1921. She wrote tartly and with restrained sophistication about most of the New York matters which she examined and reviewed for the magazine. But the storm began to brew almost immediately after she started to grind out sharp play reviews as a pinch hitter for P. G. Wodehouse who was on his summer vacation. She hit too hard. Editor Crowninshield fretted over her biting dissections and lightning really struck when she reviewed Billie Burke's performance in W. Somerset Maugham's *Caesar's Wife*, saying, "Miss Burke, in the role of the young wife, looks charmingly youthful. She is at her best in her more serious moments; in her desire to convey the girlishness of the character, she plays her lighter scenes rather as if she were giving an impersonation of Eva Tanguay." (Miss Tanguay was a vaudeville performer with wild, woolly hair who sang a song called *I Don't Care.*) When Crowninshield received angry letters from Florenz Ziegfeld, David Belasco and Charles Dillingham, he suggested to Benchley that Mrs. Parker be taken off reviews. Benchley next day offered his resignation, hoping that such a decisive action would change the editor's mind. He was quite surprised when Crowninshield shook his hand and said, "Gee, Bob, I'm sorry to see you go." Whereupon Benchley and Parker quit, formed a writing team, opened an "oversized broom closet" office in the Metropolitan Opera building. They called the firm "Utica Drop Forge and Tool Co., Benchley and Parker, Presidents," but never had enough

Continued on page 139

"Just sweep the streets—it's not necessary to dust everything"

The Rhythm Section

An appraisal of Art Tatum, musicians' musician, with a six-to-one argument favoring musicianship over showmanship

by LEONARD FEATHER & PAUL EDUARD MILLER

▪ JAZZ ▪

"STEP inside," yelled the fat little doorman outside the Three Deuces, "and hear the world's greatest pianist."

I stepped inside and found the dark little 52nd Street club alive with pianists, breathlessly watching the man they all call the world's greatest. For my money, Art Tatum is even more—he's the greatest soloist in jazz today, regardless of instrument.

The admirers who sat watching him were no less generous with their superlatives. Sitting over in a corner, Duke Ellington declared himself too entranced by the music to offer a comment. Soft-voiced Mary Lou Williams, at a front table, asserted, "Tatum does everything the other pianists try to do—and can't." Bill Roland, Raymond Scott's pianist, said, "I can't talk—I'm shaking with excitement."

"Man, I better not come in here too often," murmured Eddie Heywood. "That man plays so much piano it sounds impossible. The more I hear him, the more I want to give up the piano forever and drive a milk truck." Said Teddy Wilson, sitting with Heywood, "Art was great when I first heard him, in 1928, but his style is more rhythmic, better integrated today. He's not only the greatest jazz pianist ever—there are very few concert artists who have his ability."

"There are only two ways you can take him," Clyde Hart summed it up. "You can be nuts about Tatum, or you can be jealous as hell of him."

There are many good reasons why musicians hold these truths about Tatum to be self-evident. He is the apotheosis of jazz; he is the art of modern rhythmic music, of hot jazz, swing, syncopation, at its ultimate. His genius is so apparent that even those who have no musical understanding of what he does are content to be dazzled by his technique. What makes Tatum great, however, is *not* his technique; it's the incredible flow of brilliant rhythmic and harmonic ideas that this technique enables him to express.

How Tatum reached this pinnacle is anybody's guess. His background is not remarkable. Thirty-four years old on October 13, he was born and raised in Toledo, and was the only musician in his family. After studying several years with one Overton G. Rainey, a local teacher, he planned on a career as a concert pianist, but was counter-influenced by hearing Fats Waller and Lee Sims on the air. Some experience at a local radio station, WSPD, was followed by his first trip to New York in 1930, accompanying a singer, Adelaide Hall, with whom he made his first records (*I'll Never Be the Same, This Time It's Love*, on Brunswick.)

Since then Tatum has made countless records, including an album of six solos, all for Decca. He has guest-starred on many network programs at 500 dollars a shot, but has never had a network show of his own. He has been getting a thousand a week for his trio at the Three Deuces, though the place barely holds ninety people.

Since January, 1943, he has worked with Tiny Grimes, an electric guitarist, and Slam Stewart, the fabulous bass player who improvises endless choruses *con arco* and simultaneously hums them in a supernatural voice. This trio is as great collectively as its leader is singly. There is a welding of ideas, a blending of the instruments' tone colors, and an understanding between the three men that few jazz trios have equaled. All three have a sense of musical humor that expresses itself in the form of quotations from odd sources, inserted as part of the variations on another theme. The fact that you may hear snatches from *Yankee Doodle*, *It Ain't Necessarily So* and *The Campbells Are Coming* during the Tatum version of *The Man I Love* does not, one must admit, add to his greatness, though sometimes he subjects these tunes to fascinating harmonic and melodic changes in order to fit them into the pattern of the main theme.

More important is the fact that Art has a touch of unbelievable lightness. The tone he produces from a piano, the agility of his right-hand arpeggios, the magnificent rhythmic underlinings of his bass work all owe as much to this deftness of touch as to his natural feeling for jazz style and phrasing.

Tatum has neither the manner nor the appearance of a great artist. His hoarse voice, his loping gait, his infinite capacity for taking beers give no hint of the delicacy and finesse of his work. He has the reputation of being temperamental, though surely it would be surprising if he showed no sensitivity about the drunks who talk while he plays, or the squares who ask for *Flying Home* after he has just played it for seven minutes.

Variously described in the press as half-blind (*Time*), three-quarters blind (*Le Jazz Hot*), blind (*Colliers*, etc.), he has his left eye completely closed and can see dimly out of the right. His vision was impaired in an accident at birth, and he has never read music. Most of his front teeth are missing. It was only a few weeks ago, after he had lost several possible Hollywood contracts, that he was at last persuaded to have some teeth inserted and undergo an eye operation. Down from 230 to 180 pounds in recent years, he retains a healthy appetite but eats irregularly. After getting through work at 4 a.m., he is likely to wander to some obscure Harlem house party and play until noon.

Like many great jazzmen, Tatum has a set routine on most of his numbers. A series of ideas which he improvised or worked out on *Sweet Lorraine* or *Body and Soul* may stay the same, note for note, night after night, but they retain the same rhythmic spirit as if they were improvised. On the other hand, his Blues records with Joe Turner on Decca, which are among his greatest performances, were almost completely extemporized.

Art likes to hang around with other pianists and admires the work of many of them. Asked to list some of the best living jazz pianists, he named Teddy Wilson, King Cole, Clyde Hart, Johnny Guarnieri, Dorothy Donegan, Mary Lou Williams, Earl Hines, Mel Powell, Eddie Heywood, Billy Taylor, Marlowe Morris, Herman Chittison. Of these, only the last two play in a style closely resembling his own. Billy Taylor, of the Eddie South Trio, is Art's new personal protégé.

Tatum has been compared with, and in some cases admired by, such people as Horowitz and Godowsky. Oscar Levant's *A Smattering of Ignorance* tells of a party given by Gershwin to exhibit him before several prominent guests. But the praise that has most significance is the praise of fellow jazzmen. They know that Mary Lou Williams' comment hit the nail on the head. —L.F.

JAZZ IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

ON RECORDS—If you're a jazz piano fan this is clearly your month to howl. The incomparable and above-mentioned Art Tatum has come out with his first 12-inch discs; they are also the first records made by his trio. The label is a new one, Comet; the titles include his dazzling versions of *Flying Home*, *Body and Soul* and *The Man I Love*.

The Victor memorial album in tribute to Fats Waller is somewhat less than adequate, unless you consider that we should remember Fats as a music-hall comic rather than as a great pianist. *Your Feet's Too Big*, *Hold Tight* and *The Joint Is Jumpin'* are hardly representative of the best Fats did during his eight years of recording for this company.

One of the most talented white pianists of the day is Johnny Guarnieri, who has the peculiar faculty of being able to play perfectly in the styles of several leading pianists, without possessing any style of his own. Guarnieri's Waller and Basie moods are excellently demonstrated on a Savoy record called *Exercise in Swing* and *Basie* (sic) *English*, in which Billy Butterfield is revealed as a more than competent hot trumpet man. There's more of Guarnieri on a Keynote session under the name of Little Jazz in which the business at hand consists of taking three trumpet men and giving them endless solos in turn, with confusing but amusing results.

Stan Kenton, the pianist and arranger who was hailed in this box two months ago, justifies the hailing with a superior riff opus, *Eager Beaver*, coupled with his ambitious non-tempo theme, *Artistry in Rhythm*, on Capitol. The incredible Eddie Heywood is at his least credible again in Coleman Hawkins' excellent *Get Happy* on Signature. Finally, if your piano taste still runs to boogie-woogie there's always Commodore's *Bottom Blues* by Albert Ammons, which also offers some of Hot Lips Page's grooviest trumpet.

ON RADIO — Late in June Mildred Bailey started a summer sustainer program on C.B.S., using a house band augmented by such folk as Red Norvo, Roy Eldridge, Teddy Wilson, Remo Palmieri (a wonderful young guitarist) and others of like stature. The musical standards of this show were high enough to alarm those who believe that the mental age of any radio program must be kept to around thirteen. What will have happened to the show by the time you read this is conjectural, but it can only be hoped that some starry-eyed sponsor will save it for the post-summer world.

—LEONARD G. FEATHER

Jazz Symposium

Which do you think is more important: musicianship or showmanship?

Dave Tough, veteran drummer now with Woody Herman:

Musicianship is important above everything. Showmanship is—or should be—a by-product of musicianship. If a musician is great enough, that very fact makes him a showman *par excellence.* I believe that a musician should never play anything from the point of view of pleasing the public, since the public is invariably wrong about music, and particularly about new trends in music. It takes the public a good long while before it allows its listening habits to break down and re-form into new habits. Any musician who plays more for the public than for the sake of what he believes is good music thereby tacitly admits that the public knows more about music than he, the trained musician, knows about it. No one can defend bad or mediocre musicianship on the grounds that it takes showmanship to bring the shekels into the box office. The mark of a good musician is that he plays what he plays because it comes from his heart; it is an expression of himself—a creative act.

I have no beef against showmanship if it springs from the musician's highly developed techniques of playing. That kind of a performance thrills me as much as it does the public. That kind of a combination is rare. But showmanship with little or no musicianship is just a hollow shell—it's phony. In jazz, above all the other arts, the greats are really great when musicians themselves put their okay on them. That's because a man who has the respect of his fellow musicians has it for his musicianly qualities—and for those qualities alone.

Louis Jordan, bandleader, vocalist and alto saxophonist:

Both are important, and a jazz musician should have both. But the music should always come first. There aren't any musical hicks any more; the public now is educated to the finer points of jazz, and you can't kid even the little kids on the street. That's why I say, build the music first and then try for showmanship. When it comes to good showmanship, the public isn't so hep. Plenty of sloppy, stereotyped show tricks bring applause and success, while the more imaginative showman often is not given his full due. In time, however, I think the public will get wise to the corn in showmanship just as they have to the corn in music. I believe in working out showmanship routines in advance—and then doing them cleanly and with snap, just like hitting a note cleanly and with confidence. Why? Simply because night-after-night consistency is the keynote to both great music and great showmanship.

Coleman Hawkins, veteran tenor saxophonist now leading his own small combination:

Sure, musicianship is more important, although it's true that a lot of people get away with just showmanship. On the other hand, you don't have to have showmanship to be commercial. Look at Glenn Miller. Or Benny Goodman. And even Harry James—he may be a showman up to a point, but he doesn't sing or dance or anything; he's no personality kid. But of course if you have some kind of natural showmanship, I mean if you're a showman without having to try to be, then that can be very important and helpful in your career.

Lionel Hampton, vibraphonist, drummer, bandleader:

Musicianship, by all means—there couldn't be any other answer. If a musician plays the way he feels, the way the instrument feels and sounds most natural to him, that's the only kind of showmanship he needs. If he goes beyond that point he's only trying for something that doesn't really express his personality—unless of course he has a knack for it.

Take my tenor sax soloist, Arnette Cobbs. He just plays without trying to impress listeners with a lot of showman's tricks; but because he just plays, and plays his best, he makes a hit with audiences. So I say again, a good musician needs no more than good musicianship—that takes care of the showmanship, since the music itself is the greatest show of all.

Gene Krupa, veteran drummer and bandleader:

To answer the question directly—musicianship; there couldn't be any other answer. But—and here's the significant factor, in my opinion—*every good musician is also a good showman.* Quality of musicianship has a direct relation to showmanship. If a man's musical talents are not of a high order he just isn't a showman at all. He might be a commercial success at the box office or he might be a good actor, but unless he's a superior kind of musician he cannot be called a showman. Too long people have confused the real meaning of showmanship with acting or commercialism.

Leopold Stokowski and Fritz Reiner both are thorough musicians. Stokowski weaves fancy patterns with his hands as he conducts while Reiner seems to make no motions at all, as if the orchestra were playing without any attention from him. Yet, because both conductors are great musically, both are great showmen, too, in spite of the fact that their methods are antithetical. It's the same way with jazz musicians. Take my drumming. Without trying to pass any egotistical judgments on my own merits, still many critics have called me a showman. I make faces, wave my hair around, put plenty of action into my work. Yet one of the greatest drummers of jazz, Dave Tough, works quietly and with a poker-face, using a minimum of motions. But make no mistake—Dave is a great showman. That, and only that, is what I think of as showmanship.

The box office success of many sweet bands is due not to showmanship, but to an outright appeal to the drooling sentimentalism of the listeners. And the radio and movie success of certain bandleaders is no more—or less—than acting ability, and that's not showmanship either. To my way of thinking, showmanship can only be the overtones and the "lift" which are derived from capable musicianship.

Sonny Dunham, trumpeter, trombonist and bandleader:

Unfortunately, showmanship is the thing. Musicianship is important—but only for musicians. I don't know a leader who doesn't go for musicianship. But the public is different. The public is becoming educated to good music at a fast clip, and it's a shame that a thing like showmanship has to hang on. But it does. I purposely ignore lots of showmanship because I hate a false front, but it has to be done at times, and that's where the rub comes in. I get lots of calls for *Memories of You.* If I'm playing it at the request of a group of musicians who happen to be listening, I play it one way, expressing as many ideas through my phrasing and tone as I possibly can. If I play it for a theatre audience I play it another way. For theatregoers it's what I do to make it look tough, not the expression with which I play it. In the theatre about all you can do is tilt your trumpet and aim your head at the top gallery. In an all-around way, of course, musicianship counts plenty.

Albert Ammons, pianist and half of the boogie-woogie piano duo, Ammons & Johnson:

When great musicians are really at their greatest and playing their finest they automatically have that quality known as showmanship. So, in a sense, musicianship combines with showmanship to make musicianship. What I mean is that one results from the other. Musicianship must include showmanship—not much, perhaps, but at least enough so that we can say of a performer: He has personality. Especially personality. I'd say that personality is what happens when a musician gives a heartfelt performance; when, whether he feels like it or not, he puts his heart and soul into it, and gets across to his listeners that he's producing music that comes from inside him. Almost invariably his listeners react spontaneously and favorably to a sincere expression of musical talent.

Take pianists for example. Several of the world's greatest deliver the stuff—plenty of it—but they just don't have that extra something. Others, equally as good, are personality plus. The late Fats Waller was an extraordinary example of great musicianship and showmanship combined. Of course, there's such a thing as what musicians call an "off-night," when either the musicianship or showmanship or both might be below par. But because a performer never knows who may be in the audience listening. It's part of a musician's showmanship to put a high value on consistency.—P.E.M.

ON THE EDGE OF THE CLEF

Ten years ago this month an ambitious sponsored radio network program was conceived and offered to the public. It was a three hour show called *Let's Dance,* and was broadcast over the N.B.C. network each Saturday night from nine p.m. to midnight. It featured three different dance orchestras, and one of them was led by a young man whose name and talents were entirely unknown to the general public. He was Benny Goodman. For him it was the beginning of a well-merited successful career as both a bandleader and clarinetist. For the general public it was the initial impact which, by 1936, developed into a trend which revitalized hot jazz—I mean swing music. While it is now common knowledge that swing is but an extension of the basic features of jazz, the public believed that it was a catchy novelty and eagerly seized upon its more flamboyant characteristics. This led eventually to the immense popularity of the orchestras led by Goodman, Harry James, Glenn Miller, Artie Shaw, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, and a hundred other lesser names, some of whom drew box-office grosses nearly as large as these publicly acclaimed titans of swing.

For swing and jazz, then, this month marks an important anniversary. The great new interest in jazz, and in small jazz combinations, can be traced directly to the *Let's Dance* program. The personality who dominated that program and who contributed more than any other one musician to that revival of interest in jazz is, of course, Benny Goodman. The story is well known—how, as a boy still in knee pants, he haunted the spots at which the great musicians of the Chicago period (1918-28), both white and colored, played their hearts out without winning the respect of the public and the prestige that accrues to acknowledged virtuoso artists.

Goodman's remarkable accomplishment has been to blaze a trail, almost single-handed, through the fetid forests of public disapproval of jazz. As a boy he acquired the feel and spirit of jazz, and he has carried it with him, uncompromisingly, ever since. Whether he knows it or not, Benny Goodman's deeply felt belief about the kind of music he plays is identical with that of a nineteen-year-old private in the U. S. Marine Corps, Frank Wallaston, who recently wrote me a letter which contained this inspired sentence: "No matter how much music you can read or how well you can play, it's never good unless it's straight from the heart."

—Paul Eduard Miller

All Bessie's Children Got Wings

With their landing gear jammed, the bomber crew had two alternatives: parachuting to safety or going down for a crash landing

by STEVE RICHARDS & ROBERT GOLD

• FICTION •

R

It had been a quiet trip and now the last few miles of empty ocean whipped rapidly beneath them. For a moment a ship was a toy on the swell of the waves below, then that, too, was lost behind them as the bomber beat steadily across the cloudless sky.

"Almost there, Lou," the co-pilot said and the pilot grinned, his hand still careful on the wheel.

The two gunners and Radio sprawled comfortably on the floor of the Mitchell B-25 and watched the racing water.

"Almost home now, kid," the turret gunner said and Radio nodded and laughed because he was young and alive and he was going home . . .

"I'm going to come in the back way," Radio thought out loud, "and knock Mom over—she won't know I'm coming, will she, Mike?"

"She won't, 'less she reads it in the papers or sees a newsreel," Mike told him. "We'll be hitting Washington and a reception before you go home, boy . . ."

"I bet she goes right out and finds me a turkey," Radio reflected. "I haven't had me a turkey dinner in a long time."

"Turkey!" Mike grimaced. "I'm going to get me a keg of real beer and drink myself enough to wipe off the taste of that English pop. Then I'm going to get me a girl, a sweet American girl . . ."

"I wish you guys would quit chewing the rag," the tail gunner commented. "We ain't there yet."

Mike sighed heavily. "Look, Gloomy," he said with elaborate patience. "Bessie took us out twenty-five times, right . . . she brought us back twenty-five times, didn't she . . . we ain't over Bremen with flak busting in our faces or a '190 spitting in our eyes, are we . . . you're going to see the States in five minutes . . . what the hell are you complaining about now?"

"We ain't seeing the States in five minutes," Gloomy reminded him. "It's Canada . . ."

The navigator sat in his cramped office and made his last check.

"260 does it, Lou," he talked into his throat phone.

"260 it is, Al," the pilot's voice came smoothly through his headphones.

The officer put down his protractor and rolled up his charts. He had been master of the Mitchell across 3,000 miles of water. Now his work was finished and he was glad of it.

It would have been a high crime to lose Bessie to the sea, he was thinking, after what she had gone through for two years—after what they all had gone through . . .

The crew chief squatted in the bombardier's bay and listened to the pulse of his motors. Good babies, those engines . . . purring as nicely as when they first pounded reversely across the sea to England and the other coast and bitter cities beyond England. Good girl, Bessie, good girl . . .

The bomber roared across the arc of the sky, and the coast was a fine line streaking the water far ahead of the men behind the glass. It raced toward them, passed, and now the plane mounted the rocky inland, cut the sunlight over the familiar forest pattern below.

"Fighter at two o'clock!" the voice was grim on the interphone and the pilots laughed as the forestry patrol's little Piper banked a red and yellow wing in salute and then was lost in the churning air behind them.

The co-pilot flicked the dial of his radio, switched his phone from command over to call.

"Dorval Tower, Dorval Tower," he called, "this is Army 38209. Over."

"Army 209, from the tower, over to you."

"Catch the limey, Lou," the co-pilot grinned. "You'd think we were back on the other side—"

"Your own bloomin' accent is nothing to cheer about!" the towerman's voice retorted in the earphones.

"Take your finger off the call button when you don't want to broadcast, Joe," the pilot suggested gently.

The co-pilot smiled weakly.

ARE YOU LOVERS OF GOOD MUSIC?
Frank Beaven

"Dorval, from Army 209," he called again. "We are one five miles east of your field at five thousand. Request landing instructions. Over."

"Roger, 209," the tower acknowledged. "No aircraft in the vicinity. Enter traffic circle from the north. Over."

"Roger, wilco, thank you. 209 out."

The forest merged into meadows and the smooth fields rolled swiftly under them. The runways of the huge northern base extended in clear outline as they went over.

"Put down the 'shoes,'" Lou said, and the co-pilot swung the hydraulic wheel switch.

A shrill whine moaned through the body of the bomber and a moment later smoke streamed past the nose of the Mitchell. Mike had the fire hose out and ready as the crew chief bounced up from the bomb bay. He dived past the gunner and grabbed the pump for the hydraulic line, worked the handle up and down desperately. The smoke disappeared and Mike put down his hose.

"What is it, Fred?" the navigator asked.

"Pressure line broke," the engineer said grimly. "We haven't got flaps and as for the gear . . ."

He went forward and stuck his head into the pilot's compartment.

"The hydraulics, Fred?" the pilot asked, and the engineer nodded. "How bad?"

"The body wheels are down full length," the crew chief told him, "But your front wheel isn't—not enough, anyway—I'm not sure of it. And you haven't got automatic flap control. Outside of that, everything is fine . . ."

"Dorval, from 209," Lou called. "I'm going to shoot the field. Take a look at my nose wheel, please."

"Roger," the tower came back. "Come down, we're watching."

The pilot slipped over on his wing and the bomber came down in a long glide. The field and hangars came up, spun around, and the Mitchell cut grass across the taxiing ramp, motors blasting as she pulled up almost in front of the glass paneled tower. Lou held her nose up, climbed for altitude.

"Army 209, from the tower—your nose wheel is not down."

The co-pilot licked dry lips and murmured, "Good-bye, sweet Bessie . . ."

"I'll try to kick it out," Lou said through closed lips. "Crew, from pilot, brace yourselves."

He looked at his altimeter—seven thousand feet, and he put the nose down—almost straight down through the whistling air—don't spin, he prayed, and Bessie didn't spin. He pulled her up hard and the plane vibrated as the wings bit into the twisting air.

Lou brought her across the field again and there was a crowd lining the ramp now, watching as she went over.

"Tower, how is our wheel?" Joe called.

"Your nose wheel is still up . . ."

There were tears in the co-pilot's eyes as the bomber climbed steadily into the summer sky and the pilot looked grimly through his glass with tight lips.

"Joe, I'm going to bring her in," the pilot said suddenly.

The co-pilot shook his head.

"I've got an idea," Lou went on. "It might work—might not, but I'm going to try it. Get your chute."

Joe sat still and spoke quietly, "If you can bring Bessie in, I'm going to be sitting right here when you do."

"Good boy!" Lou smiled. "I can use you." He pressed his command button and talked quickly.

"Crew, from pilot. Joe Kindler and I are going to bring Bessie home. It's risky as hell. Fix chutes. This is not an order, but I advise you to hit silk. Acknowledge."

"Pilot, from navigator, left my chute in my other suit . . ."

"Pilot, from turret gunner, my feet ain't going to stand any walking . . ."

"Pilot, from engineer, sticking."

"Pilot, from tail gunner, Mike owes me a fin. Where he goes, I go."

"Pilot, from Radio, going down with you, Sir."

"Okay, boys, thanks, I need you," the pilot told them. "Collect everything that isn't nailed down and stuff it into the tail. Stay forward until I yell, then get back there yourselves on the double."

The men started hauling, fast.

Gloomy put down a box in the tail section and rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"Look, Mike, when we touch ground and our speed comes down to about eighty, Bessie is going to ease over on her nose wheel—only she ain't got a nose wheel now and you know as well as me we're going to mess up Dorval with a lot of little pieces . . ."

"The Skipper says there's a chance," Mike said briefly, "and that's good enough for me."

"He must be thinking of something," Radio added. "I wonder . . ."

"Dorval Tower, this is 209," the pilot called into his phone. "What is the frequency of Army Operations? Over."

"258 kilocycles," the tower reported and Joe spun the radio dial.

"U. S. Army Dorval Operations, this is Army 209," Lou called. "Do you read us? Over."

"We have been reading you loud and clear," the American voice came crisply through the phones.

"Roger, have you got jeeps at the field? Over."

"Affirmative. Over."

"We're coming down without a nose wheel," Lou said. "Load two jeeps with men, have them burning rubber alongside of the runway as we come in. If the cars can reach our tail and unload men onto it before our ground speed drops to eighty, we'll stay off our nose. Can your jeeps make eighty? This is urgent. Over."

"Roger," Operations answered. "They'll make it today. Over."

"Have a crash wagon watching our tail—it's going to get hot. Coming down as soon as we see your jeeps on the runway. 209 out."

"Roger, wilco, Operations out."

"You guys know what to do when the time comes to do it?" the sergeant asked.

"Sure, Sarge," one of the six men in the jeep said cheerfully. "We tackle the baby, then stick like a plaster. I seen a rodeo once and this is almost next to the same difference, ain't it?"

"Your English is from hunger, Jones," the sergeant commented, "but you got the idea, which is a help. As soon as she comes down over the edge of the runway, we get going. They go when we do—" he motioned at the jeep on the other side of the runway.

"And Taxi—" the driver nodded. "If we can't catch her," the sergeant told him, "start going places promptly. We don't want to be in the immediate vicinity when that '25 does cartwheels on the runway . . ."

A cool breeze rolled across the field, cutting into the humid heat, but the soldiers sat quietly and sweated as they waited, and then they heard the faint rhythm of the roaring engines, saw the distant, proud wings of the bomber flashing in the sunlight as she rode down her last arc of altitude.

"There's the Bessie coming in,"

Continued on page 179

Goldbricking With Esquire

Conducted by **BRUCE PATTERSON**

MATE. "By just looking into a girl's eyes I can tell what she's thinking."

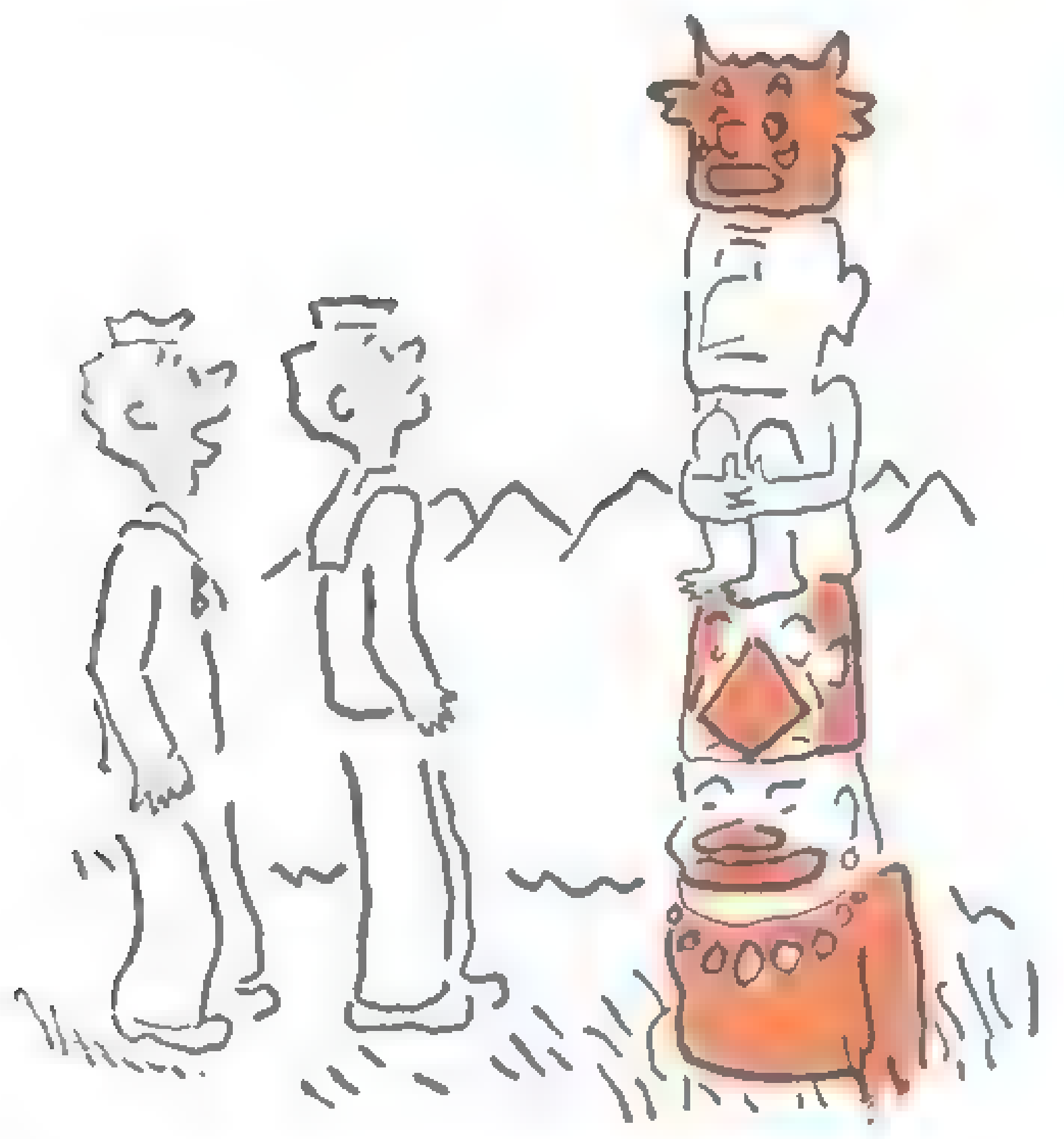
Date: "It must be very discouraging."

—*Hutchinson Habit.*

A group of British and American sailors were swapping yarns about their ships. "I'm curious about your carriers," one British tar said. "Just how fast are they?"

One American turned over his wad of gum and said, "Well, to tell you the truth, chum," he replied, "we don't rightly know. All they've been required to do so far is to keep up with the planes."

—*Del Rio Tarfu.*



"Some of the Seabees work, I suppose"

SEABEES MODERNIZE THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

"Two score and seven days ago our battalion brought forth upon this island a new project, conceived in a foxhole and dedicated to the proposition that all Japs are created evil.

"We are now ensnared in the heat, rain and mud of this island, testing whether this project or the Seabees will long endure. We are all together slipping and sliding as we do this, but in a larger sense we cannot cultivate, we can not harrow this ground for the great rain which made this mud here has made it impossible, far above the poor power of all but the 'cats'.

"It is for us the Seabees rather to be enslaved here by this menial labor which they who are in charge have thus so freely advanced. It is rather for us to be here sickened by the dish of hash set before us, from these cans we took our nourishment: nor devotion to those cooks, for our stomachs have an everlasting measure of commotion.

"The world will little note nor long remember what we build here, but we shall never forget the beans and hash we ate here. Let us resolve that we shall not have sweated in vain; that this battalion shall have many days of freedom in the United States."

—*New Guinea Crew Blasts.*

THE DANCING IVORIES

Tinkle, tinkle, little dice,
Light-footed foils of avarice;
Joe would like to shoot a pound—
Are there any sports around?
Simper, simper, cubist flirts,
Swirl your scintillating skirts;
Soldiers leap to your commands,
Vying for your wanton hands.
Rumble, rumble, hollow bones
I join the dirge of despairing groans
How long till another pay day?
Surely that will be my heyday.

—*Whidbey Island Prop Wash.*

A young widow commissioned a monument cutter to inscribe her husband's tombstone: "My Sorrow Is More Than I Can Bear." Before the work was finished the widow married again, and the cutter asked if she still wanted the inscription.

"Yes," she replied, "but just add the word 'Alone'".

—*Orlando Tac.*

Hypocrite: A G.I. who smiles when he pulls K.P.

—*Lake Charles* LOG.

He: "What's the matter with you?"

She: "I've got rheumatism in my muscles."

He: "You ought to see a masseur."

She: "What's that?"

He: "Oh—a guy that pinches you all over."

She: "You mean a sailor."

—*Hutchinson Habit.*

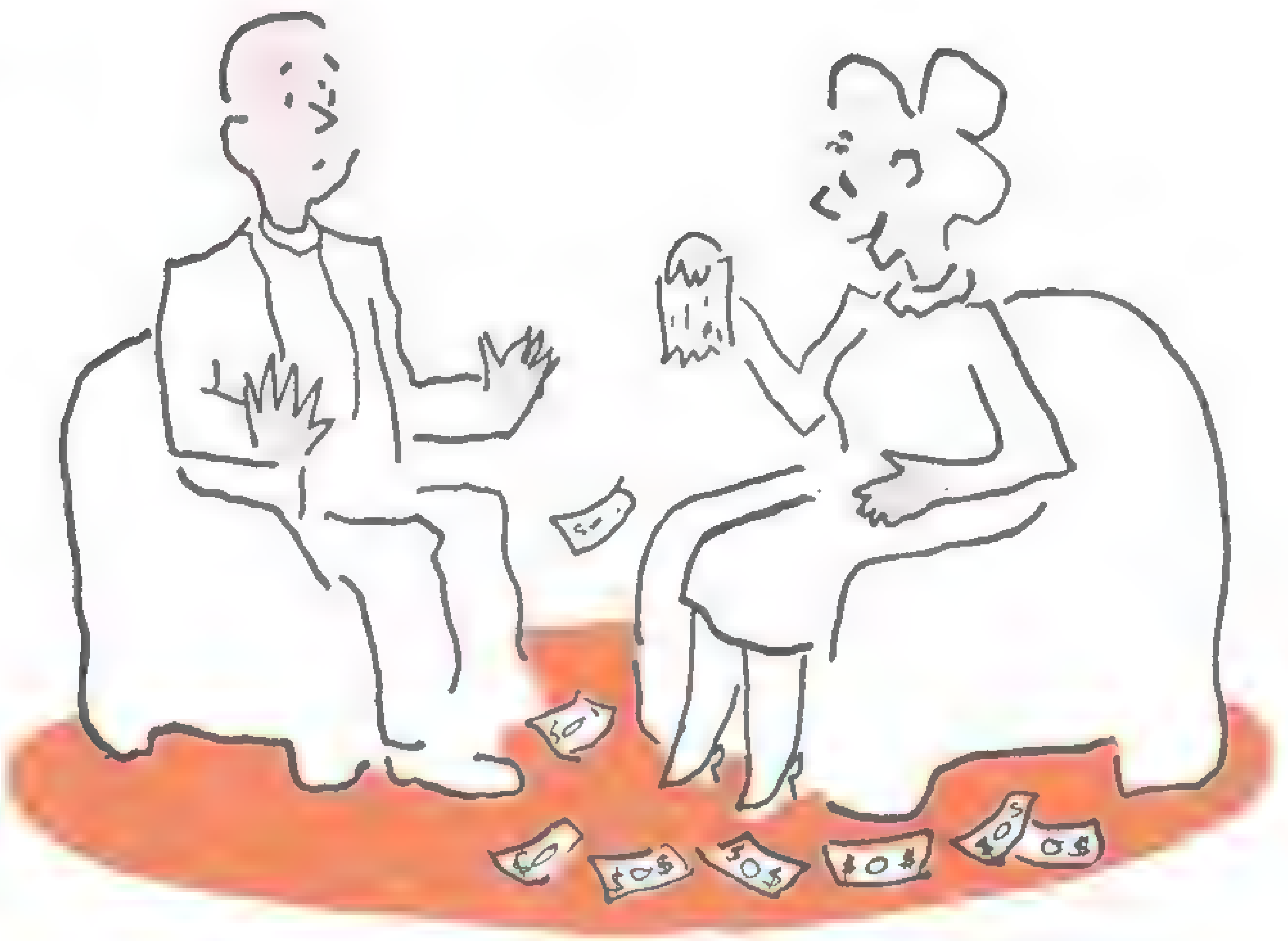
The P.X. is a place
That's known to fame and glory,
But every time I visit there
They're closed for inventory.

—*Bainbridge Zoom.*

Pvt: "Do you shrink from kissing?"

Blonde: "Oh my no, why if I did I'd be nothing but skin and bones."

—*Camp Chaffee Armodier.*



"Just look at the tremendous bounties my grandson earned shooting some South Pacific pest called craps"

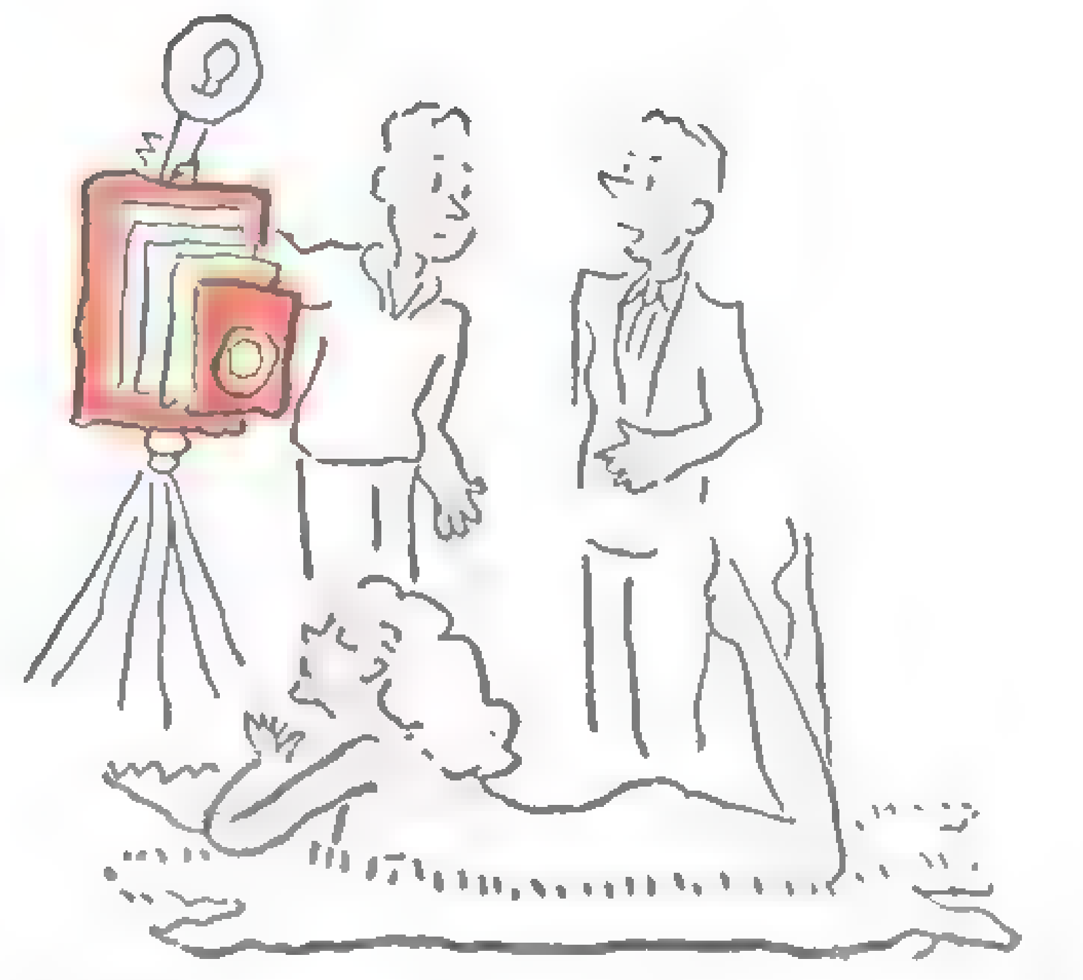
C.O: "How do you explain that barrel of beer I found in your room?"

Pvt: "Doctor's orders, Sir. He said that drinking beer would restore my strength."

C.O: "And did it?"

Pvt: "Yes, Sir, when I bought that barrel I could hardly move it and now I can push it all around the room."

—*Barksdale Bark.*



"All pictures these days should have a defense worker angle—put a riveting machine in her hands"

A fool and his money are soon parted, but then he was lucky to get it in the first place.

—*Camp Howze Howitzer.*

An American officer in Italy approached a wounded Nazi pilot who had been shot down and asked him, "Do you want us to bring you a priest?"

"Hitler is my priest," answered the German.

"Well, if you'll just try to hold on," said the American, "we'll get him for you."

—*Iceland White Falcon.*

"When in doubt, salute," said the old Army regulation, but one of the new trainees here went a bit too far when he called attention as an officer entered the camp bus.

—*Camp Roberts Dispatch.*

"Why, Andy," exclaimed a surprised major, meeting an ex-dodo in the Orient, "what on earth are you doing away over here?"

"I have the best job in the world," replied the smiling Andy.

"I work for the sultan. Every day I sit in this doorway with a bowl of water. When the long line of beautiful girls belonging to the sultan passes by, I dip my finger in the water and flick it on each one of them. When I come to one that sizzles, I'm through for the day."
—*Corsicana Flying Lines.*

An egomaniac of note was the G.I. who was returning to the States from foreign duty and remarked as he passed the Statue of Liberty: "Put your torch down, honey, I'm home."
—*The Polar Tech*

Love is one game that is never called off on account of darkness.
—*Tuskegee Hawks Cry.*

G. I: "Sir, I'm not asking for 20 days, or 15 days or even 10. All I want is a three-day pass."

C. O: "I can't give you 3 days, nor a week end, nor 24 hours but you can have a bed-check pass."

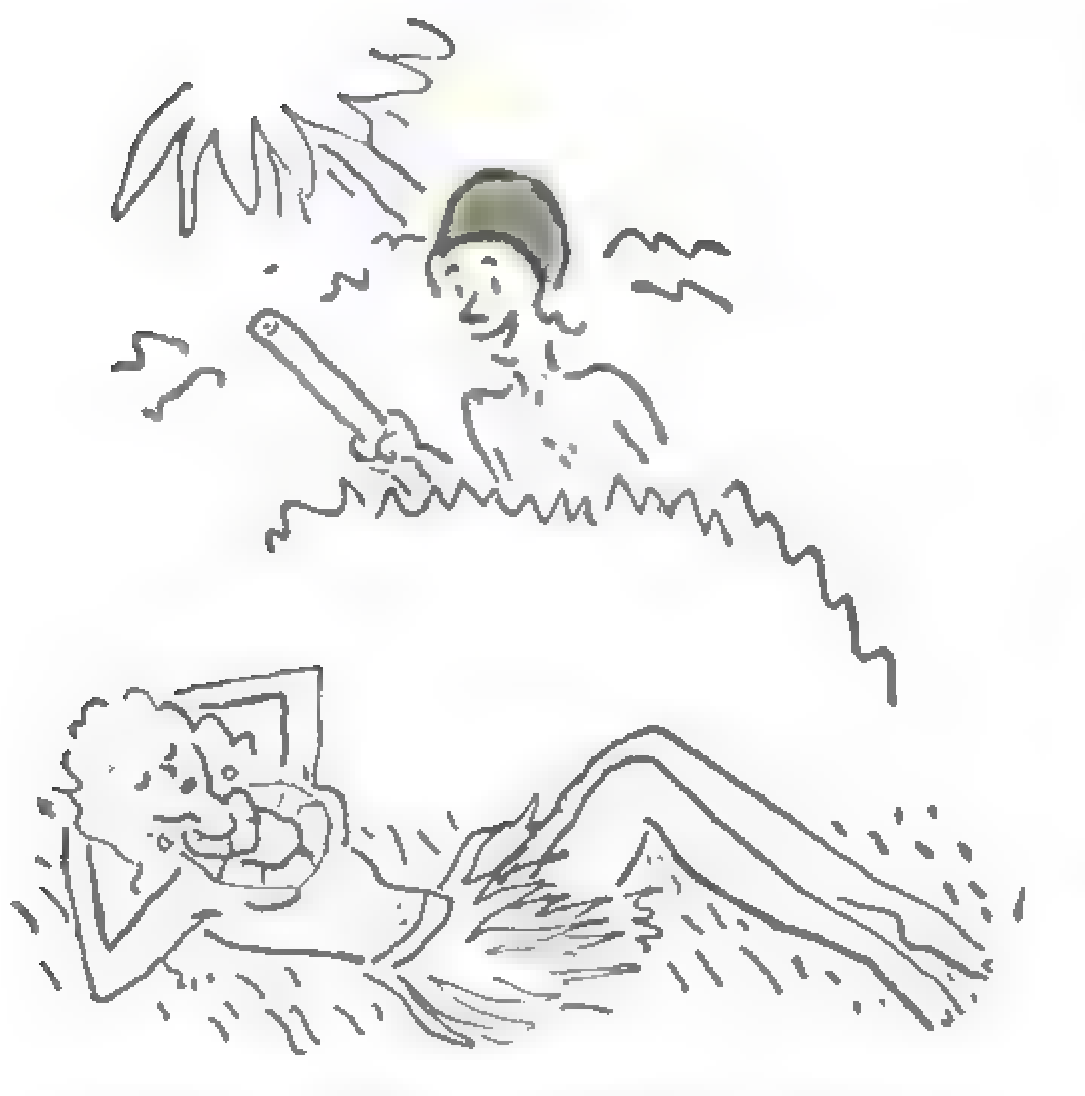
G. I: "I'll take it."
—*Lee Traveler.*

"My, my, how on earth did you come to get so completely intoxicated?" asked the magistrate.

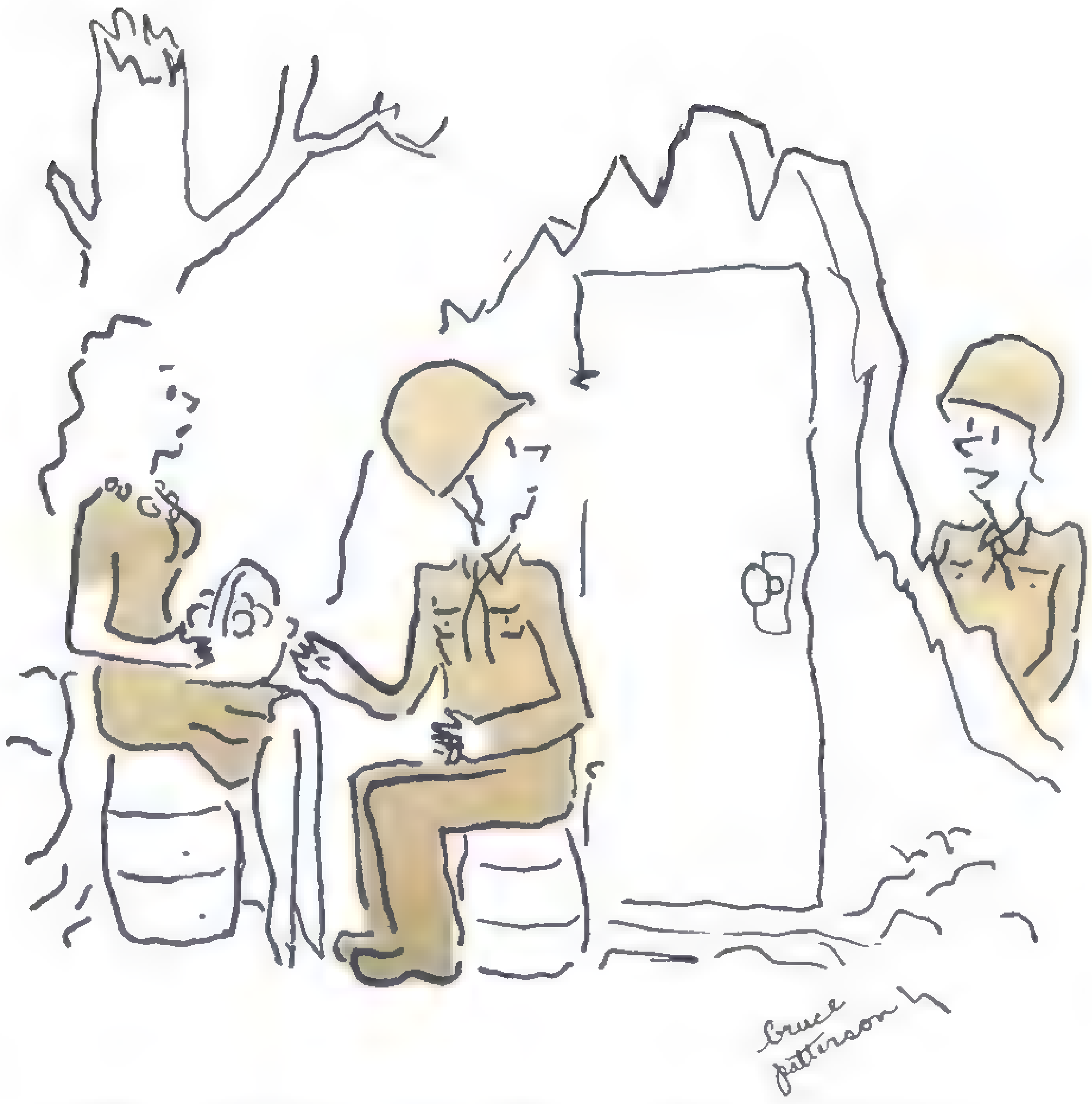
"I got in bad company, Your Honor. You see, there were four of us. I had a bottle of whiskey—and the other three didn't touch the stuff."
—*Homestead Clipper.*

Doctor: "How's the patient this morning?"

Nurse: "I think he's regaining consciousness. This morning he tried to blow the foam off his medicine."
—*Camp Chaffee Armodier.*



"Now I know why the Army insisted I be over 18"



"The sergeant says when you're entertaining a girl you should leave the door open"

One day a lifeboat crew returned empty-handed from a search for a man who had fallen overboard. General muster was called and everybody dutifully answered 'Here' when his name was called. The mystery deepened.

Finally an embarrassed sailor reported to his superior: "Please, Sir, I think the man overboard must have been me. I did fall overboard but I grabbed the anchor chain as the current swept me past and managed to climb aboard again."

"Why didn't you report to me at once?"

"Well, you see, Sir," said the sailor brightly, "I would have but I was on duty with the lifeboat crew and as soon as I got aboard the P.A. called for us to go out and search for a man overboard."
—*U. S. S. Murzim Seafarer.*

Wife: A woman who sticks with her husband through all the trouble he wouldn't have had if he hadn't married her.
—*Ft. Lauderdale Avenger.*

"Why does that sailor treat all his girls with wine?"

"He wants a little port in every sweetheart."
—*Floyd Bennett Field Skyscrapers*

The war news is setting a pattern for reporting. This morning we heard from Barracks No. 3. "The boys in our barracks caught twelve rats last night. One of our traps is missing."
—*Banana Peelings.*

The bomber, after a tough run over enemy territory, was approaching its base. The pilot had just given instructions to the crew to prepare for landing when the engineer rushed up, obviously agitated. "Sir," he said, "we're almost out of gas, and I just discovered that our landing gear has been shot off."

The pilot hesitated a moment, then turned to the bombardier. "Hey, George," he shouted, "we're out of gas and we've lost our landing gear. You'd better stick your feet out of the bomb bay and run like hell."
—*The Communiqué.*

A tramp was sleeping behind a bunker on a golf course when the club secretary, prowling around, kicked him none too gently.

The tramp jumped to his feet and demanded: "Who are you?"

"I'm the secretary of this club," replied the official.

"Well that's a hell of a way to get new members," said the tramp.
—*Ft. Niagara Drum.*

BLACKJACK

If I stand short
And the dealer's got 'em,
My assets' graph
Will reach the bottom.
But if I hit
(As I hope I do)
Can I get less
Than twenty-two?
Hit me, brother—
Hell—I'm busted,
The deck's agin me
I'm disgusted.
—*Whidbey Island Prop Wash.*

"Oh yes," said the pilot of the river steamboat, "I've been a pilot on this river so long I know where every stump is."

Just then the boat struck a stump which shook it from stem to stern.

"There," he continued, "that's one of them now."
—*Floyd Bennett Field Skyscrapers*

Farmer to new hired hand: "I'll give you an easy job today. All you have to do is sort apples. Put the good ones in the red barrel and the bad ones in the blue barrel, but look them over carefully before you decide whether they are good or bad. One bad one might spoil the barrel of good ones."

At the end of the day the hired man was exhausted.

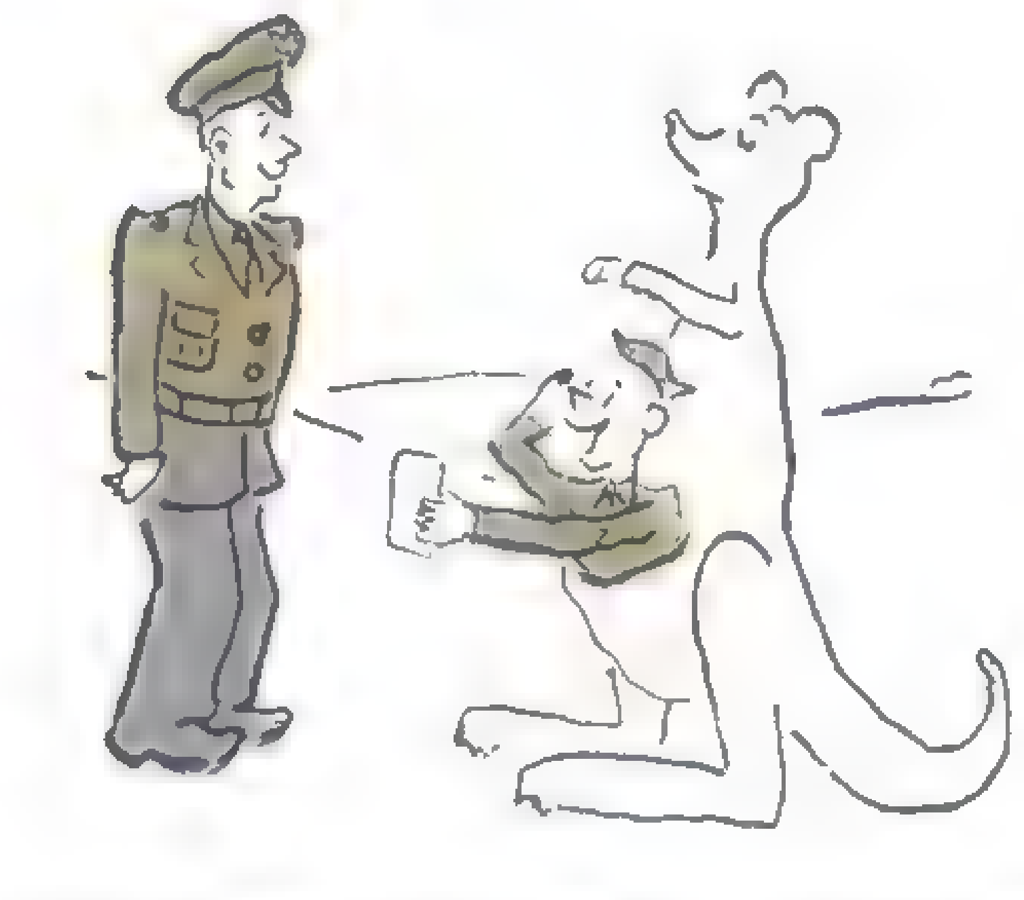
"I can't understand why you're so tired," said the farmer. "Sorting apples isn't hard work."

"It wasn't the work that tired me," answered the hired man, "it was making those decisions."
—*Camp Howze Howitzer*

A Briton was asked what he thought of the Yanks. He paused, then said: "Well, they are overpaid, overdecorated, but, thank God, they are over here."
—*Ft. Monmouth Signal Corps Message.*

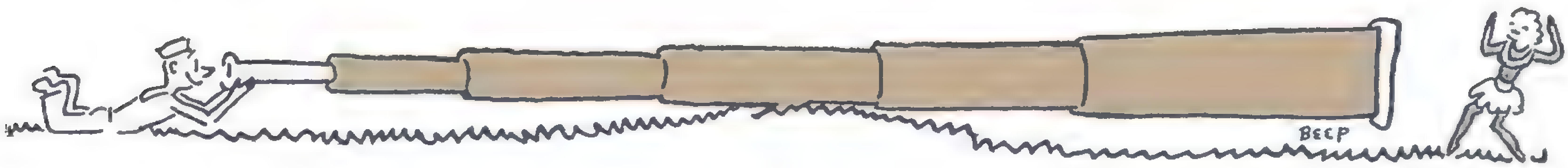
Extract from an N.C.O.'s letter to his wife:

"I have now been made a corporal, which is my first step up the Army's ladder of success. However, for the time being, please speak to the neighbors as usual and don't under any circumstances move to a larger house or buy a piano."
—*Coolidge Sand Storm.*



"For want of a nail, a shoe was lost; for want of a shoe, a horse was lost, but that didn't stop me, Sir"

Who comforts me in moments of despair?
Who runs fingers lightly through my hair?
Who cooks my meals, darns my hose?
Squeezes drops into my nose?
Who always has a word of praise?
Sets out my rubbers on rainy days?
Who cheers me up when I'm depressed?
Makes sure that all my clothes are pressed?
Who scrubs my back when in the shower,
And wakes me at the proper hour?
Who helps to keep me on the beam?
Who figures in my every dream?
I do MYSELF!
—*Arizona Contact*



First Nights & Passing Judgments

Offering seven amendments to the average musical comedy to angels not wishing to lose their wings

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

▪ THEATRE ▪

Nine out of the fourteen new musical shows produced last season failed to the total tune of almost two million dollars. It takes no epic sleuth to deduce that something must have been wrong with them. And it takes no cousin to the epic one to recognize that something has happened generally to a once great American institution and that it is in the main no longer what it used to be.

In this juncture, I hurl myself onto the field with some constructive criticism. Before I do so, however, I magnanimously wish to point out that constructive criticism—or at least constructive criticism as Broadway knows it—is usually a profound bore to everyone but the producer who has lost his shirt on whatever the criticism is being constructive about, and that it is, further, obviously much too late to be of the slightest value even to him. It might possibly be of some value, true enough, if he adapted it to his subsequent efforts, but since he sees fit never to do so it amounts simply to a waste of time on the part of the critic, who might better for all concerned just dismiss the producer as a blockhead in thirty or forty different piquant terms and thus at least provide a stimulating one-round knock-'em-down-and-drag-'em-out article, which would delight the readers.

Being, however, in a ridiculously optimistic mood in this first month of the new theatrical season and full of an unwarranted hope that maybe one or two producers may warm up to my counsel, I proceed nevertheless. Here then, gentlemen, is what is wrong with a lot of your shows.

In the first place, you seemingly haven't learned that the public is dead sick of your smutty jokes. If perchance you here and there do learn it, you put your learning to use long after the cow is out of the stable, as in some such case as *Jackpot*, from which you deleted the smut a week after the show opened and when it had already been stamped as an irrevocable failure. The trouble with these dirty jokes by and large isn't so much that they are dirty as that they aren't jokes. They are for the overwhelming part not in the least funny, and they hit an audience in the ear like so many mudballs. If you can find a first-rate such joke or even a good second-rate one, go ahead and use it. I'll promise to laugh with the rest of the house, only louder. But stop this peddling of dull muck.

3
4
Frank BEAVEN

"I've got the post-war world all figured out—when the guy comes back to take my job, I'll marry him!"

Secondly, cut out most of your topical songs, particularly those like *New York Is Like That*, *What's New in New York* and the sort. We've had enough of them. If you think, as in the instance of your 150,000-dollar flop called *Allah Be Praised!*, that we still experience a sublime treat in such lyrics as "You don't see Mrs. Vanderbilt at Lindy's, and Lindy doesn't hang out at the Ritz," you are a little bit nesselrode. Yet let one of you get hold of a number including some such quasi-schmalz as "If you want to be sardonic about Sardi's, eat your sardines at the Automat," and you persist in being as high-spirited as a baby with the hives. And if one of you gets hold of a lyric writer who is a genius and who wittily inserts "mit onions" after the Automat, and then has it sung by a woman who delivers it with such beaming self-assurance as suggests that it surpasses anything ever written by Jimmy Whistler, you begin dreaming of the crowds storming McBride's and Tyson's. The next morning you wake up and begin wondering where you are going to be able to borrow a quarter.

In the third place, when one of you goes into a huddle this afternoon at 21 with the book writer for that show you are contemplating, stop and reflect on the big success in the last two seasons of the revivals of musical comedies and operettas out of the past. Reflect, in short, on the fact that the books of these older shows have all of them that air of romance which is so valuable to the musical stage but which, nevertheless, is generally neglected in the kind of shows you put on today. After all, when one goes to a musical show, one goes in something of a moonlight and champagne mood, and that mood isn't exactly promoted into any high estate by books dealing with a band of female hornblowers trying to land a radio contract on a program boosting a cathartic, as in *Hairpin Harmony;* or with a squad of aviators quartered in the dormitory of a girls' school and jumping up and down like kangaroos and yelling, "Oh, boy!" on finding a pair of ladies' panties, as in *What's Up;* or with a female whose husband is in the zipper business and whose starlit delicacy is indicated in periodic complaints that the trouble with him is that he is all zippers and no zip, as in *My Dear Public.*

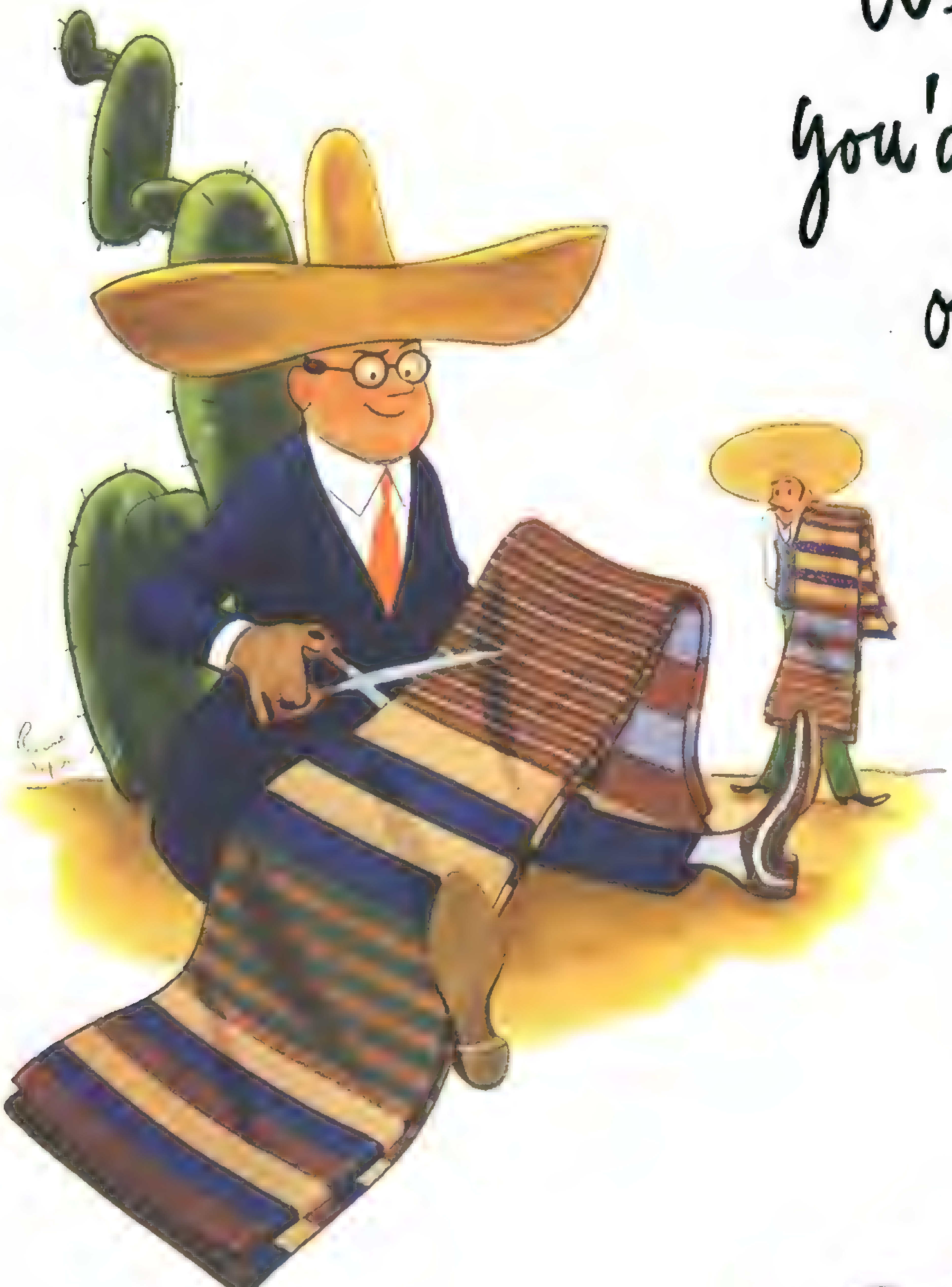
I don't say that what we should be given instead is necessarily the kind of book in which the beautiful princess falls in love with Rudolf, the commoner, and learns later at the big autumn ball in the castle that he is really a duke in disguise. Such books can be pretty bad, too. But I do say that we are fed up with the other kind, usually concocted by someone like George Marion, Jr., in which the princess is converted into a hot Blues singer in love with a Rudolf converted into a traveling salesman in gents' suspenders and ending up in a castle converted into a red light establishment. It mightn't be so tough on us, awful as it is, if things were allowed to rest there, but when it turns out that Rudolf is a Yale graduate and proves it by coming on in the second act in a red and green blazer and singing something about Betty Grable to the tune of *Old Nassau* in swing time—when such romantic delicatessen is served us, it's a little too much.

Then, fourthly, there's the routine matter of the show girls. Whereas in such older musicals as *The Merry Widow* and *Rosalinda* they are incorporated with some sense of value into a gala at Maxim's or a ball in Orlofsky's palace, in the latter-day shows they are dragged onto the stage without rhyme or reason and are simply stood around like dummies suffering from a suffusion of chilblains. Looking at stage after stage and seeing always the same lines of altitudinous clotheshorses doing nothing but seemingly waiting around for Flagpole Kelly to sit on them isn't the average man's idea of a particularly gay evening. And when on occasion one or more of the skyscrapers is given a line to speak and speaks it in a voice resembling a fingernail scratching a slate the gayety isn't noticeably augmented. I herewith accordingly set about proposing the organization of a Society for the Prevention of Show Girls, and announce my candidacy for the presidency.

In the fifth place, let's also have something done about the leading female singers. For one acceptable one like Ethel Merman or Gertrude Niesen we get two or three poor imitators who are apparently of the conviction that all it takes to be a Merman or Niesen is to strut down to the footlights, put on a fixed plumber's smile

Continued on page 178

We bet you'd have thought of this, too!



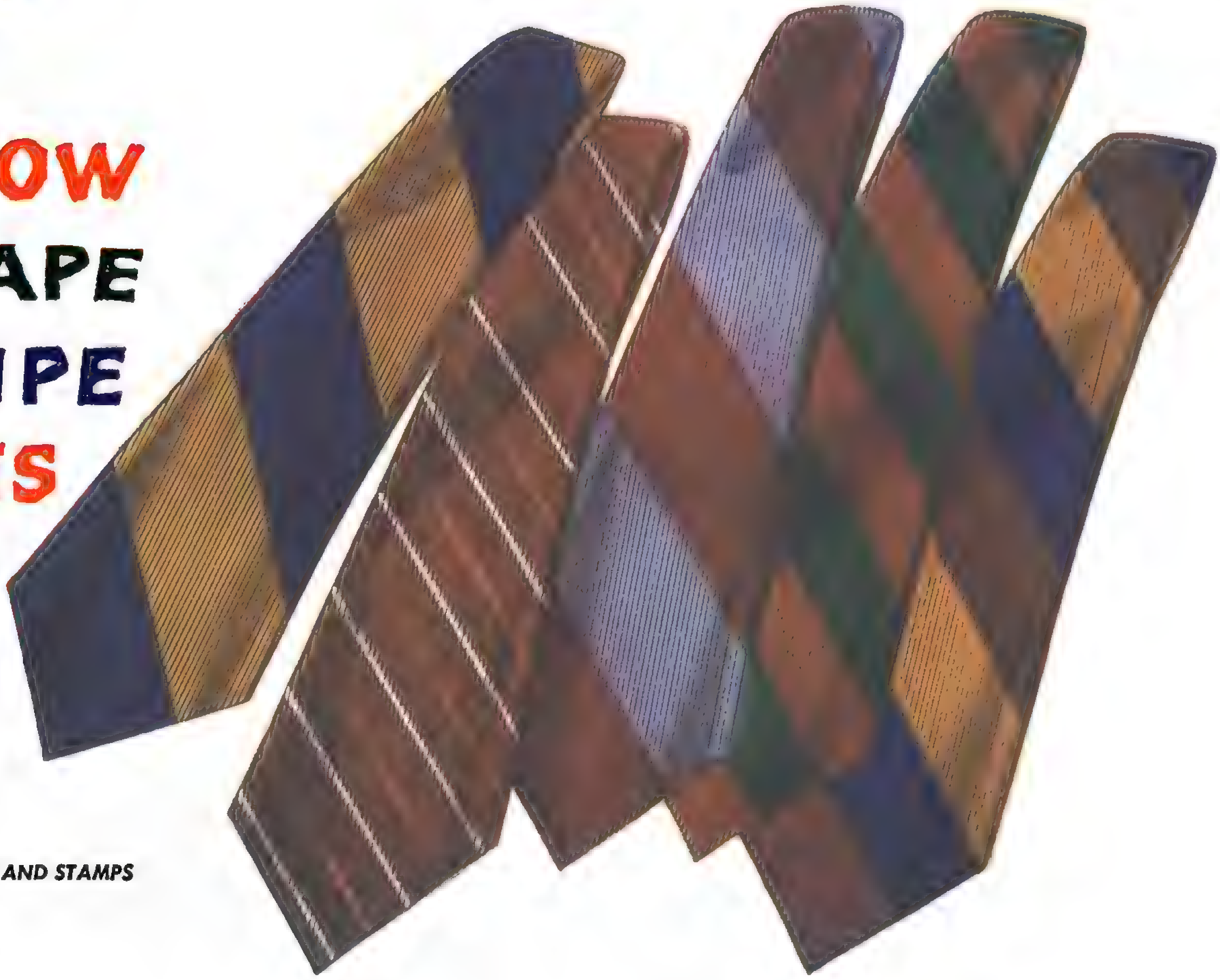
On a recent trip to Mexico, the colorful *sarapes* (pronounced sah-rah'-pehs) were among the first things that struck our fancy.

Sarapes are blankets, and the Mexicans wear them as capes—but the minute we saw them the thought came to us that sarape stripes would be wonderfully well suited to necktie patterns.

So we had the Arrow Tie designers go to work. They outdid themselves, and Arrow's Sarape Stripes are the handsomest ties you're apt to see in many a moon. *And—*

Like all Arrows, they knot neatly and resist wrinkles. See 'em today! $1. *Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

ARROW SARAPE STRIPE TIES



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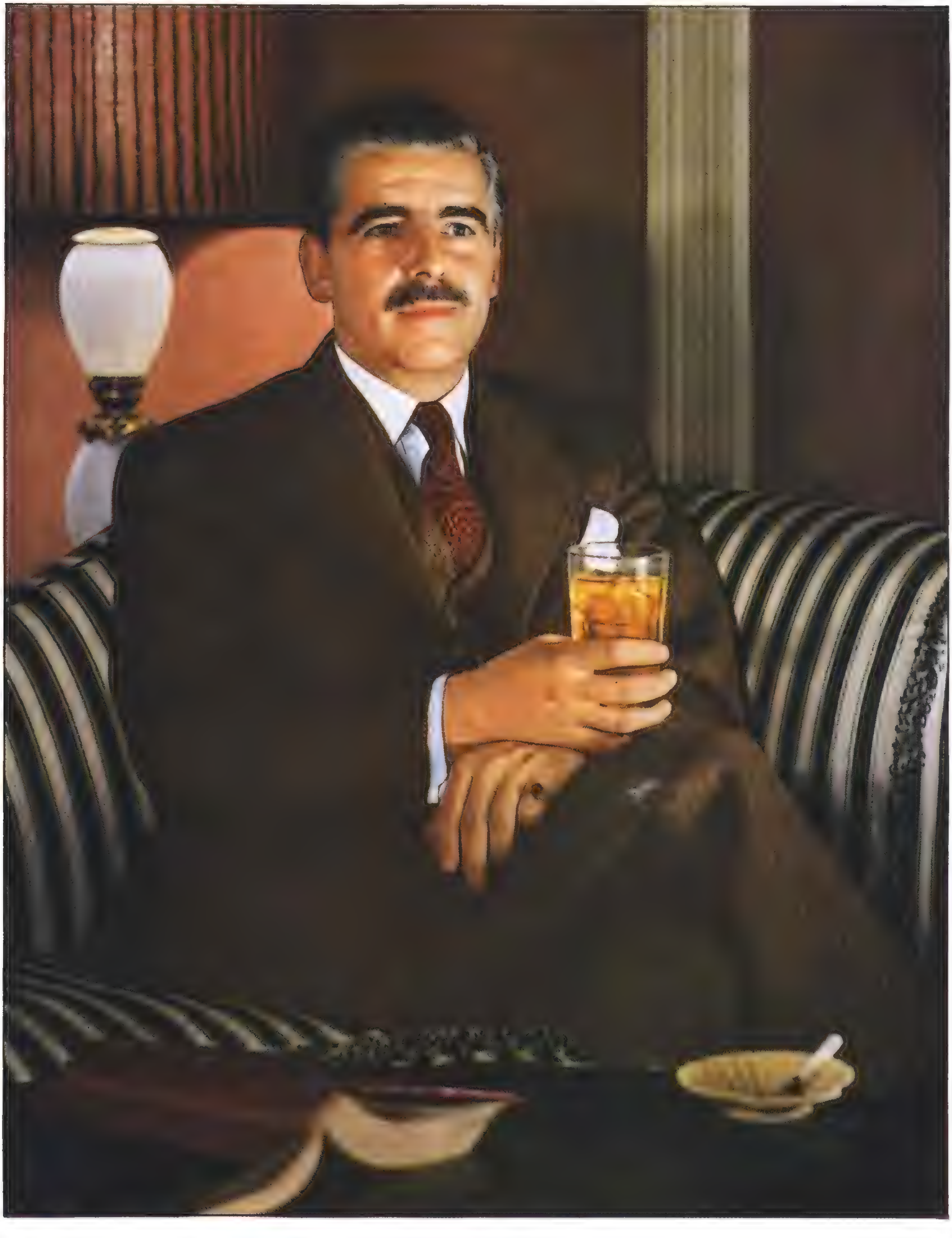
For Men of Good Taste...LORD CALVERT

Each bottle of Lord Calvert is numbered and registered at the distillery. For so *rare,* so *smooth,* so *mellow* is this "Custom" Blended whiskey, that it has only been produced in limited quantities for those who can afford the finest. It has been, for years, the most expensive whiskey blended in America. Lord Calvert is 86.8 proof, 65% grain neutral spirits. Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City.



Five-Minute Shelf

Contrasting the divergent views of Leo Cherne, Ellin Berlin and Salvador Dali

by BENNETT CERF

BOOKS

EXIT
42
UPTOWN EXPRESS
GRAND CENTRAL
Angelo

You can tell what a great artist Salvador Dali is by counting the number of people who get violently ill at exhibitions of his surrealist paintings. Better still, listen to the Master himself. "Sooner or later," he confides in a foreword to his new novel, *Hidden Faces*, "everyone is bound to come to me. Some, untouched by my painting, concede that I draw like Leonardo. Others have discovered in me literary gifts superior to the skill which I reveal in my pictures. Others proclaim that I have a unique gift for the theatre. It is difficult to avoid coming under my sway in one way or another." This modest violet is the Saroyan of the art world. Combining a marvelous technique with a macabre and diseased imagination, he has parlayed his talents to international fame on the wings of the surest instinct for self-advertising since Bernard Shaw grew a beard.

Dali's paintings, which he himself describes as "paranoiac dreams," are startling enough in themselves; the Master makes certain of front-page notices by lecturing about them in a diver's helmet. He designed a window display for a Fifth Avenue department store and, carefully bidding his time until the police, press, and a camera crew hove into sight, smashed the plate-glass window in a frenzy of what might be called spontaneous combustion. For the 1939 World's Fair he cooked up a side show of diving girls in suggestive costumes that, under the sponsorship of Billy Rose or Minsky, would have been padlocked by the police on the second night. The cops were told that this was Dali's "art," and they fell for it. Now in *Hidden Faces* he seems to be tempting fate again in the persons of self-appointed censors and postal authorities. At the time this magazine went to press, those worthies—even the Boston variety—were still too stunned to utter a syllable.

The incredible feature of *Hidden Faces* is that despite all its author's posturings and the translator's efforts to read into it a symbol of the death of Hitlerite Europe, it emerges as a corny and tedious period piece—a travesty of Proust and Huysman's, and the lurid *Justine* of the Marquis de Sade that college boys in the twenties used to smuggle onto the campus. Dali himself calls it a "long and boring true novel," and by way of clarification adds, "with the sum total of my phenomenal and polymorphous activities I shall have left in the hard skin of my epoch the unmistakable fire of my personality and the fertilizing generosity of my poetic inventions." In other words, he is Salvadoring the customers.

The hero of *Hidden Faces* is Count Hervé de Grandsailles, who goes in for medieval love potions and perversions of a singularly unsatisfactory sort. His favorite victim is Madame Solange de Cleda, who practices "Cledalism," which is Dali's way of saying that she is a kissless bride. "Grandsailles," he tells us, "was always tempted to tap Solange on the buttocks and give her a piece of sugar as one does to a thoroughbred horse." Is it any wonder that she ate out her heart for him? Cream cheese in particular reminded him of his beloved. "The slightly salt and tart taste, evoking the animal femininity of the she-goat, went straight to his heart. With a faint but delightful anguish he continued to cut into the immaculate turgescence of his Homeric dish and as he finished his cheese he decided that the familial undulations of his silverware harmonized so well with Solange's mat and oxidized pallor that the thought of marrying her sprang into his mind for the first time." This was after fifteen years of Daliance—of a strictly mental variety. The Count never learned the touch system.

Into this simple paradise entered an American heiress named Veronica Stevens (who "incarnated the myth of the victory of virgin biology") and her mother, Barbara Stevens. "Mrs. Stevens," writes Dali, in one of the occa-

Continued on page 104

Long Wearing Quality Socks
TRIBAL COLORS
AUTHENTIC PLAIDS
and all weather 6x3 ribs

Pow-Wow stripes
Totem Clocks
Argyle—true to clan colorful Scotch plaids
Year Rounder 6 x 3 rib solid colors

Now, beautifully knit in totem clocks and Pow-wow stripes come the tribal colors of North American Indians.

Just as true in color and pattern to the clans of Scotland are the Argyle plaids, and loyal to all men of good taste in all weather are these 6 x 3 ribs, well named the "Year Rounder."

You get greater comfort and longer wear in any of these socks for they are knit in full footsize the special Holeproof way, of fine soft yarn that is highly absorbent. See them at your nearest Holeproof counter.

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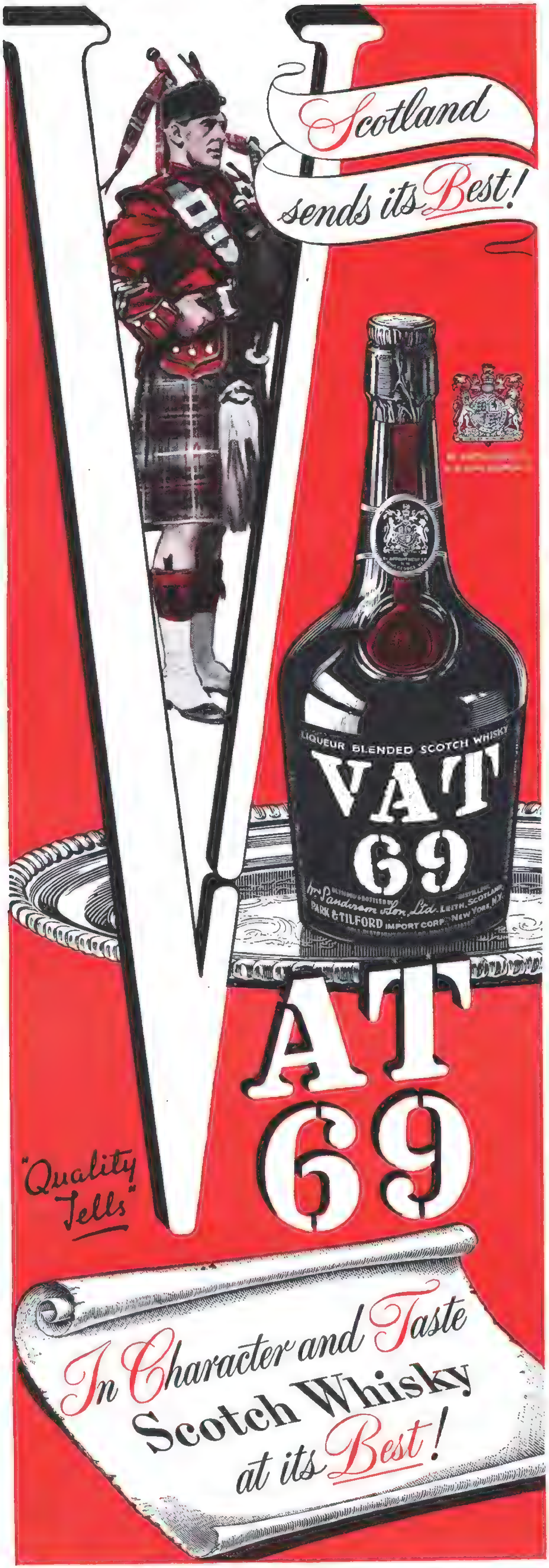
KNITTING 71 YEARS

Pacer (the sock with garter attached) will be back



Scotland sends its Best!
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
Wm Sanderson & Son, Ltd. Leith, Scotland
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP. NEW YORK, N.Y.
VAT 69
"Quality Tells"
In Character and Taste Scotch Whisky at its Best!
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y. • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF

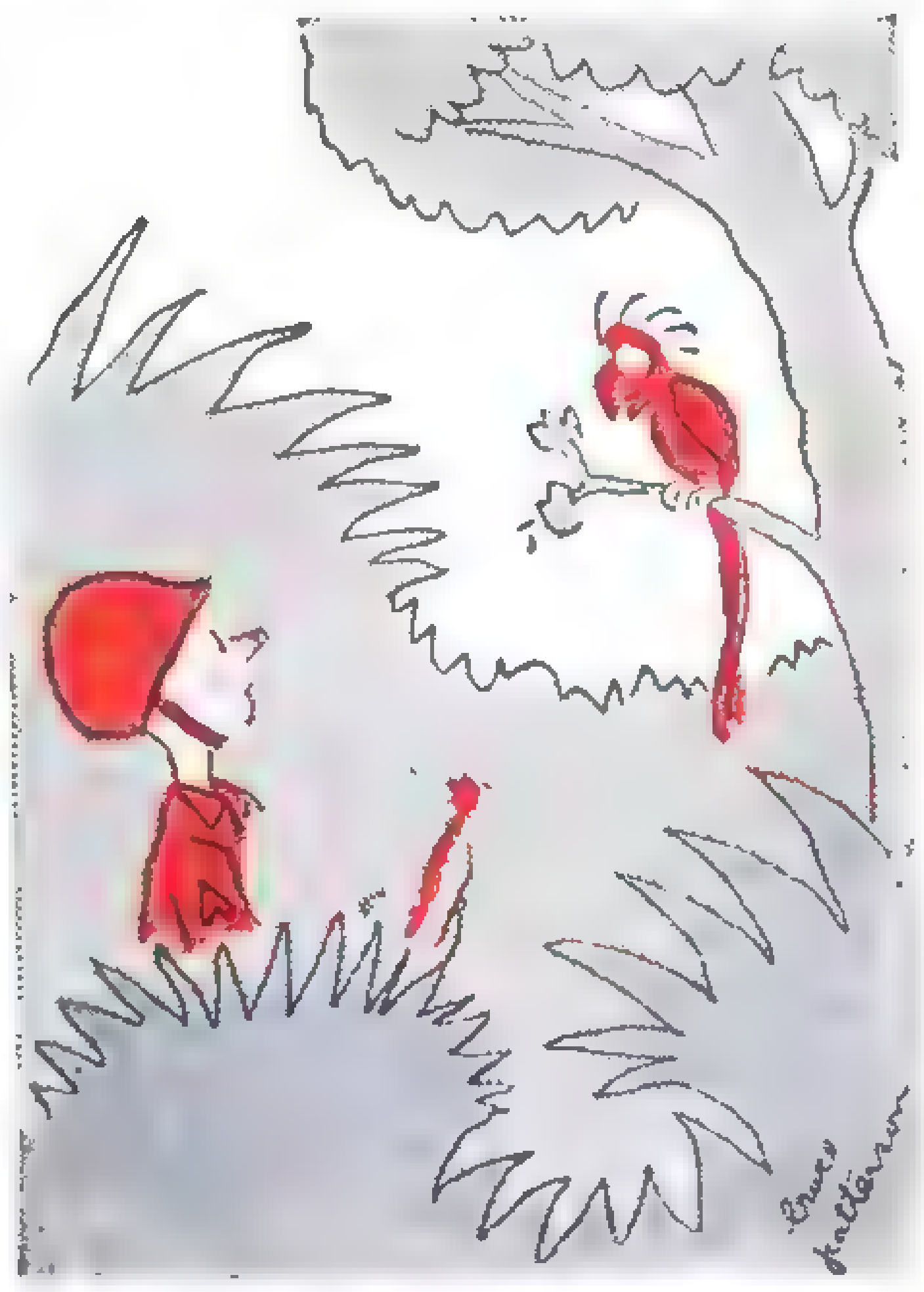
Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 103

sional flashes of real wit that pop up in this strange melange when you least expect them, "had succeeded in composing for herself a special facial expression by virtue of which she made it apparent when she entered Schiaparelli's that she had just come from the Ritz, and another whereby she showed on returning to the Ritz that she had just left Schiaparelli's."

Veronica picked up a charming innocent in Paris named Betka, whose simple diversions included smoking opium, sniffing ether and entertaining entire troupes of acrobats in her own sweet fashion. Veronica liked Betka, but Betka liked an American aviator named John Randolph. Randolph came back from the front with a leather mask which the Count de Grandsailles borrowed, thereby winning the hand of Veronica and moving out to Palm Springs, California. I hope this is all perfectly clear to you. On page 393, Adolf Hitler retires to his eagle's nest and blows up the elevator by which he ascended. He has dragged the greatest paintings in Europe with him, so if they destroy him, they destroy with him the most sublime dreams and creations of civilization. Secure in that knowledge, Hitler washes his feet. On page 408, the Count de Grandsailles returns to his ancestral seat, symbolizing, we are told, the rebirth of France. Solange has expired of unrequited love, however, and the Count marries his old nurse, aged sixty-five. This rebirth sounds as though our own elder statesmen had a hand in it!

The odd part of *Hidden Faces* is that despite its absurdities, pretentiousness and often revolting imagery, it is a hard book to put down. Haakon Chevalier, the translator, has performed a most difficult task with surpassing skill. Besides occasional flashes of wit referred to above, there are passages of genuine brilliance and distinction—windswept clearings in a lush and unhealthy jungle of decay. Current quips of dim-wits in Literary Row are that the publishers of *Hidden Faces* are busy cutting up paper Dalis and that the Dali Sisters have been signed to do the picture version in Hollywood.



"How are dem bums doing this year?"

From *Hidden Faces* to Ellin Berlin's *Land I Have Chosen* is certainly a sleeper jump, although oddly enough both books concern themselves with the same class of people, with the same backgrounds and prejudices, if not the same perversions. Mrs. Berlin has taken a stock cast of characters from the Southampton social set and their pre-war counterparts in Berlin and Paris, put them through a stock set of situations and emerged, by virtue of her skillful dialogue and patent sincerity, with one of the most thoroughly readable novels of the year.

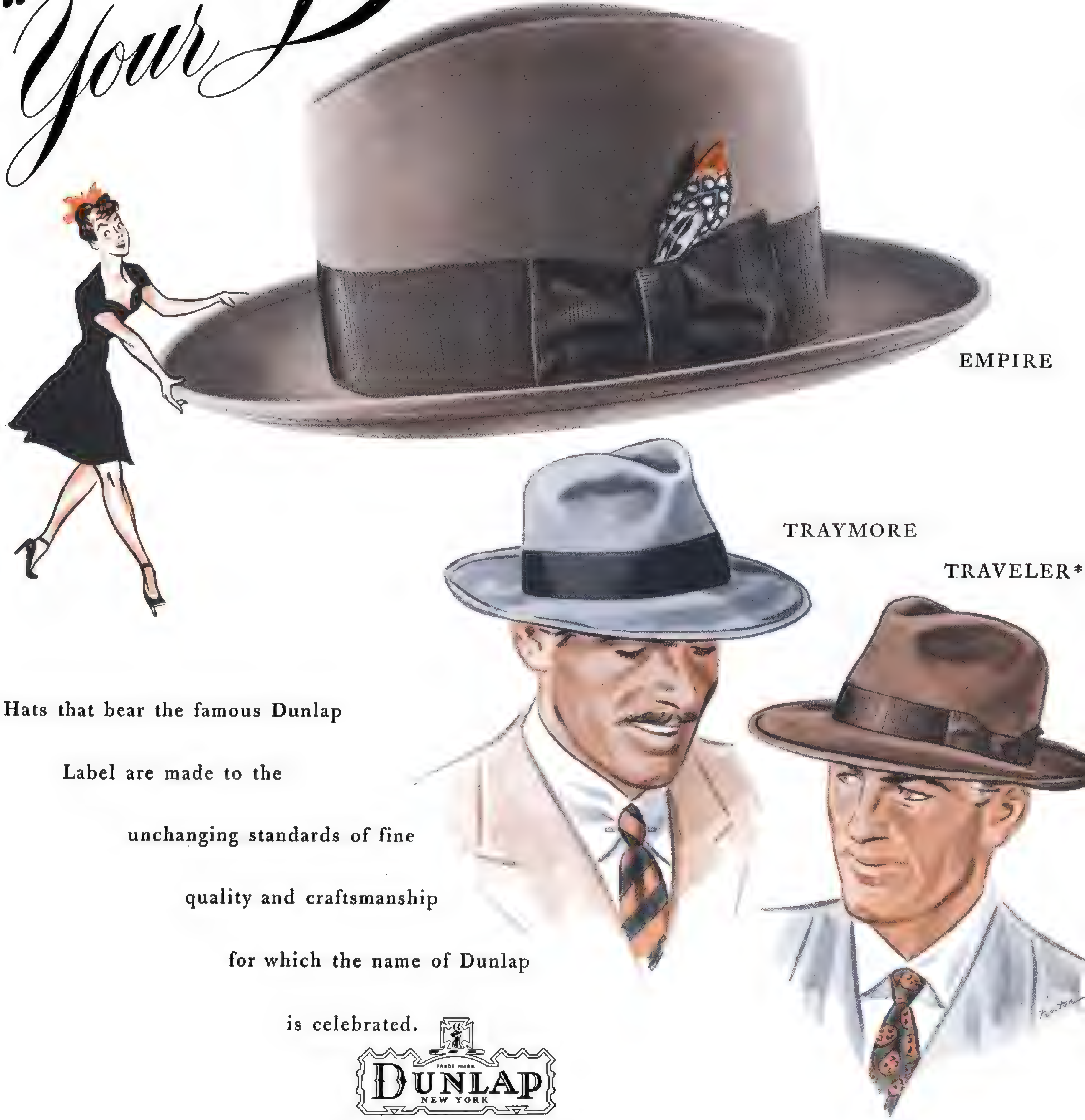
In a show of reticence that is most unusual by present-day publishing standards, the jacket blurb of *Land I Have Chosen* tells nothing of Ellin Berlin's own life, although it has been more romantic and glamorous than anything experienced by the characters in the book. Maybe the Doubleday publicity staff figured that everybody knew the facts anyhow. Maybe Mrs. Berlin herself put her foot down. At any rate, the marriage of the socially prominent and beautiful Ellin Mackay to Irving Berlin, product of the lower East Side, who had begun his career as a singing waiter in a beer hall, was a prize sensation in the kind of social columns she parodies so beautifully in her novel. That the marriage has been a glorious success is no surprise to those who know either Irving or Ellin Berlin. Here are two of the most decent and inspiring people in all the world, unspoiled by fabulous success, undaunted by social barriers, unstinting in service to fellow beings in distress.

Ellin Berlin's skill as a writer of short stories was established many years ago. Many people credit her with turning the tide for the *New Yorker* magazine. The fact seems to be that the magazine was beginning to find its audience anyhow. In its first nine months it ate up capital faster than the Fleischmanns who financed it could squeeze dividends out of yeast and butter rolls, but Harold Ross, its brilliant editor, was gradually rounding up a staff of writers and artists who could give him what he wanted. Ellin Berlin came in at the psychological moment. Her very excellent story appeared in what I believe was the first issue that showed a profit. The date was November 28, 1925. The name of the story was *Why We Go to Cabarets*. Her society friends read it, discovered how much they liked the whole magazine and subscribed in droves. Mrs. Berlin continued writing occasional short pieces, but *Land I Have Chosen* is her first novel.

"This is a story," she says, "of a world I knew. To make that

Continued on page 106

"Your Dunlap, sir..."

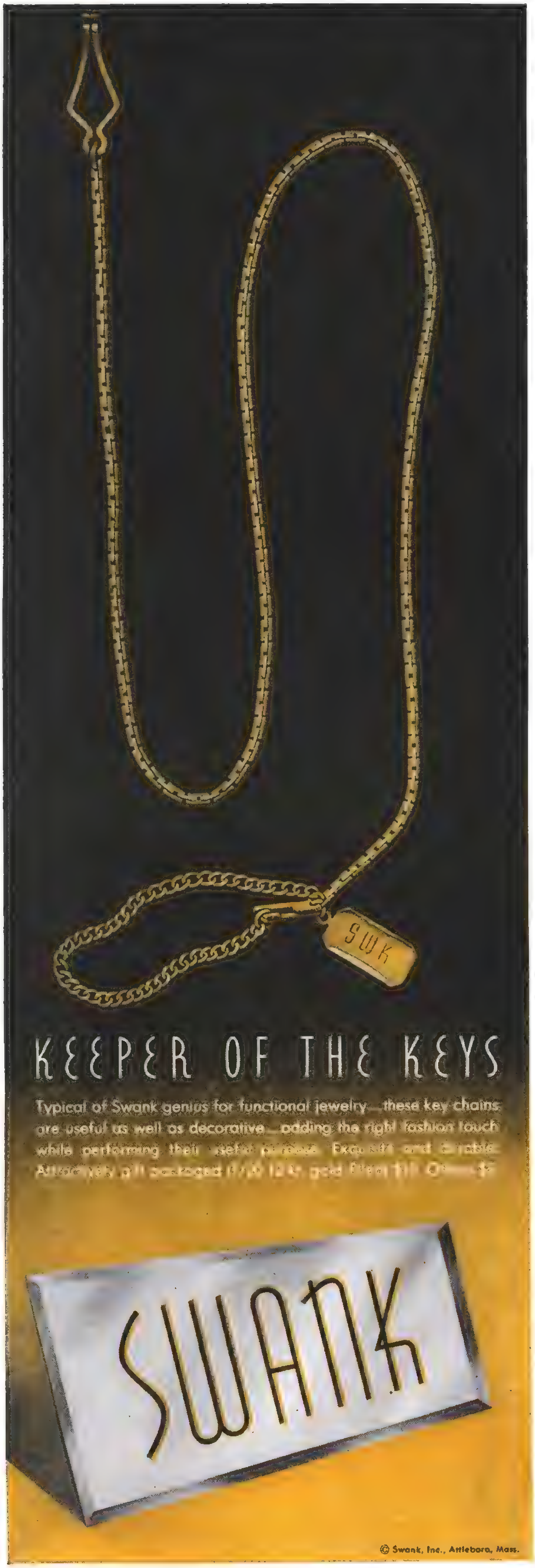


Hats that bear the famous Dunlap Label are made to the unchanging standards of fine quality and craftsmanship for which the name of Dunlap is celebrated.

TRADE MARK
DUNLAP
NEW YORK
Celebrated Hats

*Trade Mark

DUNLAP HATS · FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK · NOW BEING SHOWN BY YOUR DUNLAP DEALER


SWK
KEEPER OF THE KEYS
Typical of Swank genius for functional jewelry—these key chains are useful as well as decorative—adding the right fashion touch while performing their useful [illegible]. [illegible]
SWANK
© Swank, Inc., Attleboro, Mass.

Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 103-104

world and its time seem real again I have described actual places. I have not described any people I have ever known." She hardly can expect the reader to take that too seriously, because some of the characters—not the principal ones, to be sure—are so obviously drawn from life that even people who never were within a hundred miles of Southampton will identify them by name.

The story swirls around two beautiful, but fundamentally inimical young ladies. One of them, Lisa Blessing, an actress born in Germany, learns the hard way what American freedom means. The other, Anne Brooke, born in New York with a silver spoon in her mouth, falls for the myth of the Bolshevik menace, and voluntarily walks into the Nazi strait jacket that Lisa has struggled so desperately to shake off. In the background are a typical cast of characters for this sort of tale: the Wall Street tycoon who ends up in jail, the fat, pig-eyed opportunist who is all too willing to do business with Hitler, the lovely German grandma who turns out to be Jewish, the noble and all-knowing newspaperman who chucks his society column at just the right moment and goes off to fight for the Loyalists in Spain. Once more we can read about the market crash of 1929, the socialites screaming about Roosevelt from morning until night, the Nazi orgies of sadism and corruption, the Long Island hurricane of 1938, the tragic sell-out at Munich.

The warmth of *Land I Have Chosen*, the sure-fire ingredients and the obvious fact that Ellin Berlin is an authority on the kind of people and places she is writing about, make this a book that should dominate the best-seller lists for months. Warner Brothers have already bought the film rights for 150,000 dollars—the largest sum ever paid for a first novel prior to publication.

It seems strange that one of the gloomiest pictures of days to come in America should be painted by a man whose own life here has been overwhelmingly successful and rewarding. At thirty-two, Leo Cherne is executive secretary of the Research Institute of America. He prepares reports and analyzes trends for some of the biggest corporations in the country. At a luncheon in his honor, an awed associate whispered that he made "over two million dollars last year, and that he has seventy-five lawyers working for him." Be that as it may, Cherne has written, in *The Rest of Your Life*, a somber, dispassionate and depressingly convincing prophecy of the future in these United States. The coming peace, he predicts, will solve few of our dilemmas. Demobilized servicemen, contemptuous of stay-at-homes who "fought with words or War Bonds or even lathes" will be clannish, reactionary, demanding and reckless. Taxes won't come down. Big business will get bigger; the little fellow will find the going increasingly tough. The State will dominate our economy and way of life on a constantly increasing scale. Race riots and oppression of minorities will multiply as "the boom towns of war become the ghost towns of peace." We will have all kinds of new gadgets in our homes and factories, but our minds will go back to the witch hunting days of the past. Another war, or series of wars, may be the final result. Mr. Cherne tries hard to find future possibilities to cheer about, but the rose-colored glasses are donned because he is afraid of the reader's capacity to "take it."

Of course, everything may come to pass as Mr. Cherne predicts. Personally, I don't believe it! I think he underestimates the intelligence and determination of the American people. He is too wrapped up in the unreal and hectic world of Washington officialdom and "big business" to know what forces are brewing among the little people at home. To quote the German-born actress in Ellin Berlin's novel, "One cannot find America in the denationalized playgrounds of the little, frightened people. The ones they call little are the big ones—big in numbers and in heart and in mind. To find them you must go into the country—into the towns and the villages, the flat farm lands and the mountains."

The day that Leo Cherne lunched with us, he gobbled a bite of food and rushed away just when everybody else was settling back for coffee and the relaxing chatter that is always the best part of a meal. Maybe that's the way to make two million dollars a year. It's also the way to dyspepsia and a warped view of life.

America won't be anything like the Cherne blueprint if its people keep the lawmakers and lobbyists in Washington from throwing away the fruits of their victory.

The argument at the next table at the Stork Club had been proceeding for some time now.

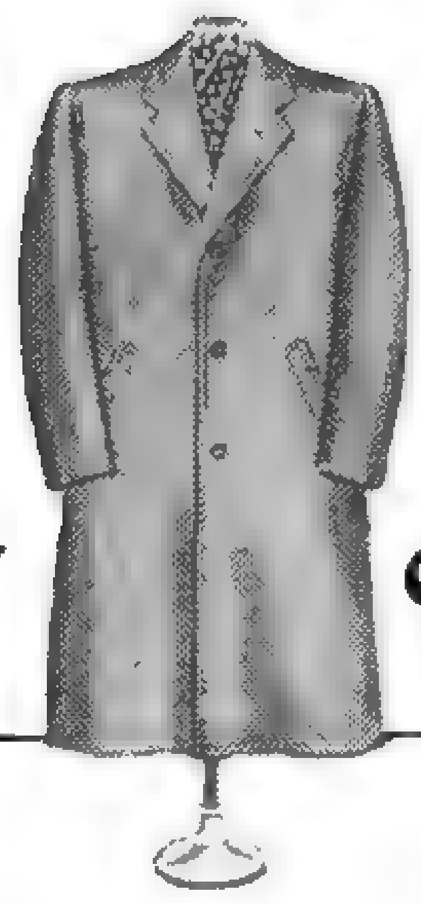
"You ask him! You're the one he smiled at when he came in."

"Don't be silly, Joan. You do it. Everyone knows he likes little blondes."

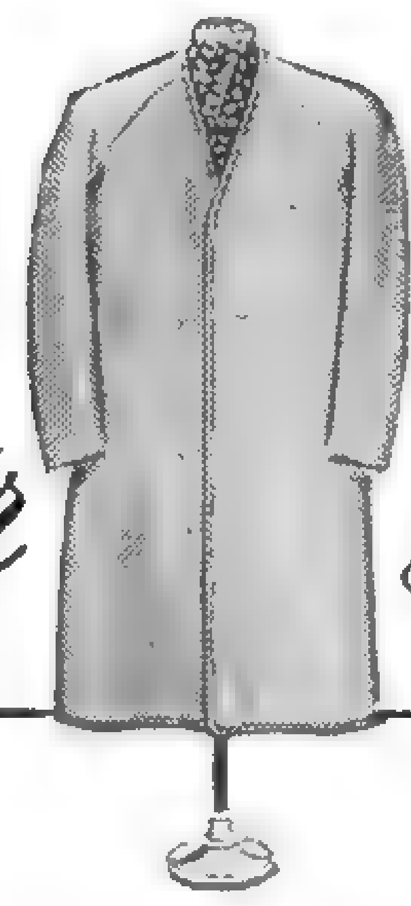
"All right," said the one called Joan finally. She gave herself a few last pats and marched up to the subject of discussion.

"Mr. Hemingway," she said, "please don't think we're terribly silly, but we've been arguing about that beautiful new beard of yours. My friend bets you sleep with it outside the covers. I'm sure you're the kind of man who tucks it inside. Which is it?"

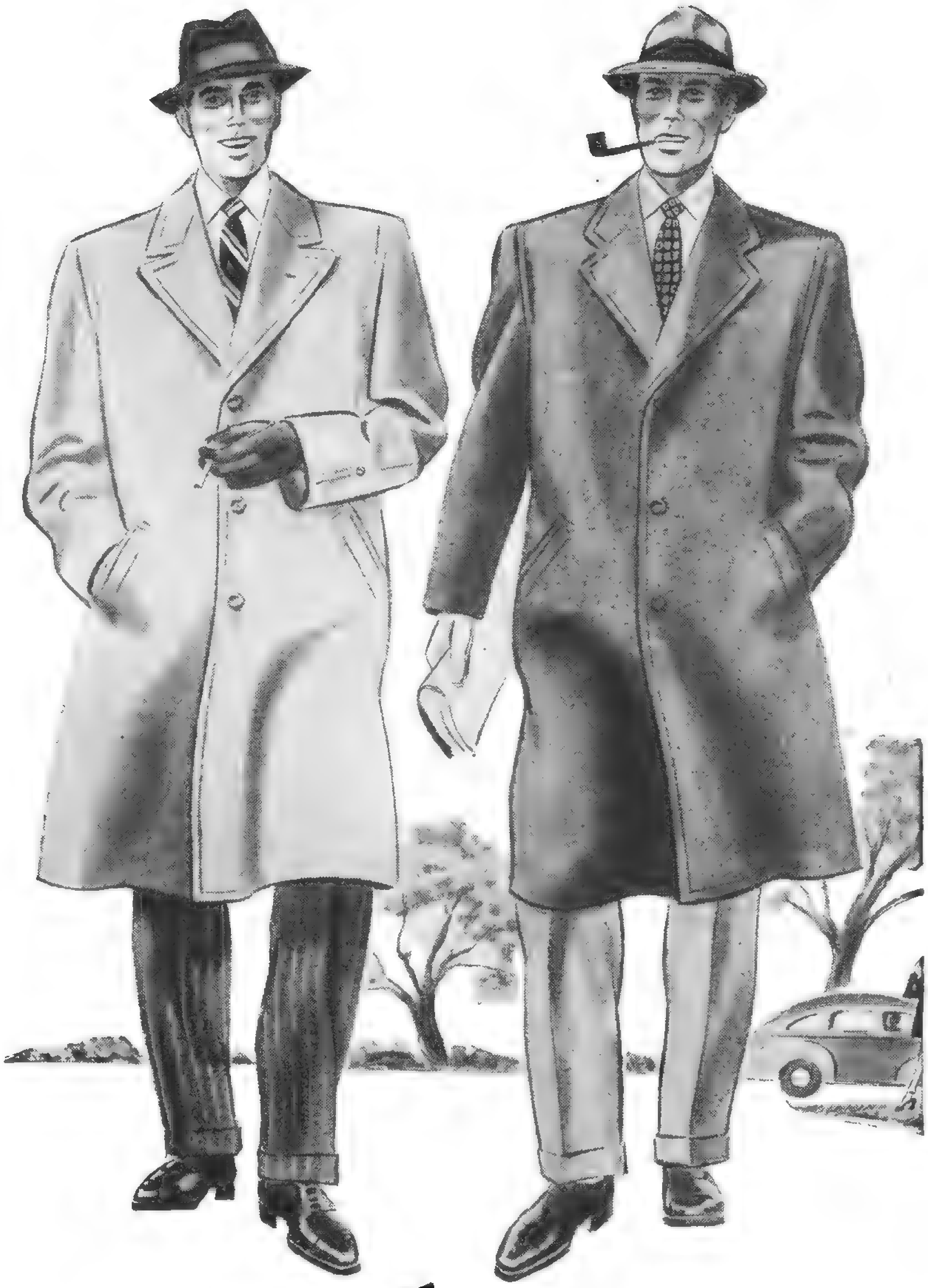
"Young lady," said Ernest Hemingway firmly, "I sleep on my stomach." ##



BUY A FAMOUS *Season Skipper* TOPPER NOW!



BUY THE *Winter Lining* ONLY WHEN AND IF YOU WANT IT!



Season Skipper pioneers the most sensible men's coat idea in years

HERETOFORE, coats with removable linings had to be bought *with the lining* whether you wanted it or not. But here's an entirely new idea! Buy the 100% wool *Topper alone* now and you have a smart fall topcoat! Then buy the all-wool button-in *winter lining* only *when* and *if* you want it! In it goes, sleeves and all . . . and presto . . . a nice warm winter overcoat! You may buy the winter lining where you bought the Topper . . . or at any store in the country that sells Season Skippers. Most men buy both at once and are prepared for all kinds of weather.

★ ★ ★

WITH Season Skipper's new button-in feature you can't tell whether the lining's in or out! The buttonholes where you attach it are cleverly hidden by a patented fly-panel. No bothersome metal attachments to pull it out of shape . . . no jamming or sticking! Lining in or lining out, Season Skipper always keeps its trim tailored lines! Made of fine all-wool gabardines, coverts and tweeds. At better stores everywhere!

Write for name of nearest dealer to C. B. Shane Corp.
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Season Skipper
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

$45 and up for the Topper.
All-wool button-in lining $10

*in goes a lining . . . sleeves and all**

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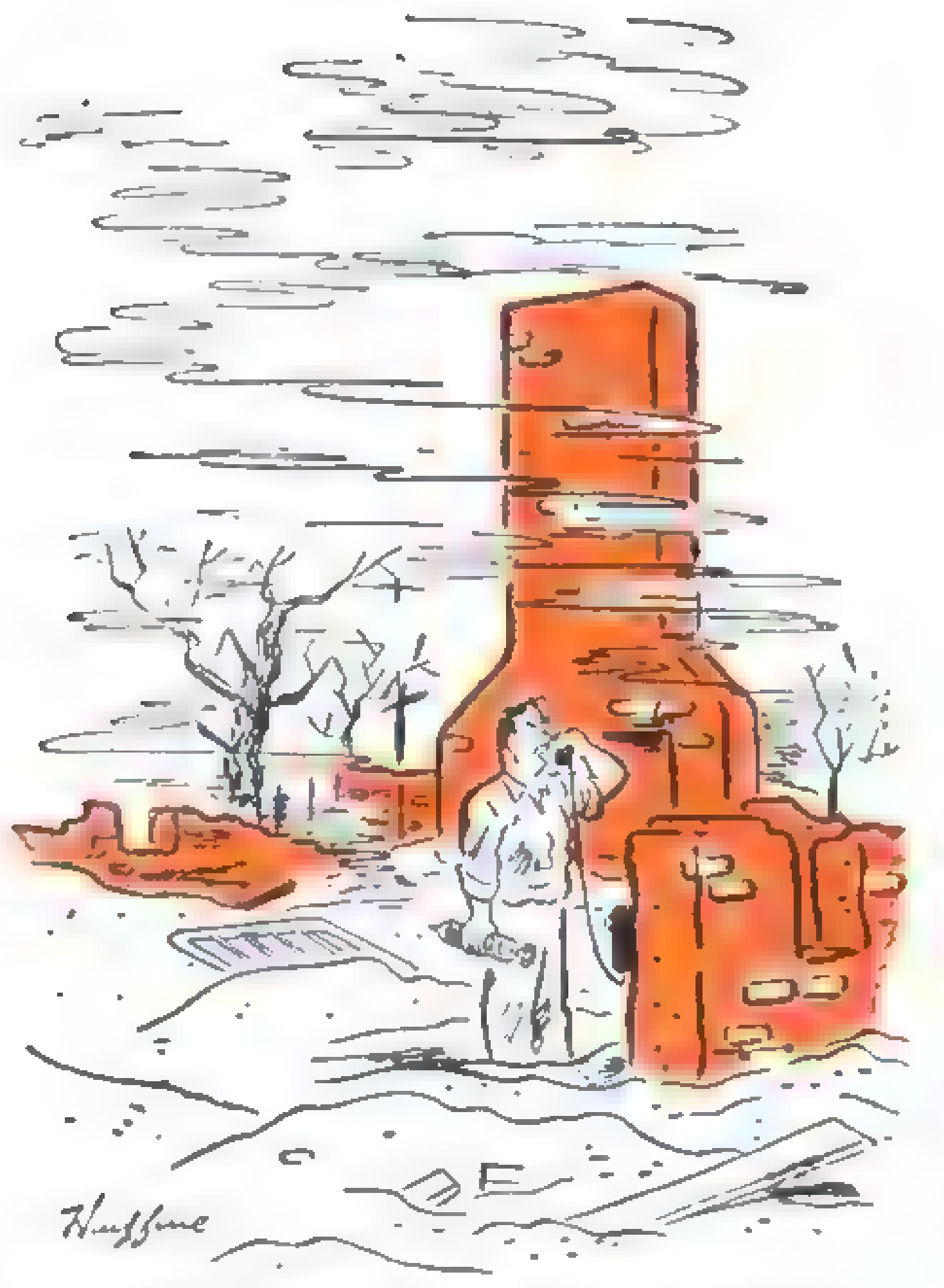
PRESENTS
PIGSKIN BELTS
Custom-crowned hazel pigskin with fine lustrous finish $2.50
Two-tone pigskin with welt-crowned center—lined on horsehide $2.50
Welt crown pigskin with tooled creasing—lined on pigskin, too $3.50
PIONEER
PIONEER
"For Men Who Care What They Wear"
BRACES • BELTS • GARTERS • WALLETS
PHILADELPHIA

Respite for Thirsts

Heralding more of the drinks that cheer, since distillers have filled current war needs

by **LAWTON MACKALL**

• POTABLES •



"Craig Fire Extinguisher Company—Complaint Department, please"

We consumers were well-wishing, purely unselfishly, though hopes of gin and whiskey may have traipsed across our imagination. We felt that an industry which, working night and day for nearly two solid years, had turned out approximately 475,000,000 gallons of 190 proof alcohol for smokeless powder and synthetic rubber (the latter alone using the equivalent of 184,000,000 highballs daily), and was ahead of its program, *deserved* a holiday. And if it chose to spend that holiday toiling for the human hatch—well, look at the results! Black market boffed. Favorite brands available again—and visible. Cats and dogs being cut-rated to little more than their true worth. Bootleggers brokenhearted. Dry Martinis that taste like Dry Martinis.

Stringency has been eased in part, but not cured. All that the War Production Board granted was the time off, like a guy telling his secretary, "Miss Tapper, I find I shan't be needing you this afternoon, so if you want to go to a matinee, go ahead," but not furnishing any tickets. He's not in the theatre ticket business, and neither is the W.P.B. concerned with whiskey and what it takes in the matter of mash materials. *They* are under the custodianship of the War Food Administration which, when asked, couldn't see its way to any such use of corn, needed enormously as feed for hogs, cattle and poultry. So bourbon was out. And rye whiskey was hardly worth attempting either, because most of the well-known brands are mixed-mash propositions, as is true also of the bourbons, the label designation "rye" or "bourbon" signifying that rye or corn had an equity of not less than 51 per cent in the original setup.

Even had the correct mashes been available, whiskies of these types would have afforded not a drop of shortage relief. It would be raw, rude stuff to lay away in charred barrels in a warehouse till it gradually smoothed down and colored up and became fit for bottling or blending. Bondeds, under government lock and guarantee, take four years—whereas the holiday handed the distillers, with best wishes for success in building up supply to meet demand of civilians from coast to coast, plus that of the Armed Forces, was four weeks.

They have done it with the aid of their "liquid working capital," confining their distilling to neutral spirits which come out of the kettle clear and clean and require no aging whatsoever. Straight, this alcohol-on-its-own is used as a vehicle for the flavors and hues of whiskies of diverse characters and ages, all of which have been thickening up year by year, losing five per cent of their volume per annum. The results are light-bodied brands which, classed as spirit-blend whiskies, have smoothness, streamlined verve and a message that Papa likes to listen to. If they lack the grandeur of the great bondeds and the sublime serenity of the super-ancient super-de luxes (mostly drunk up, alas), they at least are agreeable.

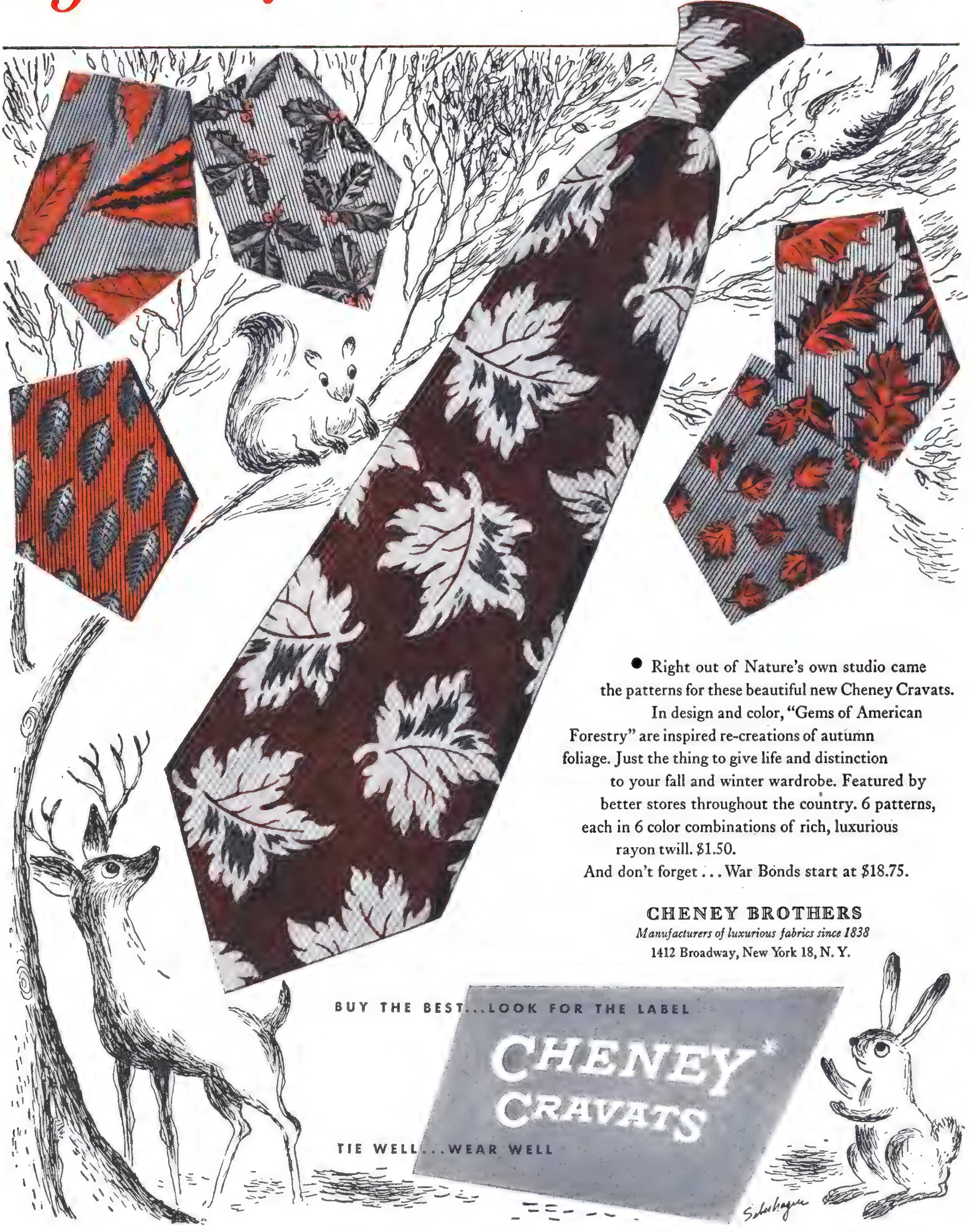
The same vehicle, distilled or redistilled with juniper berries, angelica oil, coriander seed, dried orange peels and other aromatics (exact prescription a heavy secret), emerges as gin—which to me is the apex of the holiday achievement. For I bow the glass to fine American gin, of which there are several outstanders, produced by companies possessing the necessary lore, care, equipment and resources. Today those resources have to include a precious, well-nigh irreplaceable store of aromatics, and only the top-flight concerns have proved themselves that provident. Or are they just lucky?

With its proof dropped a few notches, gin takes on the raspberryish color and the tangy sweetness of the sloe berry (so-called; actually a breed of plum) to become sloe gin, readily fizzed up into a pink drink that cools people. Getting back to our ve-

Continued on page 110

They're Naturals! . . . THESE NATURE-DESIGNED

"Gems of American Forestry"



● Right out of Nature's own studio came the patterns for these beautiful new Cheney Cravats. In design and color, "Gems of American Forestry" are inspired re-creations of autumn foliage. Just the thing to give life and distinction to your fall and winter wardrobe. Featured by better stores throughout the country. 6 patterns, each in 6 color combinations of rich, luxurious rayon twill. $1.50.

And don't forget . . . War Bonds start at $18.75.

CHENEY BROTHERS
Manufacturers of luxurious fabrics since 1838
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CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE "FINGERNAIL TEST?"

1 Scratch your head and see! If you find signs of dryness or loose, ugly dandruff, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula. Grooms, relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Buy large size for greater economy.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

2 Keeps your hair well combed all day long, and without a trace of that greasy look! And grooming without grease means no more stained hatbands, no greasy pillow slips! Your hair looks good and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS LANOLIN! GROOMS THE HAIR RELIEVES DRYNESS REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it closely resembles the oil of the human skin. No wonder 4 out of 5 users in a nation-wide test prefer it to the hair tonics they had been using. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil goes a long, long way. Get it today from your barber or druggist.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!
US
SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL FORMULA for the hair
NON-ALCOHOLIC
GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF
Pour small amount into palm of hand. Apply to hair and massage. Dampen hair with water and comb.
CONTAINS Liquid Petrolatum Oxycholesterol Refined Lanolin Cholesterol
Distributed by WILDROOT CO., INC. BUFFALO, N.Y. MADE IN U.S.A.
CONTENTS 5 FL. OZS.
WILDROOT

Respite for Thirsts

Continued from page 108

hicle's neutral state, we find it a chameleon, involved in liqueurs of sundry tints, spiking any that brandy hasn't nailed. Pungented with woodsy zing à la Russe, it's vodka. Junipered to the gills, it's Holland gin.

The official score for the holiday hasn't been posted at this writing. Optimists are guessing it will be as high as 200,000,000 "fifths." But there's many a hitch to be reckoned on, such as dearth of barrels and cartons and shortage of labor for the bottling lines. Even so, the relief we are already obtaining in the form of actual bottles with old familiar labels on them and real stuff inside isn't exactly inauspicious. And the parade is growing.

For the seventeen monopoly states it means just plain deliverance. Back in peacetime, trade at their state-operated stores was brisk and blithe, yielding a nice dependable revenue, with never a worry as to inventory replenishment; any time an item ran low, the state board had only to say so to the supplier and the desired carload or two would be rushed. Then suddenly a change came over the picture, followed by more changes. Parcel patrons were rationed, some of them using their ration books to obtain bottles for resale at highbinder prices to transients, especially servicemen. (I've seen this with my own eyes.) The board members were in there pitching, but the situation was beyond their control.

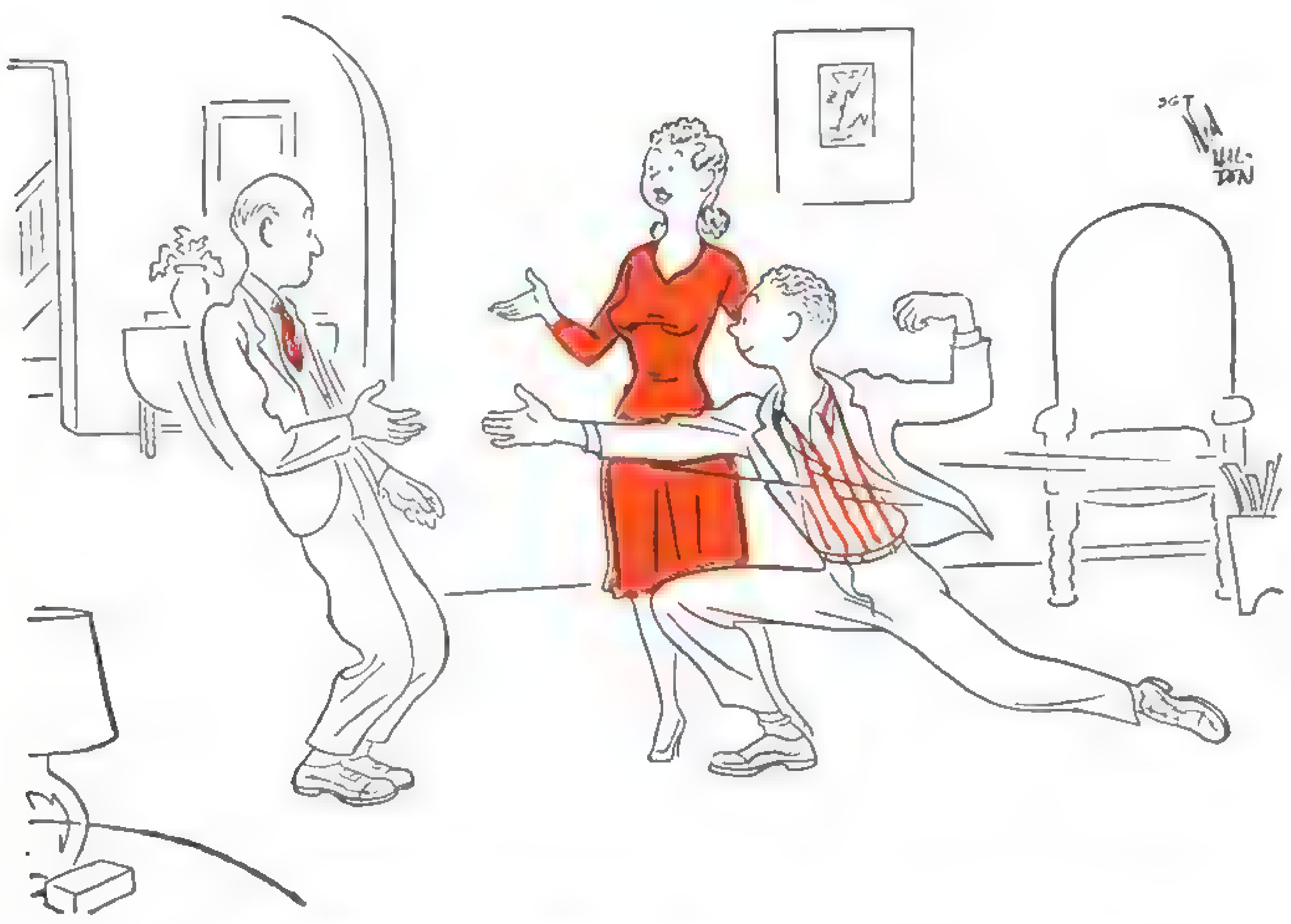
Shared nationwide, August's output ought to last us five or six months, but there's no telling with so many shelves and cupboards needing restocking. One thing is certain, however: the U. S. Treasury's tax take from the holiday benefits will run pretty close to half a billion dollars. Which prompts the question—If a holiday can be that useful, how about having another?

The if and when, it seems, will depend on the progress of events, and on the grain situation, for there's a limit to the expediency of drawing down on your reserves without replacing with younger whiskies. The way to avoid it is to make whiskey. Corn? Oh, there'll be some available, it appears. Last year's corn crop was the largest on record, yet it wasn't enough on account of the tremendous number of livestock; some had to be fed rye. This year's promises to be just as big, and there are a lot fewer pigs and cattle, and all that the distilling industry is asking is one-seventh of one per cent. Or, rather, three-quarters of one-seventh of one per cent; the other quarter of one-seventh of one per cent would be salvaged for the farm animals as valuable feed, rich in proteins. So don't be surprised if Holiday No. 2 materializes—or, better still, a partial resumption.

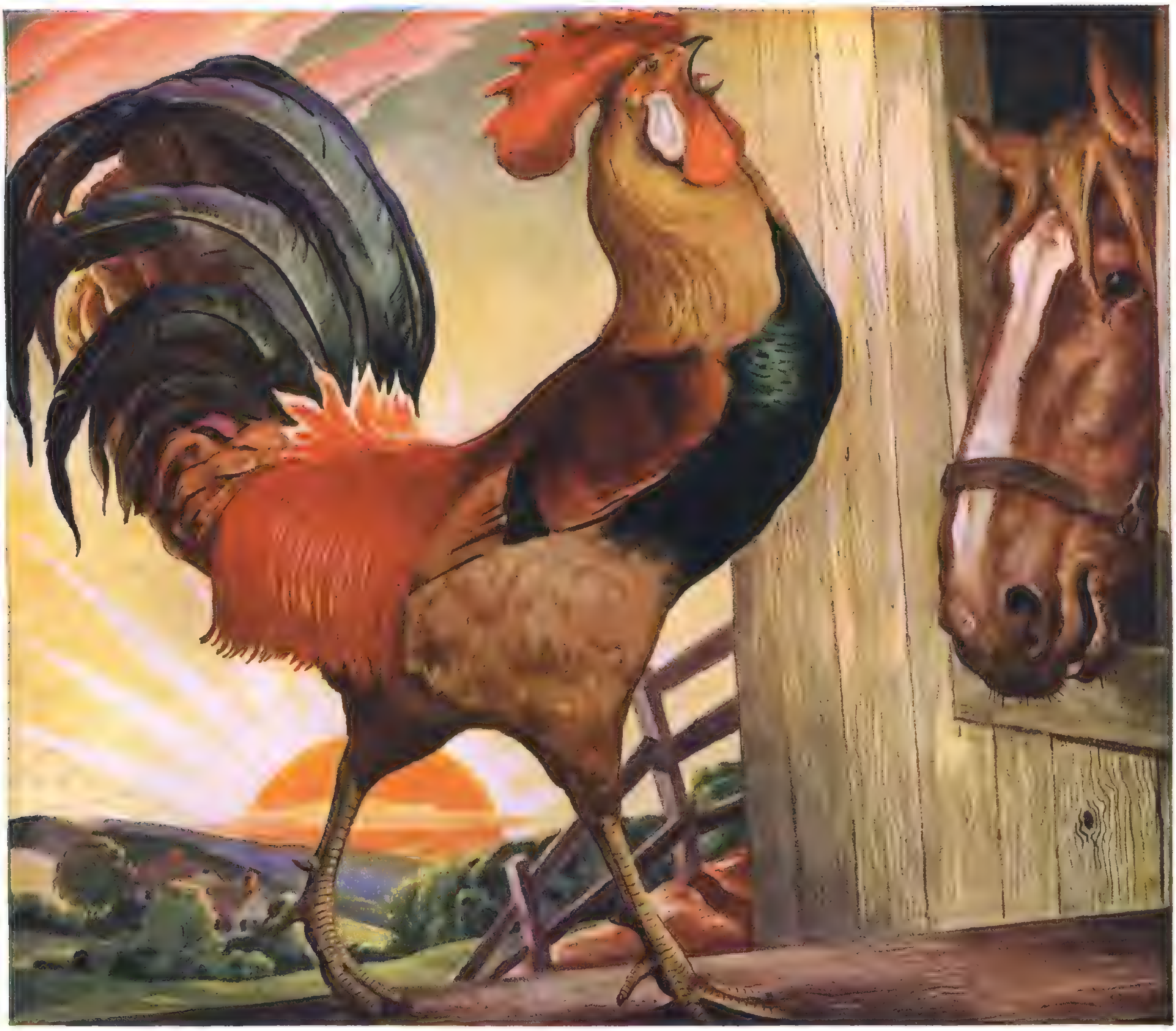
You see, good liquor has a tax-gathering assignment which is pretty enormous and it's fidgeting to get going on it. You know those "E" bonds that everybody's been buying? Well, Uncle Sam's up against the fact that a day is coming when those pieces of paper will have to be settled for at face value, to the tune of billions upon billions upon billions, right up to the chandelier. So J. Barleycorn, munitions chemist, is elected to corral moolah from all social circles and do it painlessly. Nine dollars a proof gallon is about a buck a "fifth" by the time you've added the state and local assessments, so come across cheerfully.

And don't think of Uncle Sam's loving bite as superimposed upon the price of the liquor. No, you're paying for his kindness in permitting the drinking you've done in connection with Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness; and *then* you're paying for the liquor.

As for the large, complicated establishments that such bottles hail from—establishments built and operated by private capital—they were ready and waiting when wanted as war plants, and the dove of peace won't turn them into white elephants, for they have a job to do, and I hear they turn out nice work. ⌗



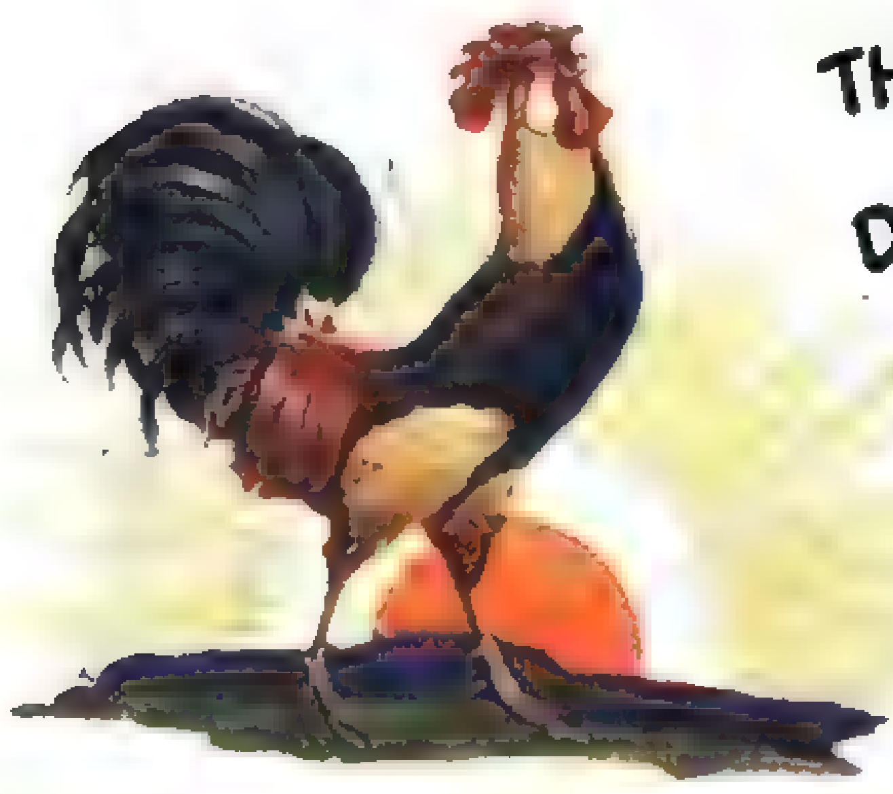
"Mr. Morgan, I want you to meet John—he's a champion fencer"



Like a Breath of Sunny Morning

THINK back to the most perfect, sparkling-bright morning you ever saw . . . and you'll have some idea how fresh and sunny, how mellow and light is the taste of SCHENLEY Reserve! That pleasant freshness of flavor didn't just *happen* . . . it's the result of *genius*—no less—*in blending!* Literally "like sunny morning in your glass", it's no wonder it's such a favorite among America's finer whiskies.

One sip alone will tell you more about *why* SCHENLEY Reserve is such an outstanding favorite than any crowing of ours!



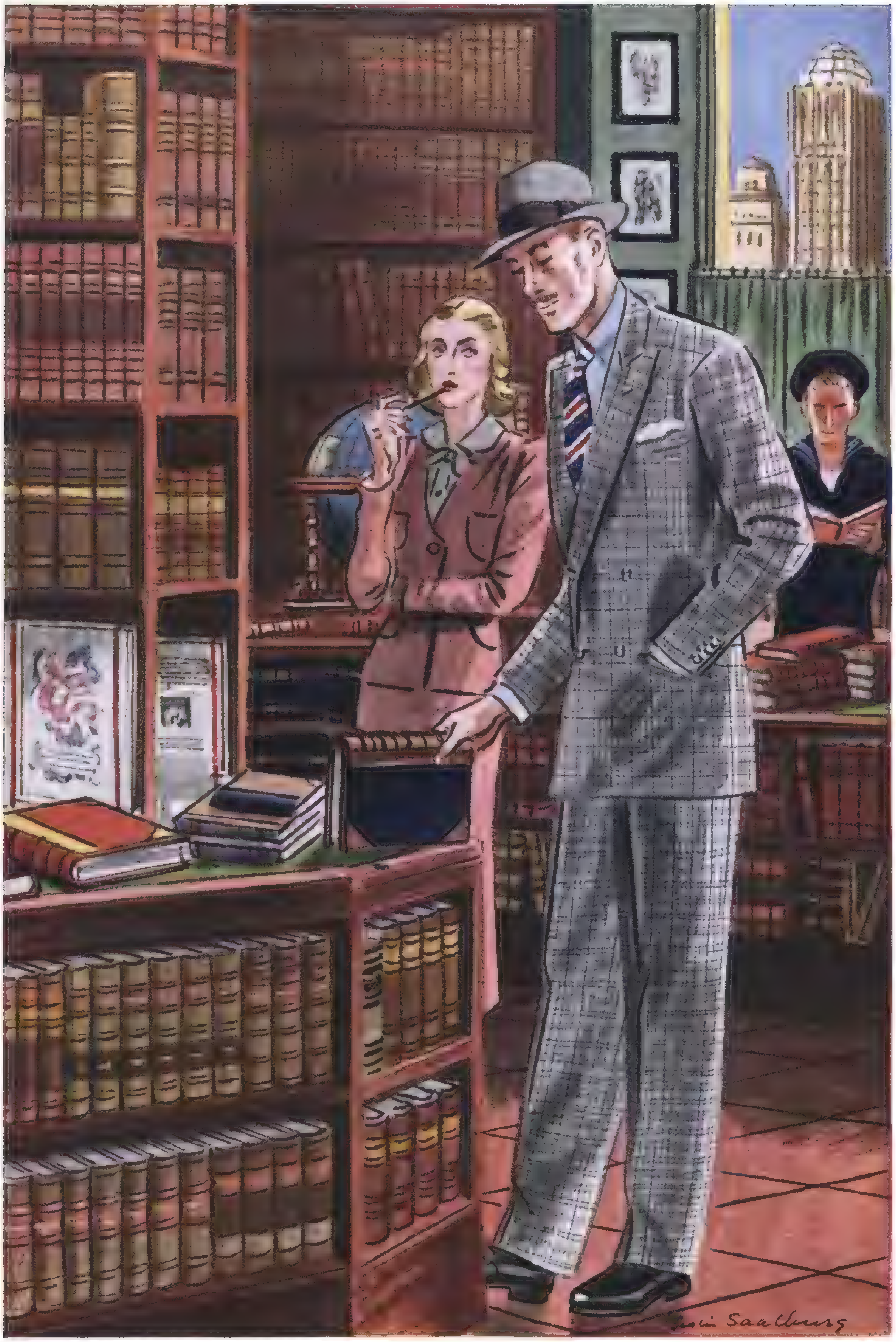
THEY NEED YOUR HELP
DOWN ON THE FARM

You're in the fight, too—when you help to harvest our vital farm crops. See your local U. S. Employment Service . . . and spend your spare time down on the farm—for Victory!

SCHENLEY
Reserve
BLENDED WHISKEY

SCHENLEY
RESERVE

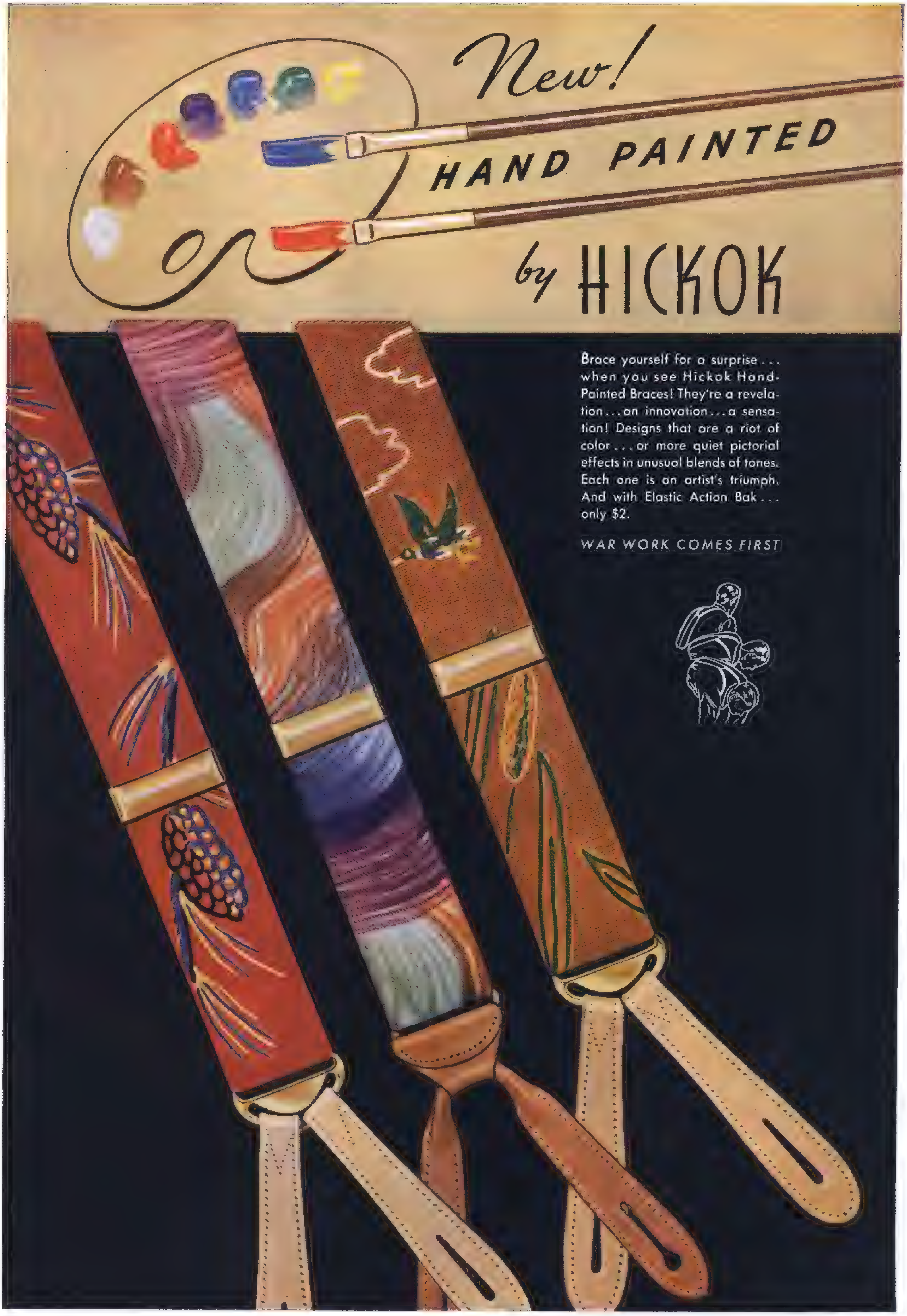
Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City, 86 proof—sixty per cent neutral spirits distilled from fruit and grains



new fashion edition

The book store browser, looking over a volume of a limited edition, apparently has found what he is seeking. We don't know if it's among critics' selections, but the cover would probably add to the beauty of any bookshelf. His suit is really a new fashion edition. It's another version of the light tone in clothes for Fall. The light and dark grey threads are interlaced to form the Glen Urquhart plaid. Blue stripes, woven in between, give the suit a bluish tinge. The jacket, with soft roll lapels, is a broad shouldered model that fits closely over the hips. The blue broadcloth shirt has that pale faded look so becoming to most men. The regimental tie of blue, silver and red stripes is an example of the textile technician's skill. It's rayon with a dull finish, so the silks from the Japs are not missed. His brownish grey hat combines with this suit, as do the black straight-tip shoes with lightweight soles.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

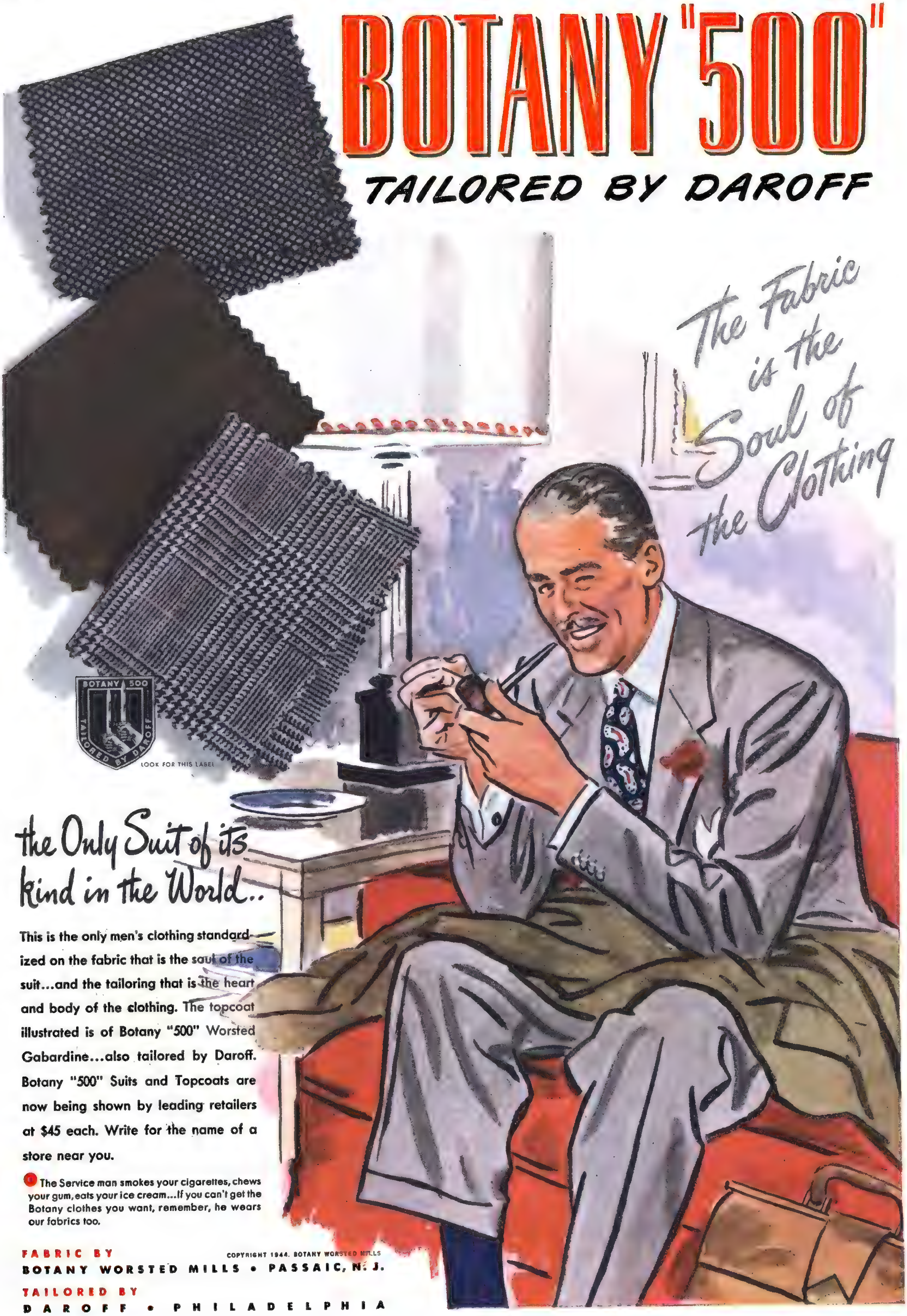


Brace yourself for a surprise . . . when you see Hickok Hand-Painted Braces! They're a revelation . . . an innovation . . . a sensation! Designs that are a riot of color . . . or more quiet pictorial effects in unusual blends of tones. Each one is an artist's triumph. And with Elastic Action Bak . . . only $2.

WAR WORK COMES FIRST

BOTANY "500"

TAILORED BY DAROFF


The Fabric is the Soul of the Clothing
BOTANY 500
TAILORED BY DAROFF
LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

the Only Suit of its kind in the World..

This is the only men's clothing standardized on the fabric that is the soul of the suit...and the tailoring that is the heart and body of the clothing. The topcoat illustrated is of Botany "500" Worsted Gabardine...also tailored by Daroff. Botany "500" Suits and Topcoats are now being shown by leading retailers at $45 each. Write for the name of a store near you.

● The Service man smokes your cigarettes, chews your gum, eats your ice cream...If you can't get the Botany clothes you want, remember, he wears our fabrics too.

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The Sporting Scene

Pro or amateur, playing at country club or city links, a golfer's a man for a'that

by **HERB GRAFFIS**

SPORTS

Bruce Bairnsfather

ROBERT E. HARLOW, who made golf history as manager of Walter Hagen and later as manager of the Professional Golfers Association Tournament Bureau, thinks there is a sound historical trend in the golf promotions of the provocative George S. May.

In Esquire the eminent and sprightly O. B. Keeler has written of May's activities as of questionable value to the ancient and honorable game. Harlow disagrees with his bosom comrade Keeler in the following letter to this observer of The Sporting Scene. Harlow and Keeler discussions have intrigued locker-room listeners here and abroad for many years and have accounted for the dispersal of many a fluent quart.

Harlow's reference to Marie Antoinette's dietetic advice indicates another field in which the veteran, versatile golf impresario is an acknowledged authority—the field of knife-and-fork sport.

Harlow writes:

Mr. Keeler does not approve of the circus golfing operations of Mr. George S. May, or of any effort to change the present control of amateur golf in America, as represented by the activities of the United States Golf Association.

I want to start this and end it with remarks about my favorite of all the Bourbons, Marie Antoinette of France, the gal who was also 100 proof Bourbon and came to the ultimate end of all Bourbons. The proletariat cut off Marie's head.

It so happens that Mr. May has projected himself into the American golfing picture and is up on a horse entered in the post-war amateur golfing stakes in America. It's the horse that counts; not Mr. May.

Mr. May is spearhead of the movement for prizes of more value, for travel expenses and other concessions to amateur golfers to which Mr. Keeler and practically all of the Bourbons, including the U.S.G.A., do not approve. Let Mr. Keeler defend the Bourbons. I will defend the proletariat. They have had theirs, as former President Cal Coolidge said when Mrs. Coolidge suggested he pour a second drink for the Boston newspapermen.

But Mr. Keeler comes out for the Bourbons, 100 proof. He glories in that smug atmosphere of superiority which the Bourbons affect. He yearns for the private club of limited membership, with deep leather chairs, perfect service (pre-war of course) double whiskey and soda (also pre-war). These clubs formerly pulsated with the wealth of the community in which they were situated. The lawns were well kept, the greens were excellent. The professional and the rest of the hired help addressed the members as Mister and in return were addressed as plain Jives.

The atmosphere in these clubs was exhilarating. The buffet used to tempt the members with stomach ulcers. The chefs could turn delicious food into the prettiest hole on the golf course. We have looked with admiration at a tee made out of asparagus tips, a fairway of fresh garden peas, a green fashioned from colored ice cream, with a red cherry atop a toothpick for the flag. The bunkers were made of cottage cheese.

Those were happy days. The Bourbons, 100 proof, sat around and drank 100 proof scotch and never gave a thought to the astonishing revelation of history, that change is practically as certain as death and taxes.

The old U.S.G.A. has carried on for the most part in an upright manner, although its record for sportsmanship is not without blemish. It has been guilty in the past of giving its favorites somewhat the best of it at times when absolute impartiality was called for. A good deal of evidence on this could be presented. The Bourbons know how to protect their own.

One glaring example is the manner in which the municipal-links golfers, who are not members of member clubs of the U.S.G.A., are shuttled off into the national municipal links championships and

Continued on page 116

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The Sporting Scene

Continued from page 115

only a handful of the survivors in that event are permitted to compete in the U. S. G. A. amateur championship, which is recognized as the national amateur championship.

There is altogether too great a differential in the number of municipal links players and U.S.G.A. club members in the starting field of the U.S.G.A. amateur championship. So great a difference that even before the war ended U. S. G. A. championships for the duration, the setup was unfair. In post-war amateur golf the present arrangement will be entirely untenable from any standpoint of justice or sportsmanship in an event which if not so designated by the U.S.G.A. is, nevertheless, recognized as the national amateur championship.

In post-war American amateur golf, sectional qualifying rounds for what is considered the national championship must be available to all amateurs and participation based on but two things, amateur status and skill at the game. Some arrangement must be made so that amateurs unable to pay their own way to the championship may have their expenses defrayed.

The U.S.G.A. has tolerated for years the general practice of clubs or friends paying expenses to tournaments of skillful players. Many a poor boy has been made a member of a private club so that he could represent his club in national competition. His expenses were paid. Nothing was ever done about this situation, which was most unfair to all amateurs not quite good enough to be "tapped" by a private club for membership. The method has become dated.

This was the old way, the Bourbon way of doing it. A number of the poor boys who were awarded memberships in private clubs developed into excellent citizens. An outstanding example is Francis Ouimet, whose golfing patron saint has been the ultra exclusive The Country Club, Brookline, Massachusetts. Members of this institution are so certain of their superior position that they simply designate their recreational center as The Country Club. They demonstrated their love of democracy by taking up Ouimet and permitting all the remaining golfing proletariat class to do the best they could.

This is the sort of system that Mr. Keeler calls "gentlemen's golf." It is not my idea of gentlemen's golf. It is class golf.

But the new movement is on.

In post-war golf there must be honesty and equality in the manner in which the expenses of amateur golfers may be defrayed when they attend tournaments.

It is the custom of the U.S.G.A. to send scorers to keep the strokes of the professionals in the open golf championship of the United States. But in the amateur championship qualifying rounds, no scorer is ever sent out with the players. In the open championship no scorer is sent along if amateurs are drawn together, or if one amateur is paired with a professional. The amateur keeps the tally.

The obvious inference is that the amateurs are all honorable gentlemen and that the professionals need watching.

As Mr. Keeler quoted me in his article: "The mob is on the march—but need it be dishonest? I think not."

Perhaps the U.S.G.A. does not wish to tackle the job of educating the American masses who take up amateur golf. The Association could not undertake a more profitable job for the good of the game.

An old Bourbon friend who has been closely associated with competitive golf for years reports that whenever the common people's golfers have been invited to play in the state championship in which he is interested, they do not know how to behave. But this condition is not going to persist forever and ever, although some of the Bourbons talk as if there could never be anything different and appear to glory in it. It is because of this sort of thing that the Bourbons in golf have some real claim to maintaining a superior attitude. The proletarian is vulnerable to this criticism and would do well to mend his ways. This, however, is too much to hope for until there has been a long period of education.

Mr. May, in his corner, is hastening the day of the proletarian in American amateur golf. He is doing it by various methods. No true golfer agrees with some of his actions in which established golf rules have been violated.

But the real movement in American amateur golf at war's end will come from the thousands of players who are going to swarm over municipal golf courses which every city and town will provide as civic recreation. These golf courses will soon be self-supporting assets of the municipal governments.

Thousands of players of great skill will be developed and will demand recognition. And they are bound to get it in city, state, national and international competition. A few beer bottles may be broken and a few dirty sweat shirts may be left on locker-room

Continued on page 118

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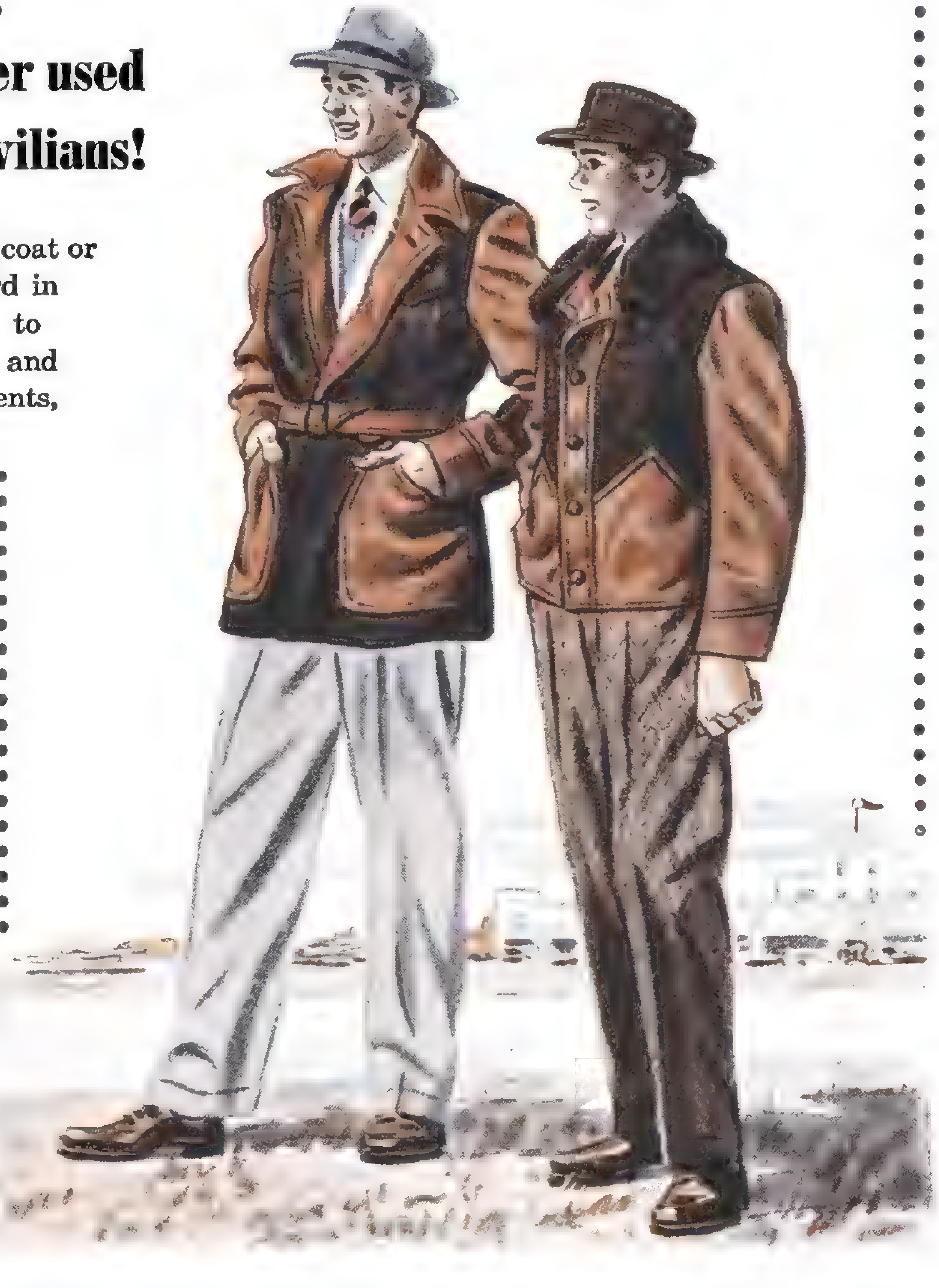

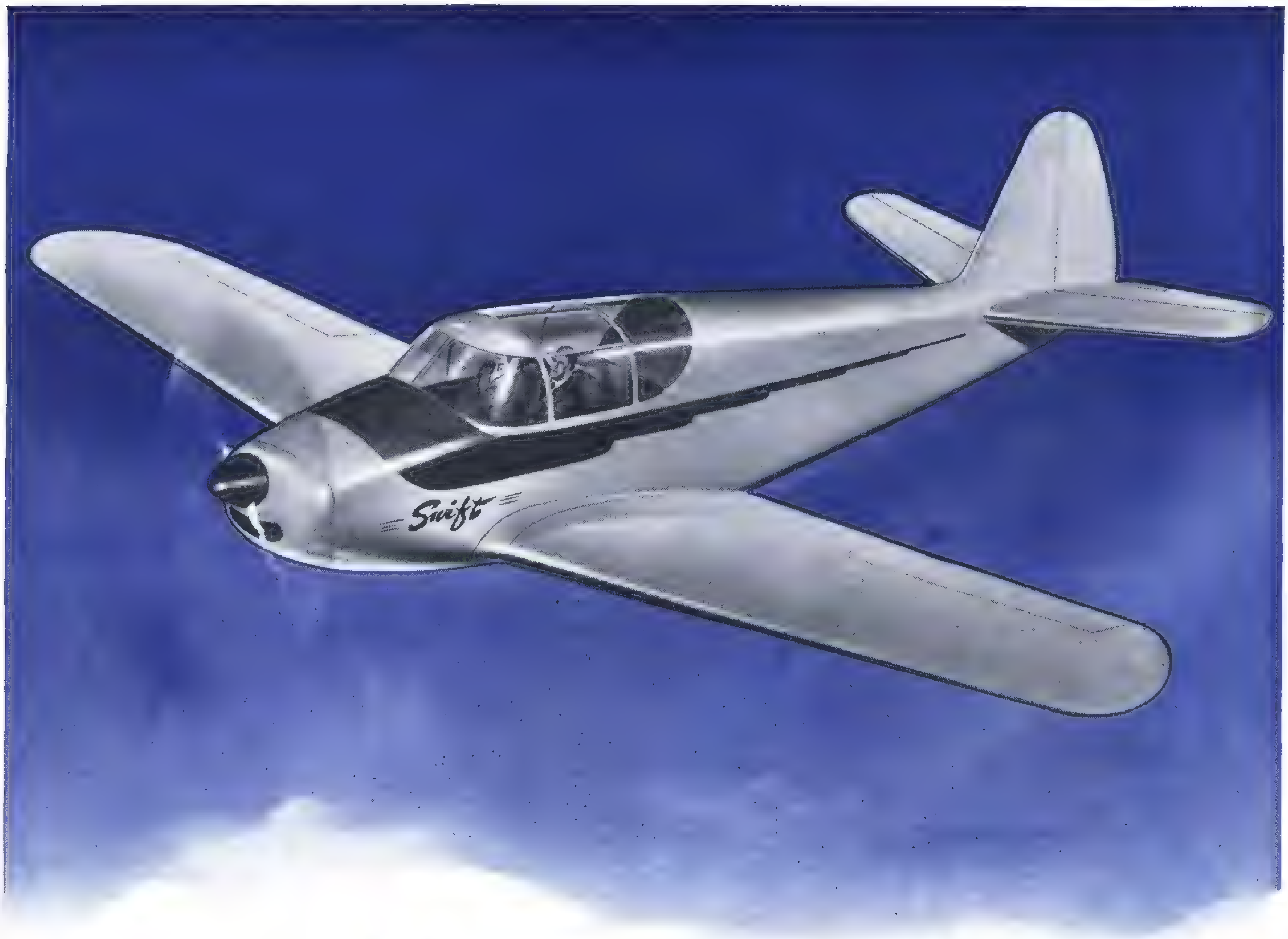

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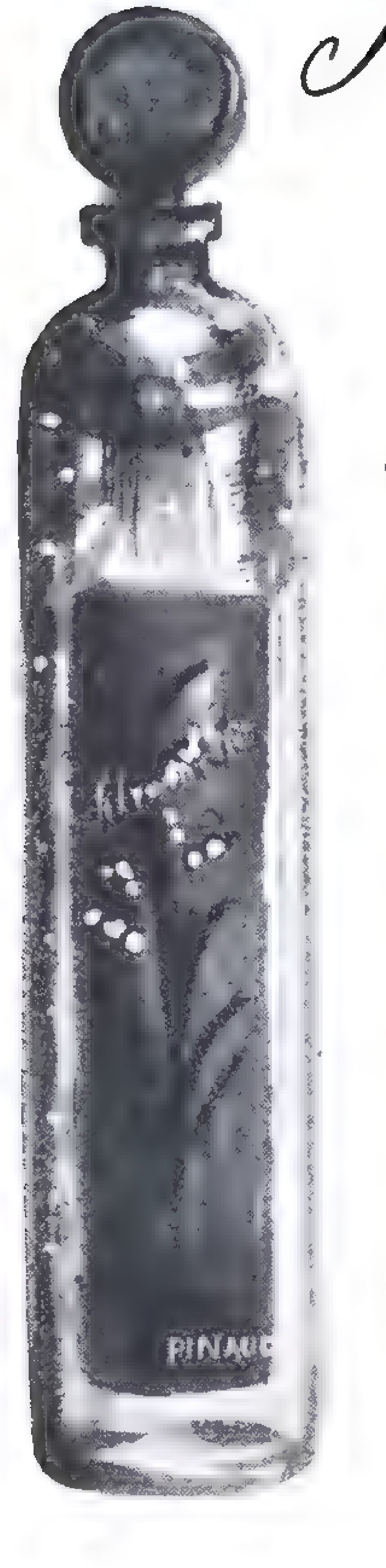

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The Sporting Scene

Continued from pages 115-116

benches in the building of post-war amateur golf. These can be swept up.

Mr. May is just a toreador in this show; the fellow who tosses the dart into the bull. The matador is the proletarian golfer, who will shoot eagles and birdies and demand that they be officially recognized and entered on the books.

The U.S.G.A. has a tiger by the tail. It must recognize that the days of the Bourbons in American amateur golf are running out—and that this, too, is a people's war.

I note that Mr. Keeler objects to paying the expenses to a state and national tournament of a soda jerker who obtains great skill at golf rather than to have him get to the championships by subterfuge. Mr. Keeler says this policy might do, "granting that he *has to get there.*"

It may be assumed that Mr. Keeler does not think this player "has to get there." This is where I disagree with Mr. Keeler. From the standpoint of fair play, sportsmanship if you like, this man does have to get there. There will be no future for American amateur golf as a national institution unless this man does get there. Otherwise the game will remain a Bourbon game and no longer be representative of a great and democratic nation.

Last spring a former president of the U.S.G.A. discussed post-war golf and suggested that it might be a wise idea if the present ruling body confined its efforts to the promotion of golfers belonging to member clubs of the U.S.G.A. Another Bourbon, well acquainted with amateur golfing politics, suggested that the Walker Cup, representative of international amateur golf, might be handed over to exclusive British and exclusive American clubs, and that these clubs would invite the players they wished—all gentlemen golfers—to play for the Walker Cup.

If two private clubs wish to conduct a series of international matches on their own, if the U.S.G.A. decides to confine its amateur championship in post-war America to players who are members of member clubs, that is perfectly within the rights of the clubs and the organization. But under these circumstances they will not be conducting representative international matches or representative national championships. Someone else will take over the promotion of amateur golf in America.

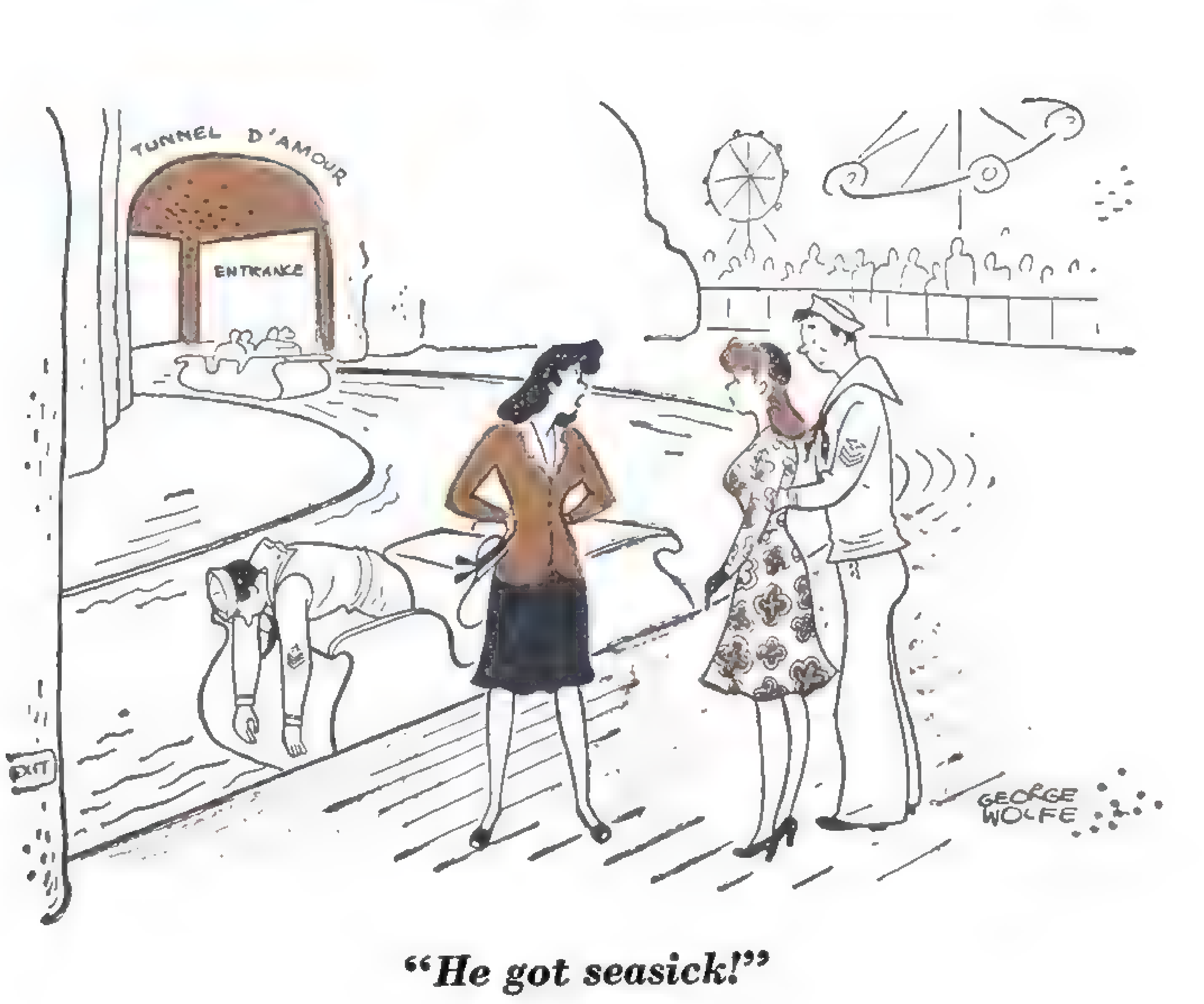
Mr. Keeler's two examples of the true spirit of amateur golf as demonstrated by himself in the interest of his great friend Lt. Col. Bobby Jones are interesting, but have very little bearing on the case. Bobby was a great amateur golfer and sportsman. After he won the Grand Slam and retired from competition he turned professional by selling his reputation to Hollywood. To be perfectly frank, we think that Bobby made a wise move; but in view of the Jones' action, we are at a loss to understand why Mr. Keeler is pained because a young woman, after battling her way to the U. S. women's championship in three years and winning it at the last playing, turned professional about fifteen minutes later.

Possibly the little girl needed the money before Lt. Col. Jones needed it.

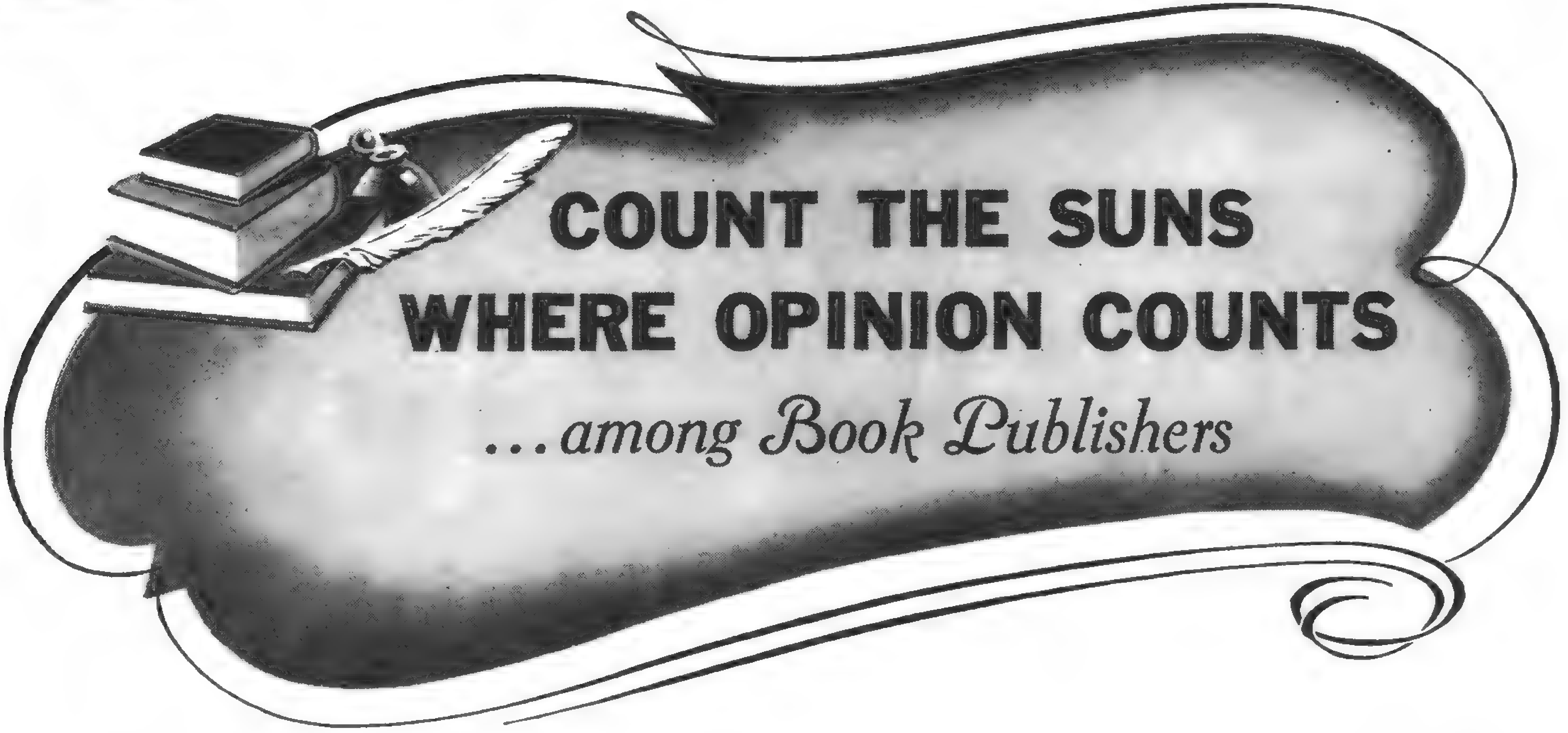
We began this with a reference to our favorite Bourbon, Marie Antoinette, and promised to close it with a second incident concerning this lovely lady. It was Marie who looked from behind a lace curtain of the Tuileries with complete Bourbon hauteur, and when she beheld the mob clamoring for justice, declared—

"Let them eat cake!"

This lady Bourbon had earned the savage hatred of the people and they liquidated her. We certainly hope that Mr. Keeler and his Bourbon pals will meet with no such ending. They are good fellows. But sometimes they go overboard for the Bourbons, 100 proof, and forget that the mob is just around the corner. ⧺



"He got seasick!"



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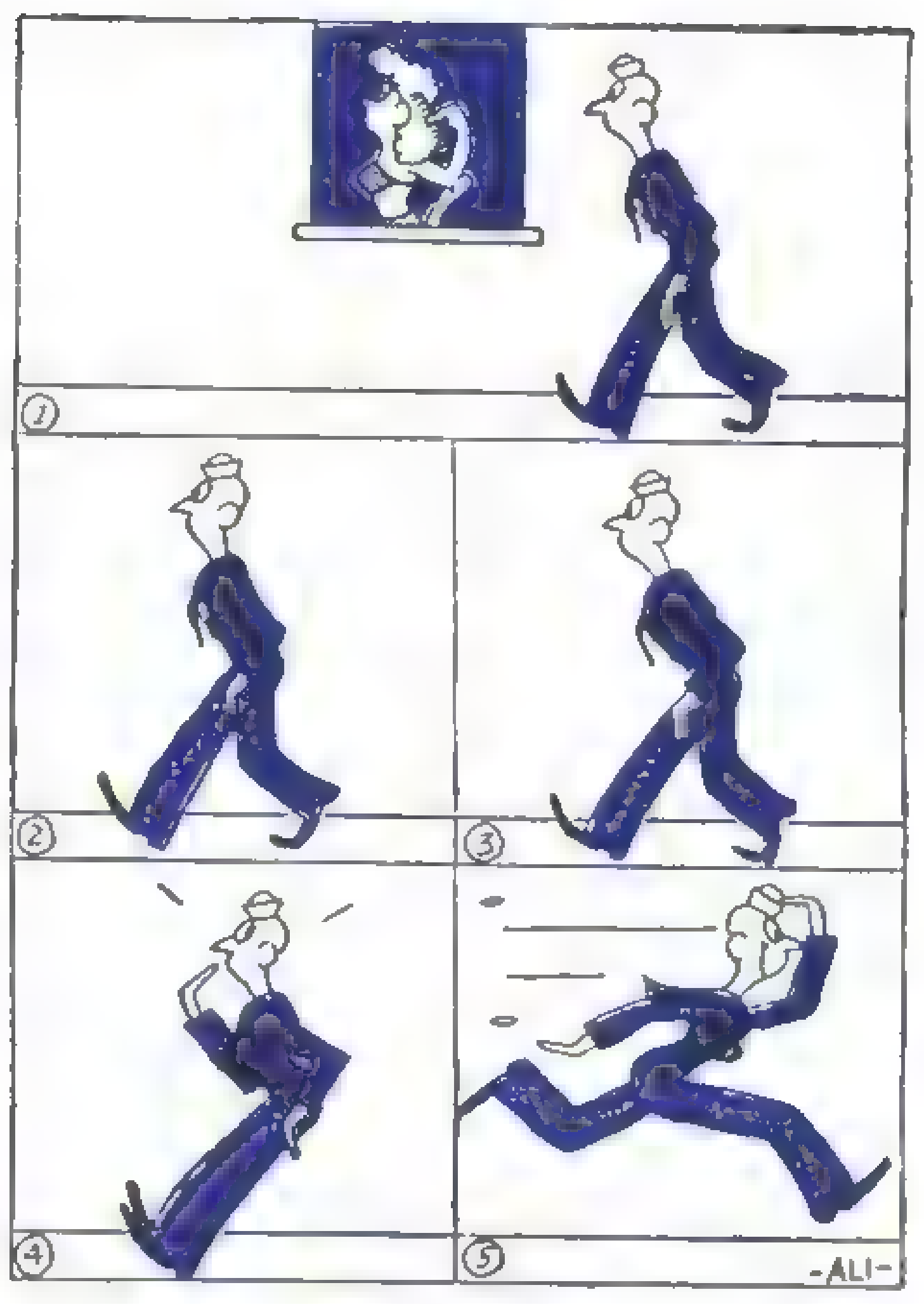
Football Calculist

Paul Williamson combines gridiron savvy and higher math to pick the winners

by JAKE WADE
• SPORTS •



To Paul Williamson of New Orleans, a little wizened tubercular, bedridden for two years, picking football winners is simple. The theory of the Williamson System involves nothing higher than advanced calculus.

"The System's formulae originally were dug out of fifteen-year actual football records of some 300 universities, colleges and junior colleges," he explains. "A lot of curves were plotted from these records. Those curves were compared and matched with one another and properly balanced. There finally emerged several master curves, one for each of various factors to be considered in football games. Then the mathematical equation of each master curve was worked out. Each equation was one of the mathematical formulae used by the Williamson System in figuring a team's rating for a given game result."

Williamson's predictions, which are about eighty-five per cent correct, are based altogether on his ratings and he boils the latter down to this. "Roughly, a team's rating at any time during a season is the sum of its ratings for each game divided by the number of games. Take a team after its third game, say. For its first game it made a rating of 78.3, second 79.4, third 82.1. Then its current rating would be one third of the sum of those three ratings, or 79.9."

He claims the mathematical phase of his football prognostications and evaluations is mere child's play. He is an engineer, a geologist and a mathematician. "In my regular profession," he says, "I really have to balance statistics and use the highest kind of mathematics in engineering, geology and geophysics."

The little man with the big brain sentimentally attributes his success not only to the conclusiveness of his general plan and the mathematical soundness of his computations, but also to the influences of his alma mater, Alabama Polytechnic Intitute.

On the scientific side Williamson considers the following factors.

1. Season's average consistency of performance, avoiding undue emphasis on victories over big-time teams having an off year.

2. Real scoring ability, disregarding high scores against poorer teams.

3. Gameness in the face of a hard schedule, making allowances for the ratings of opponents.

4. Weight of schedule.

5. Illness, weather, football psychology.

6. Real percentage of the season, modified if scores are close.

Williamson began dabbling in football handicapping back in 1912 when he served as an unofficial southern scout for the late Walter Camp, the first All-American picker. Williamson selected All-Southern teams for Camp.

Born in Montgomery, Alabama, Williamson, after receiving his degree at Auburn, took postgraduate work at the University of Wisconsin. It was in 1932, when he was an established oil engineer living in New Orleans, that he had his first ratings published. In 1933, Cartwright Eustis, a New Orleans businessman attracted by Williamson's ratings, urged him to get sports writer Bill Keefe to print them in the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*.

In October, 1942, Williamson was put to bed with tuberculosis. Before that he had witnessed as many football games every season as possible, at times seeing as many as three or four in a single week end. The doctors told him to give up his hobby which, because of a high overhead, has never paid a great profit. When they agreed to let him continue the service, they thought they were humoring a dying man.

Williamson not only did not give up his football studies, but fooled the medicos by just about beating the disease. By last winter he had only two small spots, these rapidly healing, when he suddenly suffered a setback, precipitated by a fire in his home which trapped his six-year-old son in flames. Williamson jumped up from his bed and saved his son. Then he got out his Bowl releases between lapses of delirium. ⧻

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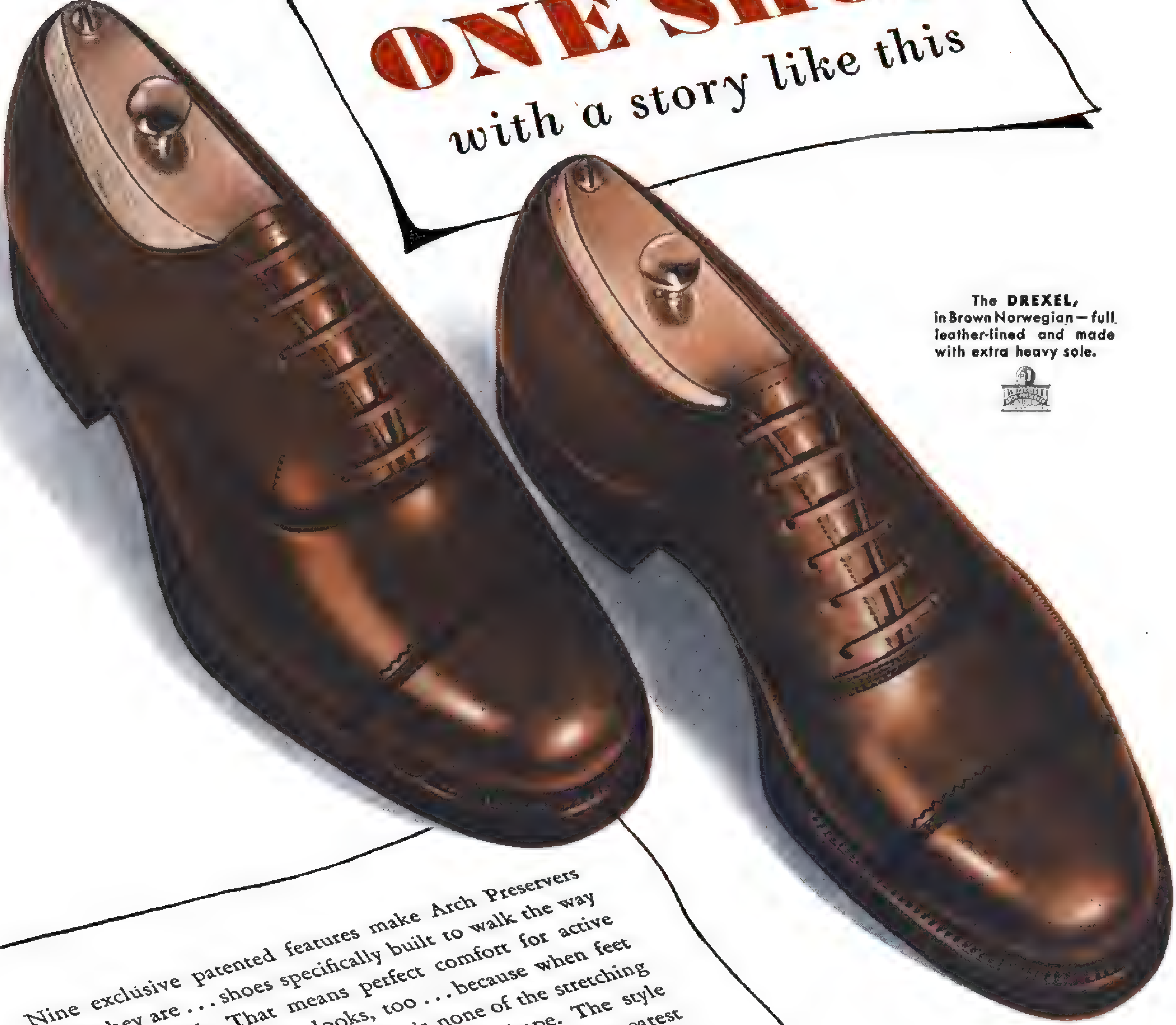

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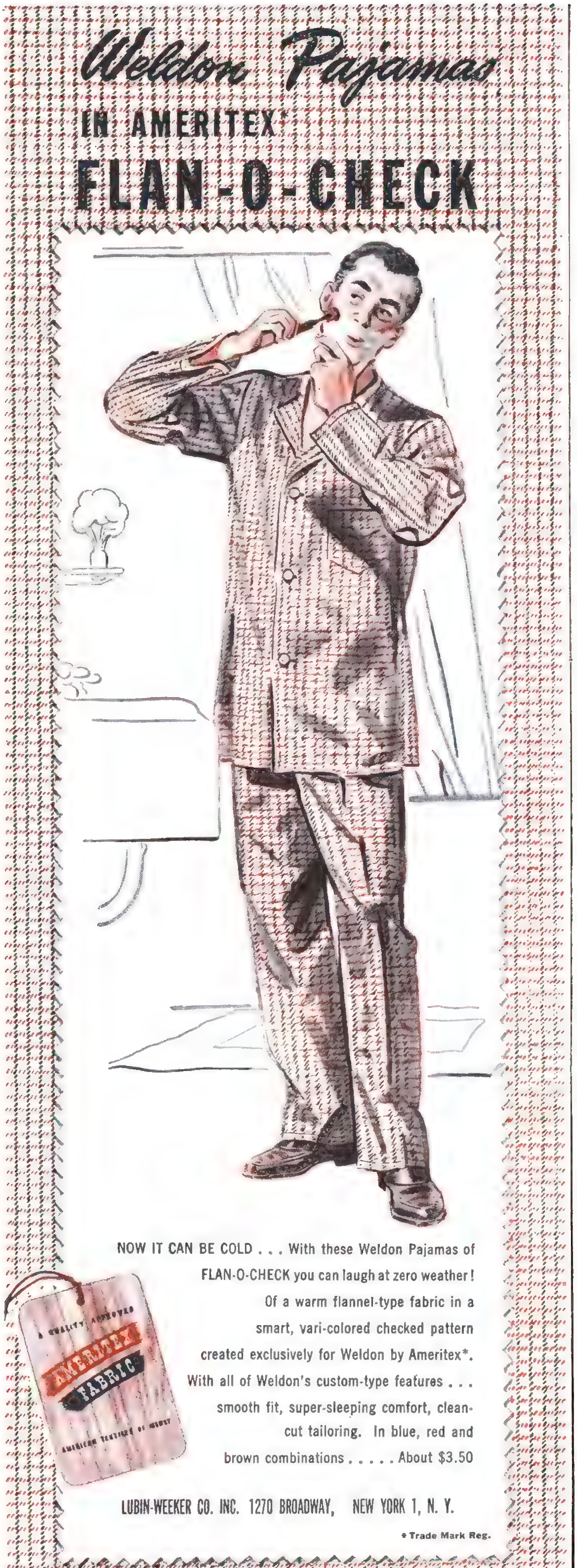

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South Dakota Shoot

Buck fever hit the hunters as more than a hundred pheasants rose squawking from the weeds

by **DICK CULLUM**

▪ SPORTS ▪

"Let's give this picture a sensational ending—let the train run over him"

"TOMORROW," said Bill Andeberg, "I'll take you to a place where your guns will get too hot to hold." That's the South Dakota way of promising good shooting.

In our party were Johnny Getchell, one of our better football referees; Dr. George Hauser, head football coach at the University of Minnesota; Bill Andeberg of Mitchell, South Dakota, our host, and Sheriff Bill Morrow of Davison County. In all there were thirteen of us strolling along the black clay roads that mark the section lines of north central South Dakota. Vast, unfenced stretches of corn stubble lying intermittently with red weed patches concealed literally millions of pheasants.

Five members of the party were sent around the field to take stations at intervals across the farther end. When they were in place the driving party moved into the field in a V-shaped line with flanks advanced. No sooner had we entered the field than we heard the whir of wings and saw the pheasants rise. Every member of the party had one or two shots even before the drive had fully formed.

Then on all sides we could see the birds leaving the field, hundreds of them, as if sprayed from a hose, skimming low and gracefully toward safer cover.

A whir of wings; a shot on the left flank. A big rooster fell to Dr. Hauser. Going through that field Dr. Hauser fired his gun seven times, brought down six birds—and he had not shot at a bird in twenty-five years.

The rest of the party had only moderate luck—according to South Dakota standards. As the drive advanced there was desultory firing. Every now and then one saw a bird pile up against the air as if hitting an invisible wall, then fall. Every one had a bird; some had two, some three.

"This isn't it," said Bill. "I'll find you men some shooting."

An hour later we approached an extensive weed patch with a section road bordering one side. The patch was less than half a mile long, about 300 yards wide. Red, brambly weeds grew high.

We waited while the anchor men placed themselves across the farther edge of the field and then the action started. A dozen birds got up and four went down. A hundred yards farther a roar of beating wings and squawking cocks filled the air with a cloud of pheasants. They came up in front, behind us, on either side.

There must have been 150 birds within gun range in those exciting few minutes, but the kill was not great. There had been too many targets and, therefore, too much careless shooting.

We were all off guard, strolling along, exclaiming over the excitement of that first mass flight, when the next one took off. The birds rose in waves. There were moments when each hunter had his choice of several easy shots. Hauser, on my left, got a double and, fumbling to reload in haste, dropped his shells and watched half a dozen birds get away. . . .

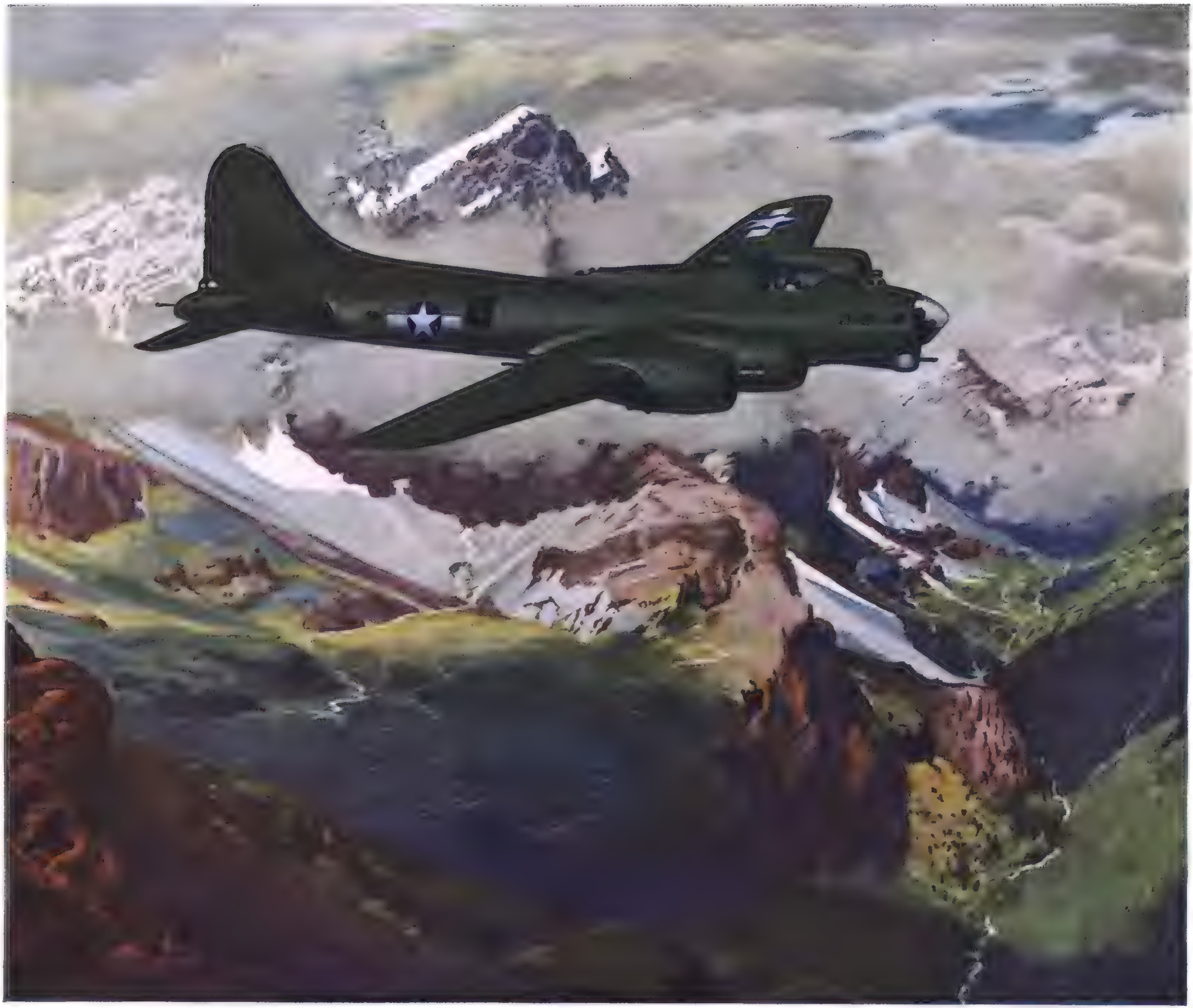
Some one shouted, "I got five down without moving a step and now I can't find them."

It was then that I remembered what Bill had said the day before: "I'll take you where your guns will get too hot to hold." He had made good for, in very truth, it had happened. The barrel of my gun was burning hot. It sizzled when I tested it with a wet finger.

At the end of that drive, which had consumed twenty minutes, our party picked up fifty-three birds. Some were lost in the dense cover.

Ours was no uncommon experience. It is, in fact, the rare hunter who does not fill the legal limit with South Dakota pheasants. The trick, as Bill said, is to surround them.

Take a big party. Drive a shallow V toward a string of hunters waiting at the edge of the field. As the drivers approach, the waiting group draws the ends of the two lines together. There is not a field in South Dakota where that operation will fail to raise great armadas of pheasants. ⧺



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THE brother of a waist gunner on a Boeing Flying Fortress wrote Studebaker quoting him as saying:

"Those Wright Cyclone engines that Studebaker builds are really dependable and sure have the power."

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In fact, whatever amount of satisfaction the Studebaker organization may derive from the extent and consequence of its war work is always tempered by the realization that Studebaker is only one unit in a vast American fighting and producing team where everyone's effort is important.

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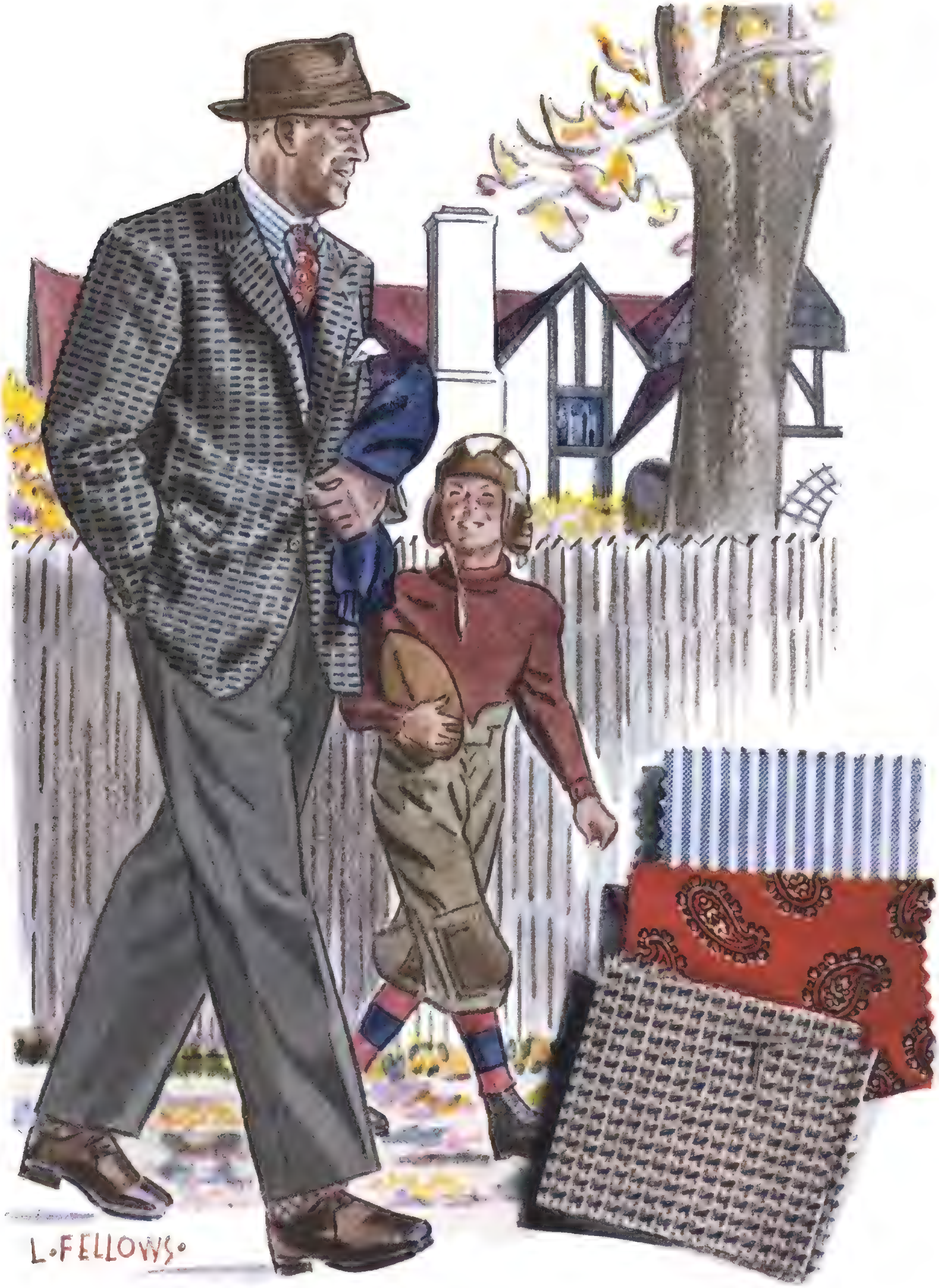
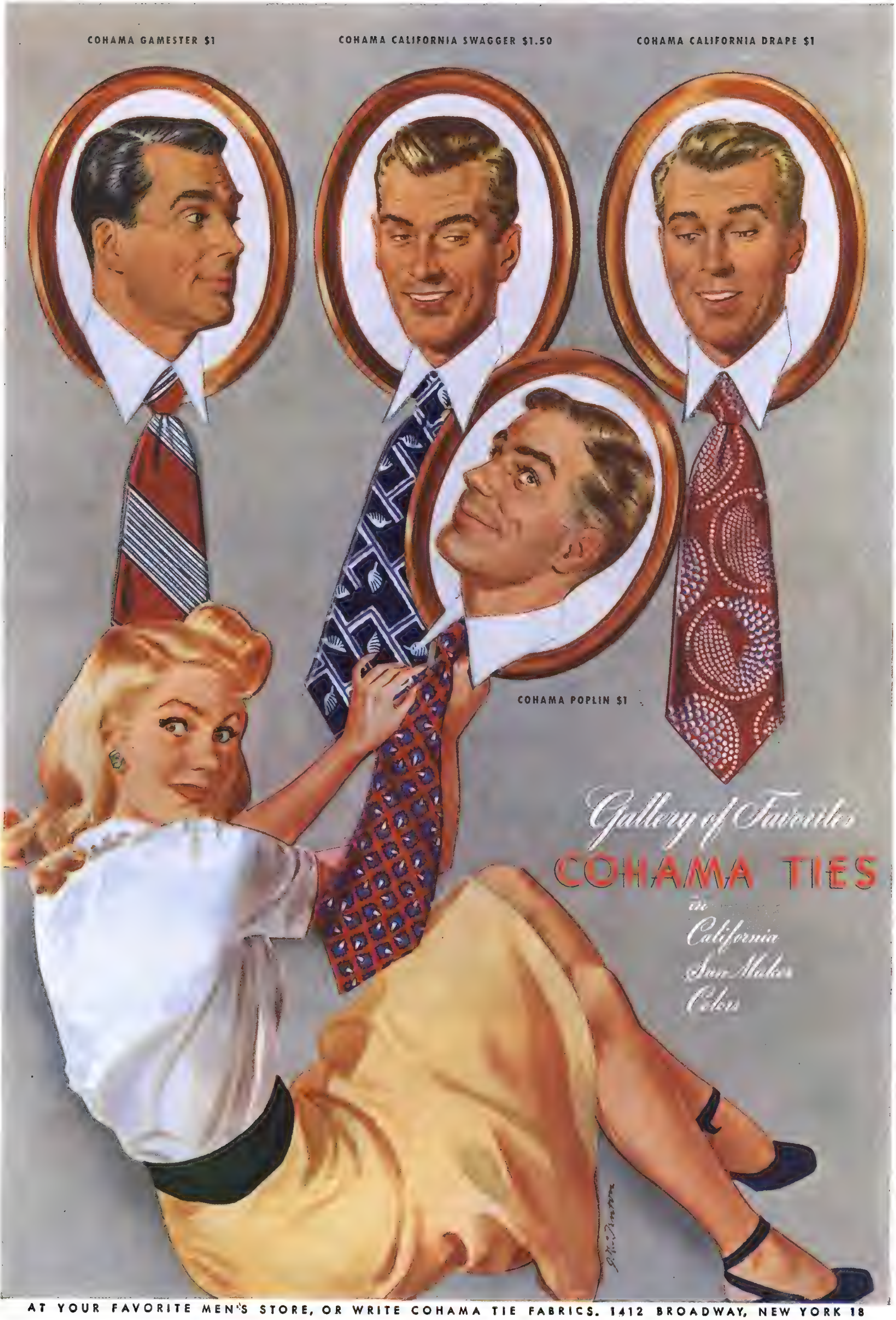


stars are made

All the football heroes of the future are now kicking the ball and bucking the line on the vacant lot in the neighborhood. That's where the stars of the past came from. Many of these former campus greats have used their gridiron strategy in dogfights over Berlin, Burma and Bucharest. Stars in wearables at this time start with a few discerning men. The sport jacket worn by this father is case in point. The small pattern of the tweed sets a new trend toward more simple designs in sportswear. Its bluish tone is a new note. Against the blue and white striped Oxford shirt with button-down collar appears a red-ground foulard tie. Also worn are the V neck sweater, stitched cloth hat, grey flannel slacks, small diamond pattern wool socks and two-eyelet brown shoes. Swatches at right show close-ups of the Oxford shirting, figured foulard tie and tweed in blue, natural tan and cream color yarns.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)


COHAMA GAMESTER $1
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COHAMA TIES
in
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Colors

AT YOUR FAVORITE MEN'S STORE, OR WRITE COHAMA TIE FABRICS. 1412 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18

The greatest day in any war is
Coming Home

1865 **OFFICIAL WASHINGTON** gathers to welcome troops from the War Between the States. Two million Union soldiers, half a million Confederate soldiers returned home in Corby's seventh year as a fine whiskey name.

1899 **VETERANS OF THE WAR** with Spain march along a hundred main streets, home from Cuba and the Philippines. This war saw a quarter of a million Americans out of uniform by 1900, Corby's 42nd year of whiskey fame.

N. Corby
BUY WAR BONDS
CORBY'S
Reserve
N. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED
PEORIA ILLINOIS

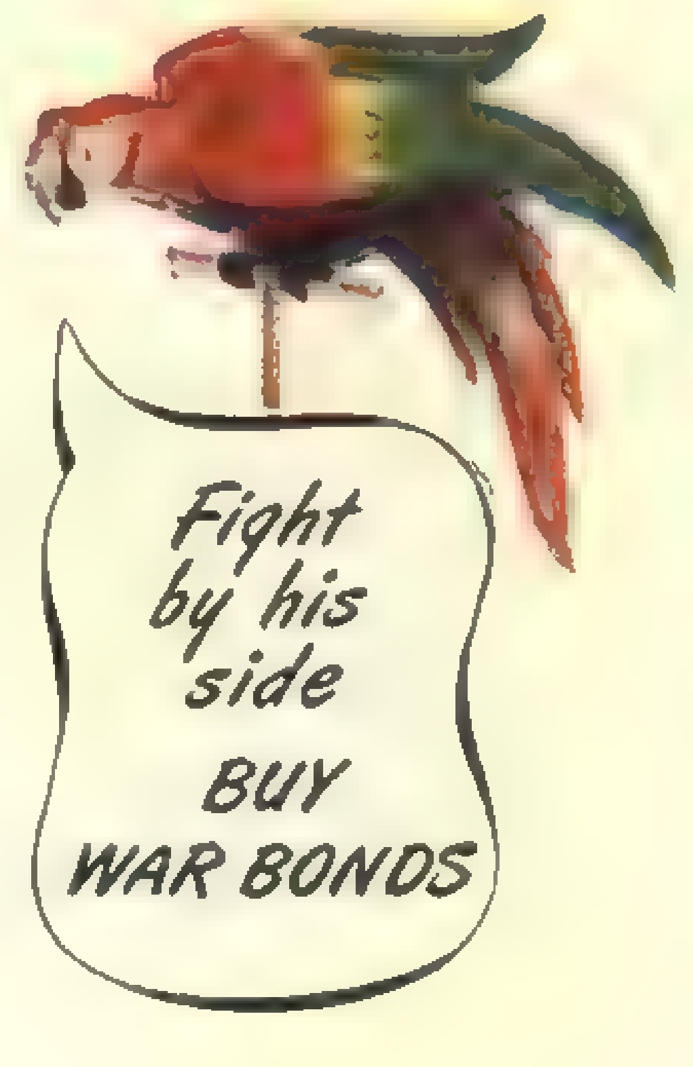
A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

1919 **THE ARMIES SWING** up Fifth Avenue, home from France and European battlefields. World War I put four million men into American Army uniforms by 1918, which was Corby's 60th year as a grand old Canadian name.

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*

While we all work for Victory, whiskies will naturally be scarce. But there is enough Corby's available from reserves to enable you to buy an occasional "sample" bottle of this light, sociable blend. Try the whiskey with the grand old Canadian name. *An occasional "sampling" of Corby's now may lead to lasting preference after Victory!*

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits
Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill.

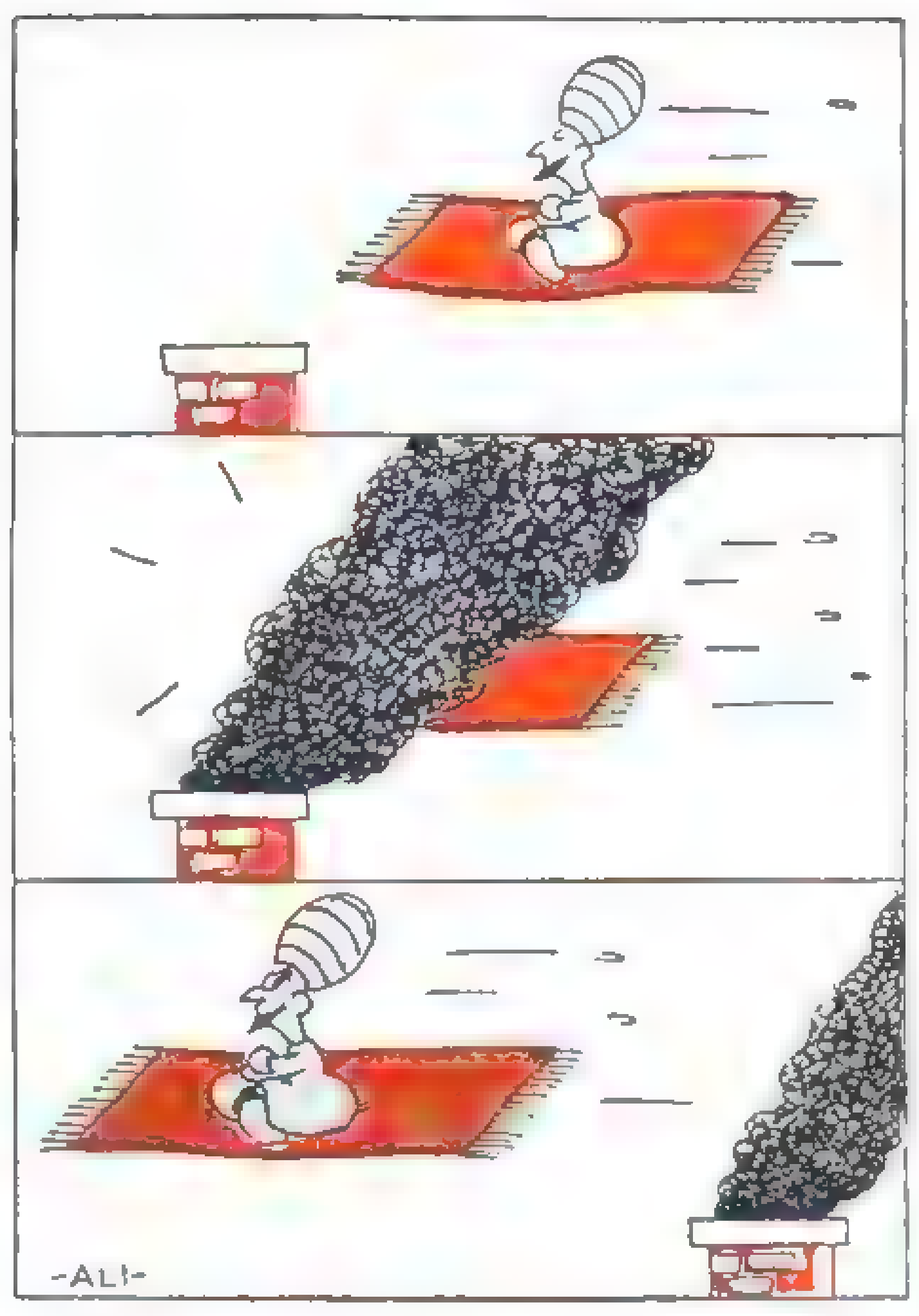

Fight by his side
BUY WAR BONDS

Man the Kitchenette

A monograph on that immortal fool of the farmyard, beloved among epicureans: the goose

by **ILES BRODY**

• EDIBLES •



On a scimitar-mooned summer evening I went to New York's La Guardia Field to await a good friend who was flying into town after two years' fighting in the Pacific.

Commander Lionel Auster of the U. S. Navy stepped from the plane, dapper as ever, but thin as a rail; and after the first hearty greetings, I observed jokingly that he had lost some weight.

"You would have, too, you no-good civilian, if you had been swallowing jungle fare, with nothing but an occasional plate of Jap rice thrown in," he bellowed. "Sometimes I ran across your nonsensical food articles in the magazines and I cursed you. They made me drool so much, I had to resort to chewing gum. But let's forget all that. Where are we going to eat, and what?"

I suggested various restaurants, mentioning the different dishes they were noted for. But Commander Auster, who is just as great a gourmet as he is a surgeon, said that he wanted roast goose. He had dreamed of it in the combat area.

Fortunately I know a place which features goose all year round, and so we went to Neugroeschl's Restaurant near Central Park. Herr Neugroeschl had had a fine eating place in Vienna years before the Hitler era, and I have been one of his many clients of some twenty years standing. His restaurants, first in Vienna and then in New York, are simple and unadorned but his food is really unbelievable!

Of course, by "unadorned" I don't mean that it is like the Viennese restaurant Ferenc Molnár used to frequent. At that place the food was outstanding, but such culinary combats went on that the tablecloths never had a chance to remain clean. Once, when the preoccupied waiter stood at the table without bothering to offer the menu card, Molnár poked his index finger at the numerous grease spots on the tablecloth, enumerating as he viewed them nearsightedly: "Well, I see you have chicken paprika, stuffed cabbage and roast goose with barley. Bring me the goose . . ."

At Neugroeschl's they brought the goose to us, too. I feasted my eyes on my guest while also feasting on the roast bird, for it gives one great joy to see a man recently returned from battle eat to his heart's content at last.

I told you that the commander is a gastronome, and he proved it by asking for beer, a beverage that goes splendidly with goose for some reason or other.

I happen to have a practical note on beer, and it calls for a heavy head: you can actually write a word or two with your fountain pen on the surface of that white foam, drink the beer from under it and after the golden beverage has disappeared, the foam with your inscription will still be resting undisturbed at the bottom of your glass. Try the stunt; you'll be able to win bets on it at any bar.

Commander Auster happens to be one of the few Americans who definitely prefer goose to any other fowl. It is regrettable that American people don't eat more goose, that capital bird of the Europeans. Incidentally, Rome was once saved by geese. When the city was besieged by the Gauls, the enemy tried to sneak in at night while the sentries were off guard; the geese made such a racket that the defenders arose and repulsed the sneak attack.

But the Jews, a gourmet people, have held (for the past four or five millennia) the greatest affection for geese. Since the Mosaic food laws are based on sane principles, goose is forbidden the Jews, if the windpipe of the bird is found to be injured, a possible proof that it was an unclean feeder. There is quite a ceremony gone through to ascertain this fact; after the bird is slaughtered, the windpipe is blown up and if it is punctured or even blemished the bird is pronounced inedible.

In buying a goose for the table you must know that the feet and bill of a young goose are yellow, and they turn deep orange as the

Continued on page 128

Buy A War Bond First!
Strong enough to stand on

Samsonite
Streamlite Luggage

You'll be proud to carry this smart luggage! It's built to keep its good looks through years of rugged service! For America on the move it's more than a convenience—it's a necessity! No wonder SAMSONITE is America's most popular luggage—for him—for her.

SAMSONITE *Streamlite* LUGGAGE is available at better stores everywhere, when shipments are possible without interrupting our vital war work.

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Streamlined styling—*easier to carry and pack*
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Draw bolt locks—*double catch—extra safety*

Denver • SHWAYDER BROS., INC. • Detroit

MAKERS OF SAMSONITE LUGGAGE, SAMSON CARD TABLES AND FOLDING CHAIRS

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 127

bird grows old. The young goose has but few hairs on the feet; when old, however, the feet become hairy. If fresh, the feet are supple; but if stale, dry and stiff. A young goose needs a fair amount of salt and a little water in roasting; the older it is the more water you'll have to add.

Goose is superb in the spring when it is yet a gosling weighing only five or seven pounds. Especially if it is roasted whole to a turn, served with new parsley potatoes, red cabbage and cucumber salad, and eaten in a garden restaurant with a brand-new sweetheart who hasn't had time to complicate your life yet. Of course, here I have painted an all but forgotten European picture; goose comes on the market in the United States mainly at Christmas time, when it should weigh about ten to fourteen pounds.

The best geese in this country come from Iowa, Minnesota and Massachusetts.

But the finest geese in Europe came from the towns of Orosháza and Kecskemét in Hungary, whence they were shipped to Vienna and Budapest markets minus the liver, which was rushed posthaste to Strassburg where they made pâté out of it. Near Strassburg there were large goose-fattening farms; each bird was in a separate cage, and a man went around three times a day administering a fattening liquid to them with the aid of a rubber hose which hung from a huge tank attached to the ceiling, to insure the colossal enlargement of the liver. And probably you have heard about the "intrasauces" Dr. Ganducheau of Strassburg invented—he injected tomato, pimento, mustard or tarragon extract into the geese. Once in the bloodstream, the extract circulated quickly and flavored the meat and the liver.

In this country a goose liver is thought to be large if it amounts to as much as three quarters of a pound. But, of course, here the birds are not allowed to be fed forcibly as in Europe, where that method accounted for the liver weighing all of two pounds.

In Hungary the forced feeding was handled more simply than in Strassburg. Here, too, the birds were jailed in individual cages. They were taken out only once a day, late in the afternoon, for feeding. At this time a peasant girl would sit on them, her many skirts cushioning the shock of her avoirdupois on the bird's back. She would open the bird's beak with one hand, and with the other would thrust the dried corn, moistened with water, down its long throat. When the day arrived on which she was unable to squeeze the fat bird out of its cage, the goose was duly executed, dying with the fortitude of Mary Stuart (although after a much less eventful life) and like the queen, achieving greatness only after its soul went up to heaven.

If not fed forcibly, geese will be content with lean pasturage. They will always come back to the farmhouse at the same precise hour if given a little corn or oats before goose-stepping to the meadows in the morning and upon returning in the evening. With the aid of a branch, serving more as a symbol than a weapon, a little girl can control them and steer them in the right direction. They are willing and docile, except for the gander, who is often ferocious.

The fightingest gander is the Careopsis variety. The Embden is supposed to be the best for breeding. I know a man in California who used to import them. This gentleman made and lost several fortunes in his lifetime. Not long ago, when he experienced a poverty-stricken period, the grocer finally gained admission to his estate in company of the sheriff, but not before they gave some opium-soaked meat to the savage Irish wolfhounds patrolling the vast private park. Our friend hadn't a bean to pay the grocer's bill, but he had his imported Embden geese. He presented two dozen of them in settlement of the bill, and I have just heard that the grocer has closed his store and become a very successful goose breeder.

In Europe a fair-sized goose offered four huge meals for a family. The first evening the family ate the blood, which is divine if fried with chopped onions, sweet marjoram, salt and garlic; the liver (taking less than fifteen minutes to cook), and the cellulose cracklings, which are obtained by melting down the fat. The next evening the fore part of the goose was stuffed with garlic and ground pepper, and then was stewed in a barley soup, and the meat eaten with hot tomato sauce. The following evening the hind quarters were roasted. And finally, the giblets and the stuffed neck came on the table. Often the bones were saved and on the fifth evening an excellent soup was made out of them called by the Germans *gerstlschleimsuppe*.

Nearly every speck of the goose can be utilized to great advantage. Its fat, melted, is wonderful for cooking, and the fat near the intestines for spreading on bread;

Continued on page 130

MEDICAL AUTHORITIES
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You just know it's an Alligator! That handsome drape and fit, that dashing style marks it immediately as "the best buy in rainwear"! And it's the most versatile coat you ever owned—for damp, chill days—for wind and rain—for bright sunny weather! Dependably processed for maximum water repellent protection. In finest fabrics and favorite colors at better dealers everywhere.

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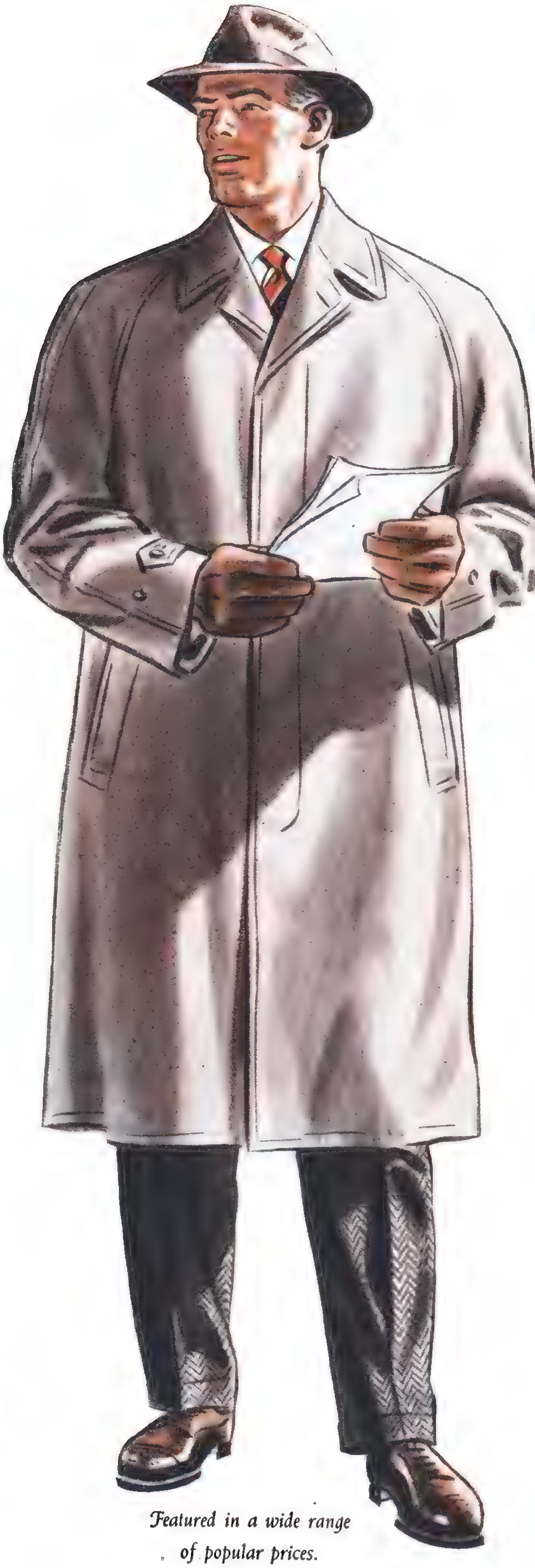

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The RUM with the RICHER FLAVOR

Matchless! .. because its *richer* flavor is a treasured tradition...a Brugal *family* tradition that means every bottle is offered with pride. You'll find eloquent evidence of this great heritage in every sip. Its *richer* flavor comes through in *any* drink—making it a taste treat to delight both you and your guests!

In addition to the usual rum drinks, Brugal is without superior in a highball, Old Fashioned, or a straight drink.

GOLD & WHITE LABEL · 86 Proof

BRUGAL - Famous in the West Indies Since 1888

PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N.Y.

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from pages 127-128

the liver is one of the greatest delicacies in the world of gastronomy; the meat besides roasting, stewing and boiling, can be jugged, smoked, cooked together with rice, or with barley and rice (this is a very famous Jewish dish, called "richette"). It is admirable with celery or asparagus or green peas; the meat of the breast can be chopped into marvelous gooseburgers; the neck lends itself to stuffing, after the Jewish method; the giblets are wonderful in a pilaff; goose is the chief requisite of the famous *casoulette de Toulouse*—I could, indeed, go on endlessly telling the thousand uses of goose meat! And I can't help smiling at duck fanciers, since a goose is worth a dozen ducks. Besides, there is nothing a duck won't swallow in its craze for food, while the goose is a clean and strictly vegetarian feeder.

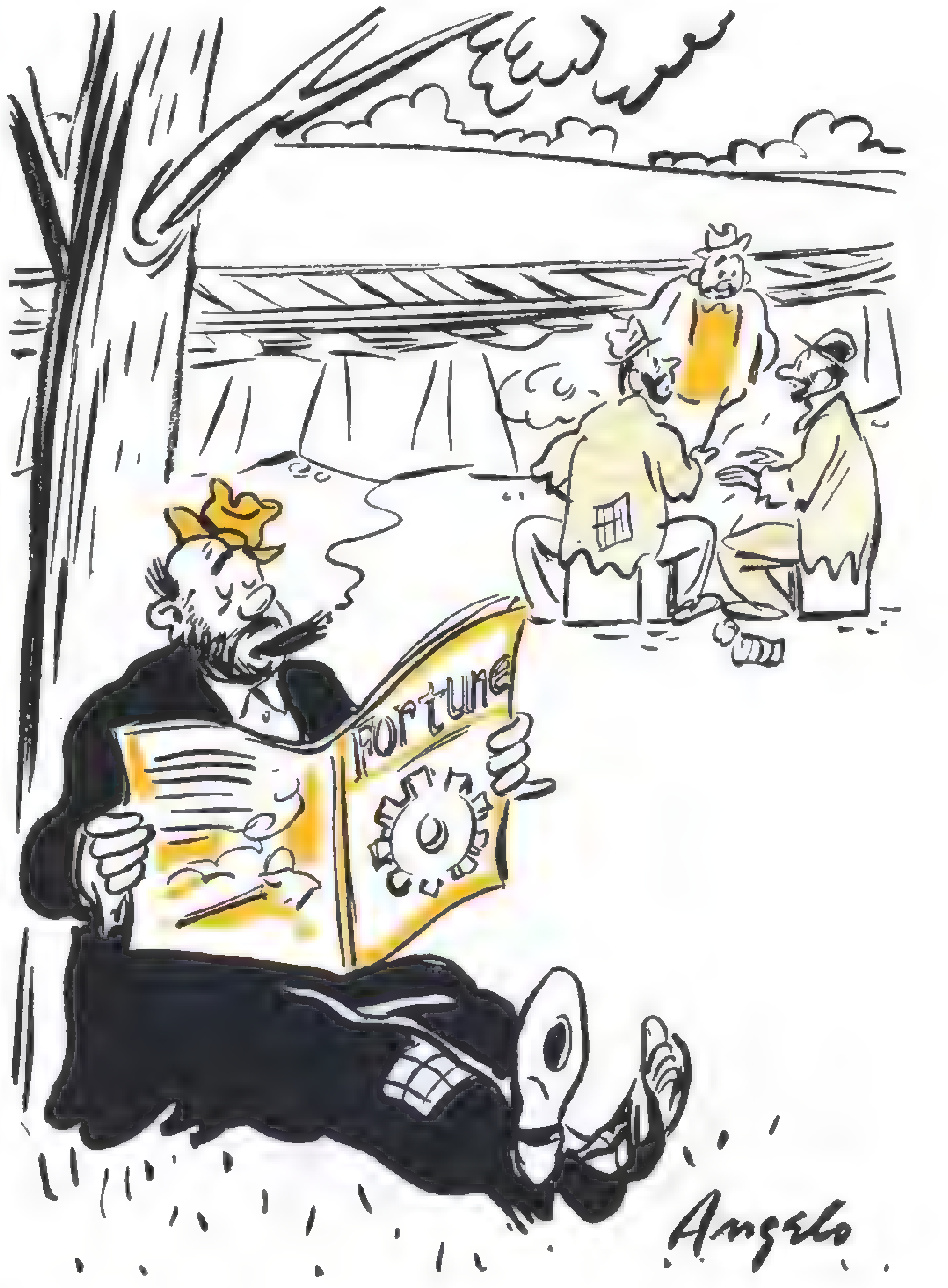
Apart from its gastronomical uses, goose is useful in other ways. Do you know how much you have to pay for a pillow filled with goose feathers? Well, I won't venture to give figures, but suffice it to say that the price is prohibitive. My pillows in Europe were filled with goose down, and my dreams were so sweet that eventually I had to go to one of Sigmund Freud's chief disciples, Dr. Ferenczi, to have myself psychoanalyzed. The good doctor couldn't find anything wrong with me at that time and sent me home to dream some more.

Geese have no brains to speak of. Yet they are responsible in a roundabout way for more *esprit* than all other birds and the whole animal kingdom put together. They can account for the best literature, since, from the sixth to the nineteenth century they supplied the quills which were used for writing in every civilized country during this long period. It is interesting that only the five outer wing feathers of the young bird were considered good for this purpose, and the second and third of these were considered excellent, if they came from the left wing.

So goes with Mother Goose, a superb bird, even if not exactly for persons suffering from a faulty digestion. But then I really write for the benefit of good eaters. And here is a famous recipe, a great delicacy, sometimes called the Jewish salami:

STUFFED GOOSE NECK

Pull the skin off the neck in one piece and sew the narrower end of the skin with white thread. Then start to steal—a bit of the wing, the breast, the leg, the liver. But very little, so the stealing won't be noticeable. Add the whole heart. Grind the bits of meat, and also grind two large boiled potatoes, and mix the meat and potatoes together. Salt and pepper the mixture according to taste. Slice finely four or five mushrooms and fry in a pan with grated shallots in a little goose fat; sprinkle with chopped parsley, a little sweet marjoram and mix in two raw eggs. Fill the neck skin with this concoction, sew the other end, put the sausage in a moderate oven adding some more goose fat and a little water. When the goose neck sausage gets reddish brown (in about forty minutes) it is done. Slice like salami. May be eaten either warm or cold. ⧺



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THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

AND an event it is, the evening home-coming of Chicago's best loved family newspaper! The Chicago Daily News is eagerly welcomed by more than a million reader-friends. They value its trustworthy news, international, national and local. They get a tingle from its superlative sport pages. They are entertained—and often inspired—by its special columns. They are helped by its distinguished household section of practical information. The Daily News is an institution in Chicago's home life.

Advertisers, likewise, acknowledge The Daily News to be an institution BASIC to their marketing activities in Chicago. For 43 consecutive years The Daily News has carried more Total Display linage than any other Chicago newspaper—morning, evening or Sunday.* Such leadership could not be so long maintained if advertisers were not convinced that The Daily News is

CHICAGO'S BASIC ADVERTISING MEDIUM

**For fair comparison, liquor linage omitted since The Daily News does not accept advertising for alcoholic beverages.*

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ITS PLACE IN THE HOME IS ONE OF
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Good advice for
Men
and Women
from Diana
Barrymore
daughter of the
great John
Barrymore:

"I am glad that people today realize that it is as necessary to use a deodorant as it is to use toothpaste, or any other article of personal hygiene. I am enthusiastically pleased with Arrid and recommend it highly. I think Arrid is a wonderful product because it gives complete protection. Men as well as women should use Arrid."

New Cream Deodorant Prevents Under-arm Odor... ...Vanishes Instantly!

1. It prevents odor caused by under-arm perspiration.
2. *Arrid checks excessive under-arm perspiration and* prevents staining and rotting of shirts and coat linings.
3. *It takes only half a minute to use Arrid — it vanishes at once.*
4. *Arrid is a pure, white, antiseptic, greaseless cream, especially pleasing to men.*
5. *Arrid does not irritate — gives complete protection — use it regularly.*

STOPS PERSPIRATION
ARRID
UNDER ARM DEODORANT

Start using Arrid today. Get a jar at any drug store, 10c store or department store. 39c, 59c a jar.

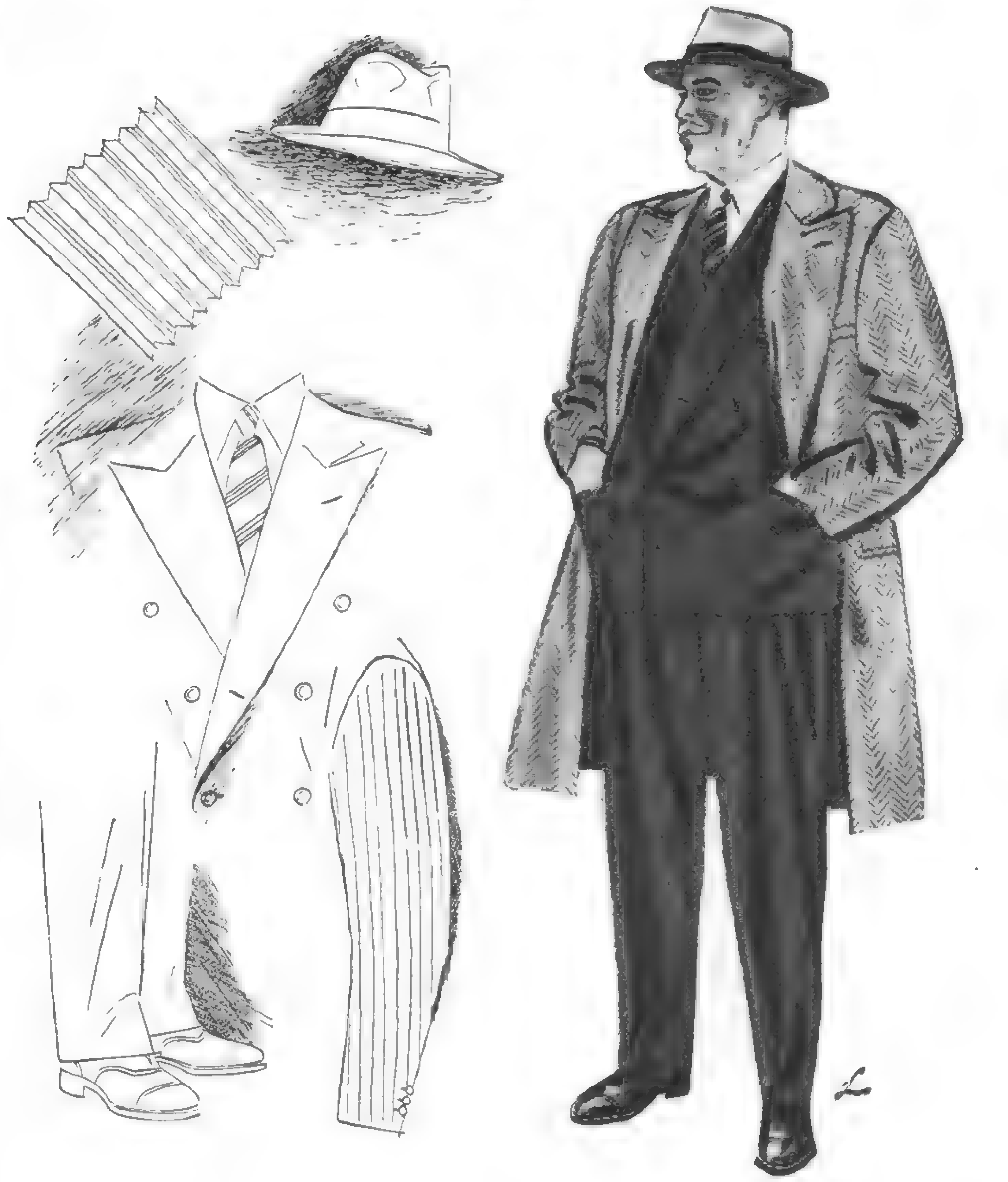
ARRID

THE LARGEST SELLING UNDER-ARM DEODORANT

Tricks of Fashion

Subtle colors, smooth fabrics, vertical lines will give the gourmet less obvious latitude

by **O. E. SCHOEFFLER**
• WEARABLES •



It is neither the profession nor the inclination of this department to suggest any such Spartan measures as diet or early morning exercise. Show us a man who refuses desserts and we'll show you a covert devourer of candy bars—an antisocial icebox raider. As for calisthenics—*you* take them. Happily for hedonists, no such sins against nature are necessary. You can eat what you like and let the fashion designers worry. They do, too.

For instance, they have discovered that single-breasted jackets in generous sizes should be made with high gorges, which is the technical term for the point at which the collar meets the lapel. This strategy tends to create a long vertical line. Peaked lapels are a good thing, too, because their points also emphasize the vertical effect. Long roll lapels on single and double-breasted jackets detract from width. While some purists contend that fat men should not wear double-breasted jackets, certain models may be safely selected. The horizontal spacing between the buttons should not be great, and the long roll lapels tend to offset any impression of breadth, as do tapered sleeves. Tapered trousers have their merits in this respect, too. While the W.P.B. permits cuffs on trousers if there is enough fabric available for these turn-ups, fat men could well pass them by.

Similar care should be exercised in selecting topcoats and overcoats. Short models are best because the greater distance between bottom of coat and floor tends to create an illusion of height.

The patterns, colors and textures of fabrics all play their part in gulling the casual observer. Extremely loud colors obviously should be avoided. It is the better part of valor to choose medium and dark shades of blue, grey or brown. Overly bold designs scream your extra poundage. Simple designs such as hair-line stripes and small, allover weaves, like the sharkskin, minimize it. Herringbone weaves also tend to accent the vertical lines. Thick, coarse-textured fabrics are to be avoided in favor of finished or clear-faced worsteds or Saxonies.

One general rule about clothing is that it should not fit tightly because this "paper on the wall" appearance only draws attention to the bulges.

In accessories, tapered crown hats with medium width brims are okayed, as are long pointed collars. Simple designs in shoes are preferred to those with elaborate perforations and broad sole extensions.

SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS HERE AND OVERSEAS

Send for these entertaining gifts now.

If mailed between Sept. 15 and Oct. 15, they'll reach your overseas friends for Christma

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G. I. EDITION

1

A NATURAL FOR EVERY G.I. is this sensational plastic-bound 106-page Esquire handbook and diary. Here are hilarious dos and dont's for daters . . . a dating dictionary . . . jokes and stories by servicemen . . . a thirty-six page calendar and diary . . . handy address and memo sections . . . and thirty-two full-page Esquire glamor girls—including six gorgeous Varga Girl drawings, and twenty-six standout pin-up photos of America's most beautiful girls, 50c

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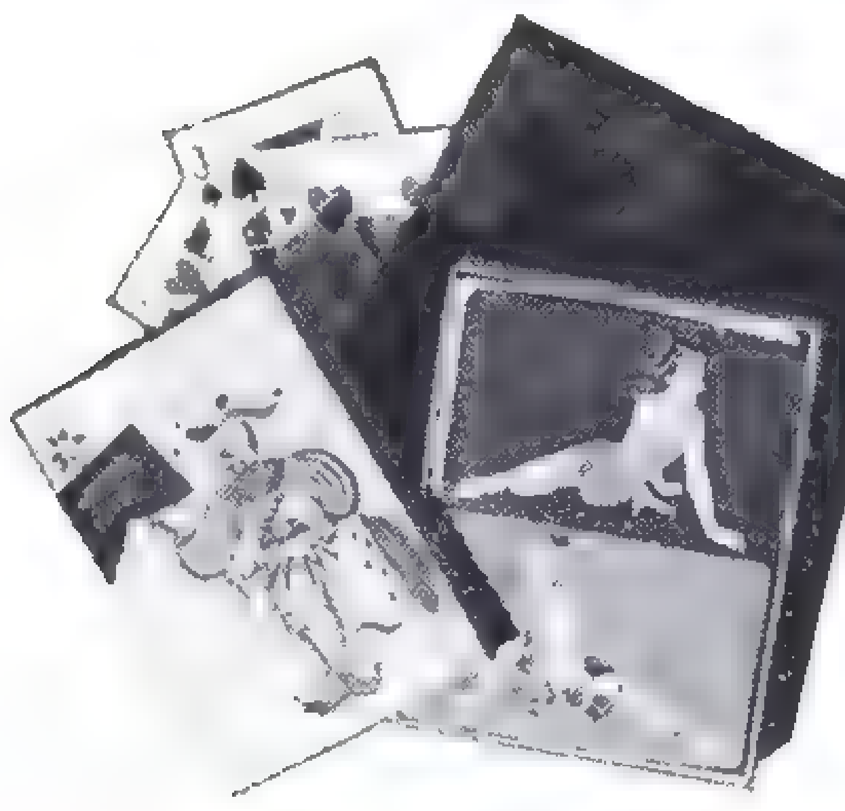
Two New Decks of Varga Girl Playing Cards


"B" DECK

"A" DECK

2

YOUR SERVICE FRIENDS will get a big kick out of playing cards with their favorite glamor girl, on these knockout decks of Varga Girl Playing Cards. Coated with cleanable cellulose and printed on two-ply stock, these gorgeous cards are made to take—as well as get—hard use. With every pair of decks, we'll send free the 68-page Esquire Joker Book . . . containing a scorepad, Gin Rummy rules, and directions for thirty amazing bar tricks. $1 a deck.

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Please send me:

______ pairs of Varga Playing Cards at $2.00 per pair
______ "A" decks of Varga Playing Cards at $1.00 a deck
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I understand that with every pair of decks, you will enclose, absolutely free, the 68-page Esquire Joker Book

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EASE THE BOYS' CORRESPONDENCE problems—give em these big, beautiful Esky post cards. Esky-cards are easy to write, distinctive to send. Printed in color on heavy deluxe chromecoat stock are twelve Varga Girl drawings, twelve Hurrell glamor photos, six Waxman glamor photos, six Waxman dog photos, six nature studies by Bohl, six Szyk caricatures, and six cartoons from Esquire. 25c per set of six or $1 for your choice of any five sets.

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☐ SET OF 6 CARICATURES BY SZYK (SET #6)
☐ SET OF 6 CARTOONS FROM ESQUIRE (SET #4)

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The Esky Servicemen's Kit

4

GIVE 'EM THE NEW ESQUIRE DATE BOOK, two gorgeous decks of Varga Girl Playing Cards, a handy Esquire Joker Book, and fifty-four different Esky Post Cards (as described above)—all packed in a money-saving servicemen's Kit. This Kit is light, compact, and easy to carry—and will give many welcome hours of diversion to every G.I. We'll enclose in every Kit a distinctive gift card, inscribed with your name or with any message you wish. $4.50 complete.

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...delicious with soda
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Mary Lou Williams—Williams (Asch)
Ellingtonia (No. 2)—Ellington (Brunswick)

Putting records into albums is often only a way to sell you more than you want; or to make something look important. All those listed here have, however, sound editorial reasons for being albums. Leadbelly's songs of sin include *Frankie and Albert*, a version of the old ballad which runs into sheer unintelligible words at times, but is ten times as tragic as the usual Frankie. The Waller is the first memorial collection, with too many standard numbers by Tin Pan Alley people, too many vocals, too little piano by Fats himself. The straight stuff, like the *Minor Drag* is terrific. Red River Dave is authentic, but all yodeling makes me think of Switzerland, not Old Smoky; the tragicomic *Seven Years with the Wrong Woman* (Esmereldy) and *The Death of Floyd Collins* (Dave), are good. Esmereldy also sings *Old Smoky*. The sentimental songs of the first big war (not *Tipperary*, *Over There* and Berlin's masterpiece) are in the Clark collection—making you wonder about the songs of this war. The Mary Lou Williams album lives up to the promise of her single *St. Louis Blues* (which is in the album, too). The Ellington is in a sort of crushed levant binding—but the *Yellow Dog Blues* aren't a bit genteel.

Love, Love, Love

Amor—Mendez-Ruiz
(Decca—Percy Faith's Orch.)
(Columbia—Xavier Cugat)
(Victor—Wayne King)

Percy Faith is issued in Decca's "personality series" which is appropriate this time—because Faith's music has personality; the other side is *Spring Will Be a Little Late*, and shows Faith's range in good musicianship and skillful arrangement. The other two recordings of the same are by known quantities and cause neither surprise nor disappointment.

Loose Numbers

Sunday—Les Brown (Columbia)
A Sm-o-o-th One—Calloway (Okeh)
Sailor's Plea—Jimmy Rodgers (Victor)
Body and Soul—Coleman Hawkins
It Had to Be You—Hines (Bluebird)

Les Brown's orchestra is getting a good hotel-and-radio build-up but this recording, being pre-Petrillo, isn't part of it. The Calloway and the Jimmy Rodgers aren't world shaking unless scat or yodel affect you. The combination of Hawkins and Earl Hines is a reissue of each, but I'm not sure of having seen them back-to-back before.

Other Things

Snow White Album—Churchill and Morey (Decca—Lyn Murray Orch. and Chorus)	The reissue of the film was a good reason to get one of the best choral leaders to make eight sides with orchestra and stars.
Warsaw Concerto—Adinsell (Columbia—London Symphony)	A novelty: the recording was made from the sound track of a movie, *Suicide Squadron*. Muddy in spots—or seems so if you know how it was made. Better than average movie music.
Carmen Suite—Bizet (Columbia—Beechan and London Philharmonic)	You chop *Carmen* up a bit and give vocal choruses to the orchestra, but you get a lot of Bizet into four sides. The recording is none too transparent.
Traditional Folk Music *Famous Concert Music* (Masterpiece—Musicraft)	Odd nondescript albums. The first has *Juanita*, *America the Beautiful*, and Tschaikovsky's *Legend!* The second, with no name for the orchestra, has part of *Peer Gynt* and the *Coriolanus Overture* and a bit of Dukas. There is no unity, not much point in either.

Correction: I should not have implied, as apparently I did recently, that all the less familiar names on records rose from the opportunity offered by the Petrillo ban on the bigger firms. There have always been good small outfits. Nowadays they are relatively more prominent—and good luck to them.

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For girls—"Boxie Cardigan" 9.95

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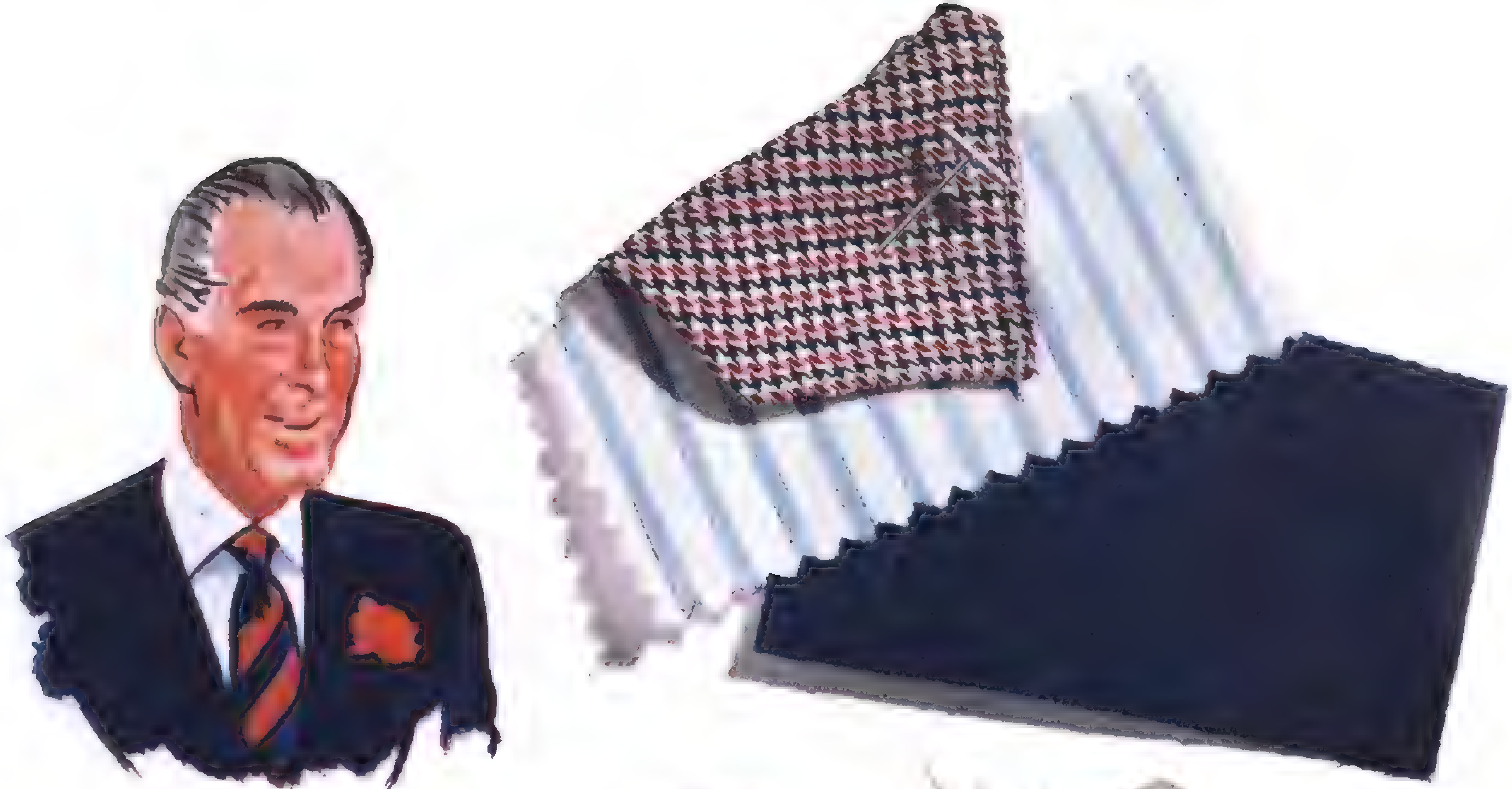

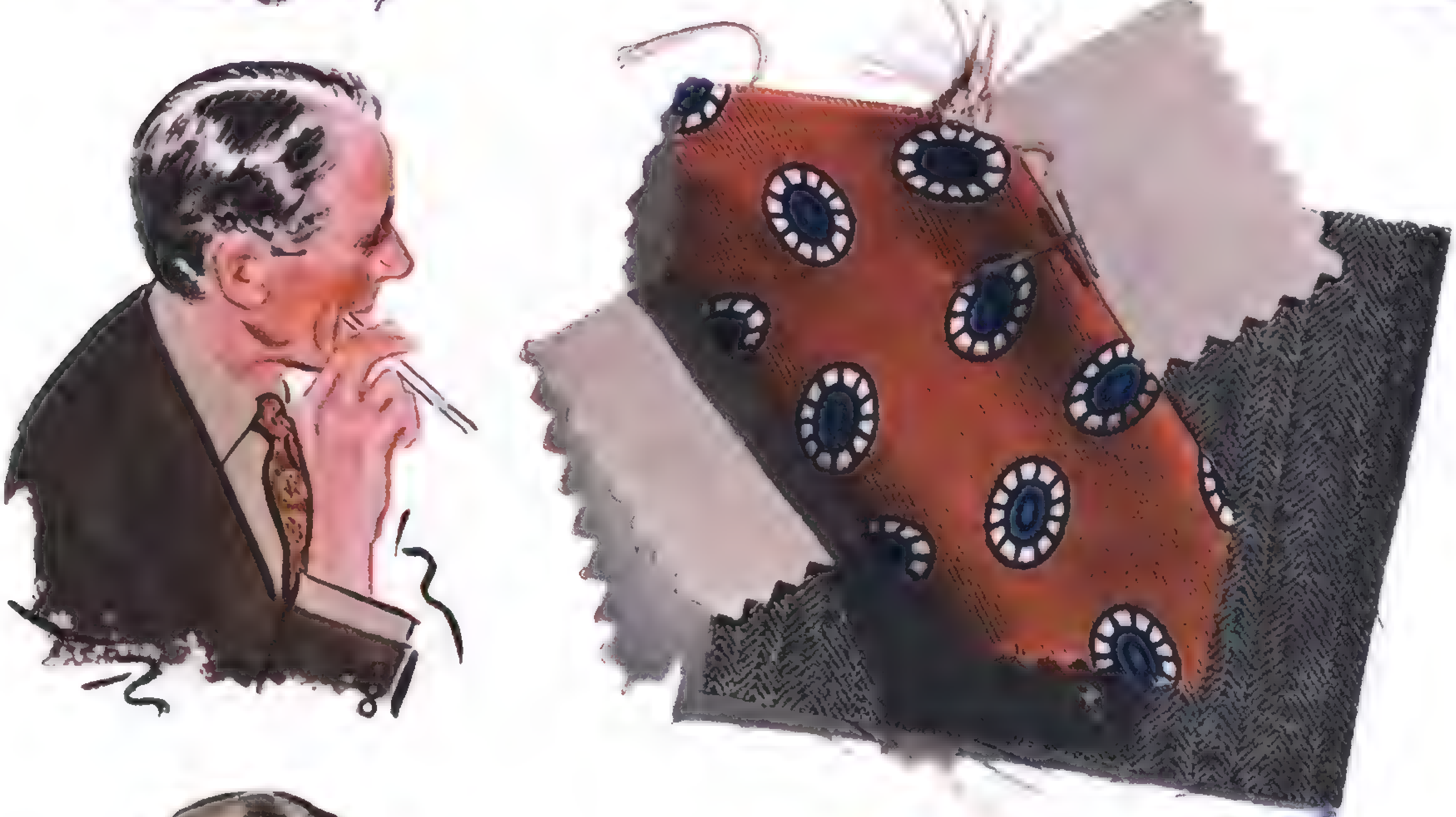

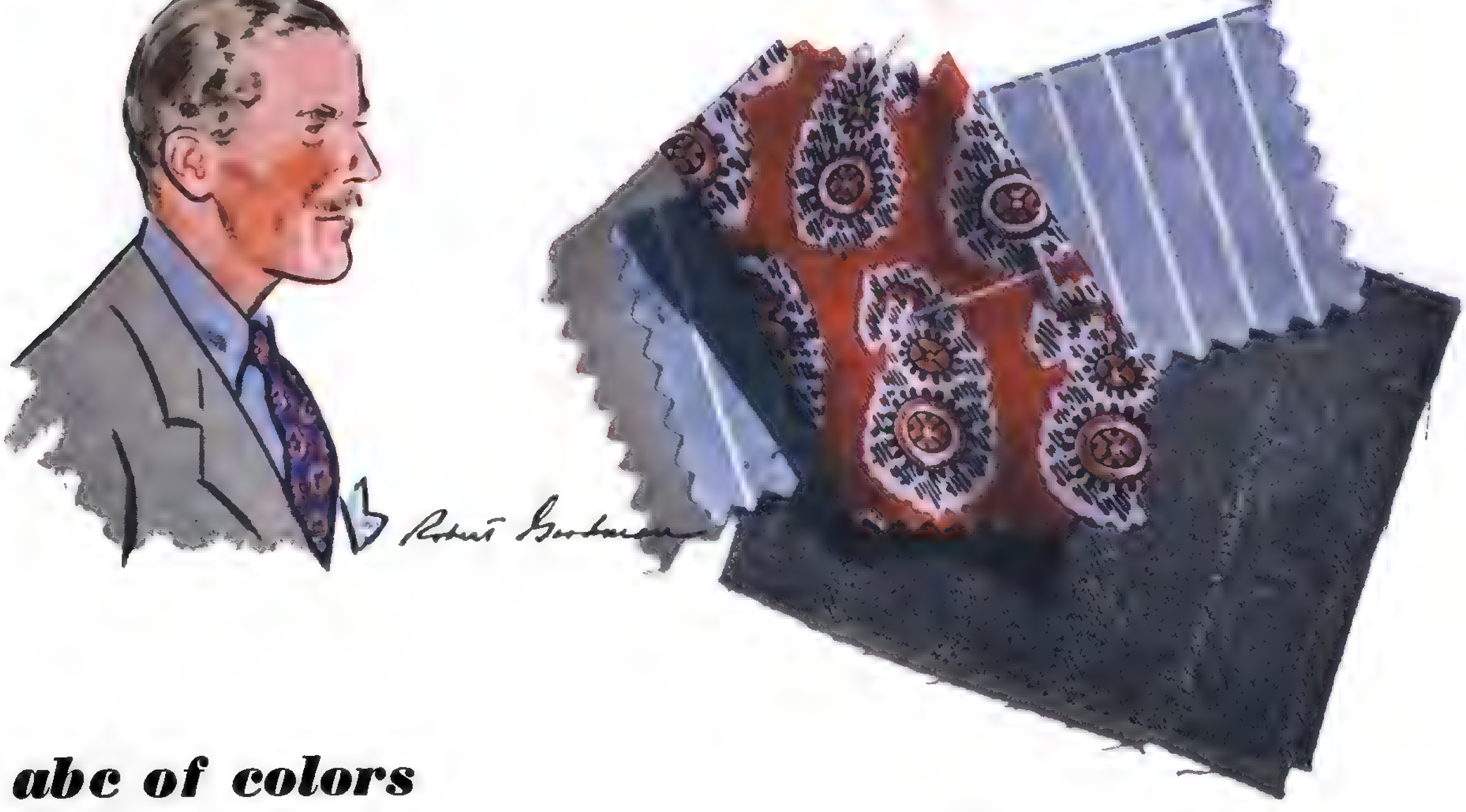

abc of colors

A. The sketch at top shows a greyish haired gentleman wearing a blue suit, basic in the wardrobe, with the red and blue tie and white collar attached shirt. The fabrics alongside, an alternate combination, about two-thirds actual size, are the bluish worsted suiting, striped broadcloth shirting and red, black and white checked rayon for tie. B. The brown suit in the center, worn by a brunette, sets off the tan shirt and red and yellow figured foulard tie. The safest shade is the greyish brown worsted in the new striped two-tone effect, as per sample. With it are a tan broadcloth shirting and copper color foulard tie fabric. C. The grey suit at bottom, worn by a blonde type, contrasts with pale blue shirt and blue and red figured tie. The swatches comprise an alternate combination of striped grey unfinished worsted for the suit, striped blue ground broadcloth shirting and red ground foulard tie fabric.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

VAN HEUSEN

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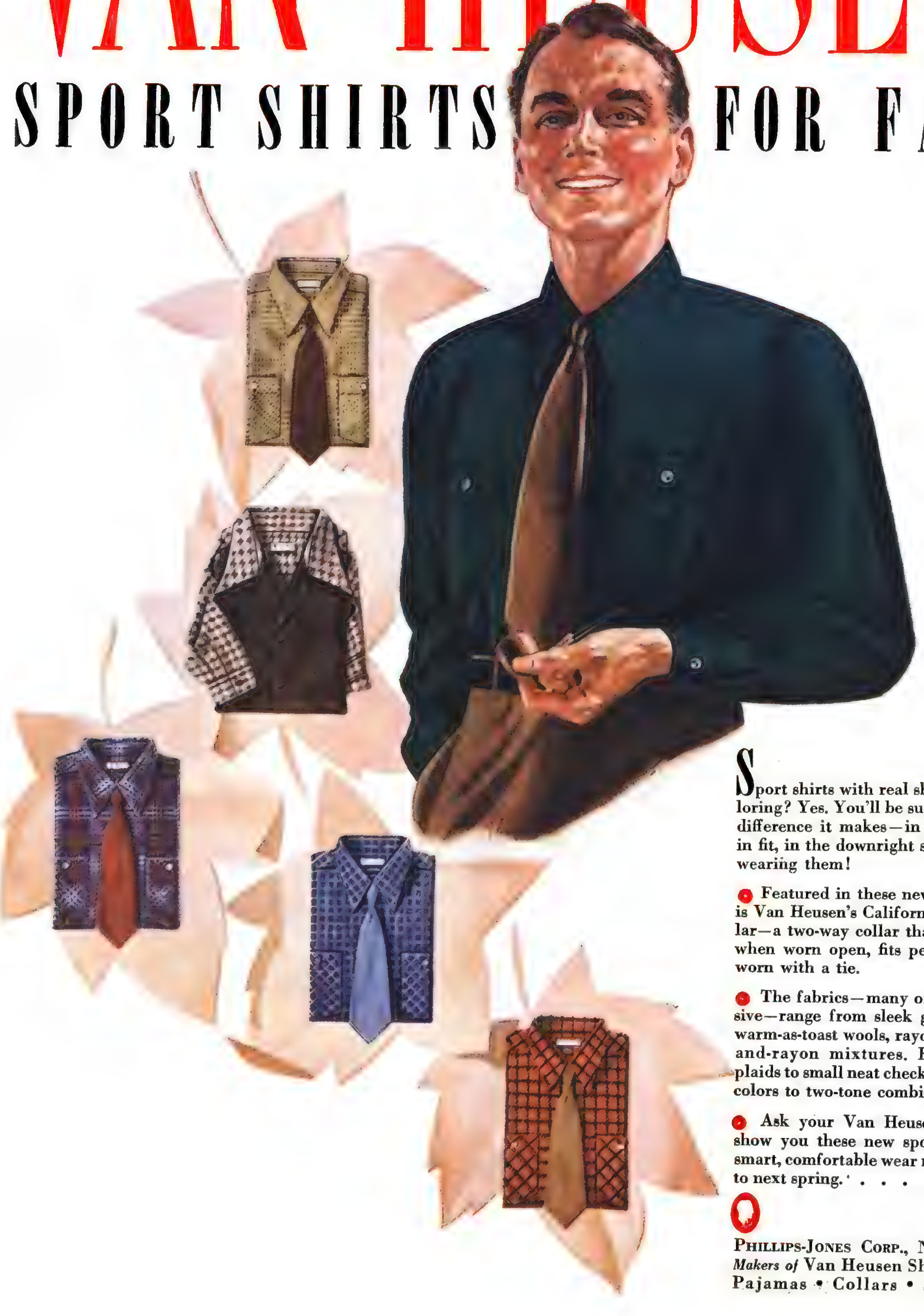

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● The fabrics—many of them exclusive—range from sleek gabardines to warm-as-toast wools, rayons and wool-and-rayon mixtures. From bright plaids to small neat checks. From solid colors to two-tone combinations.

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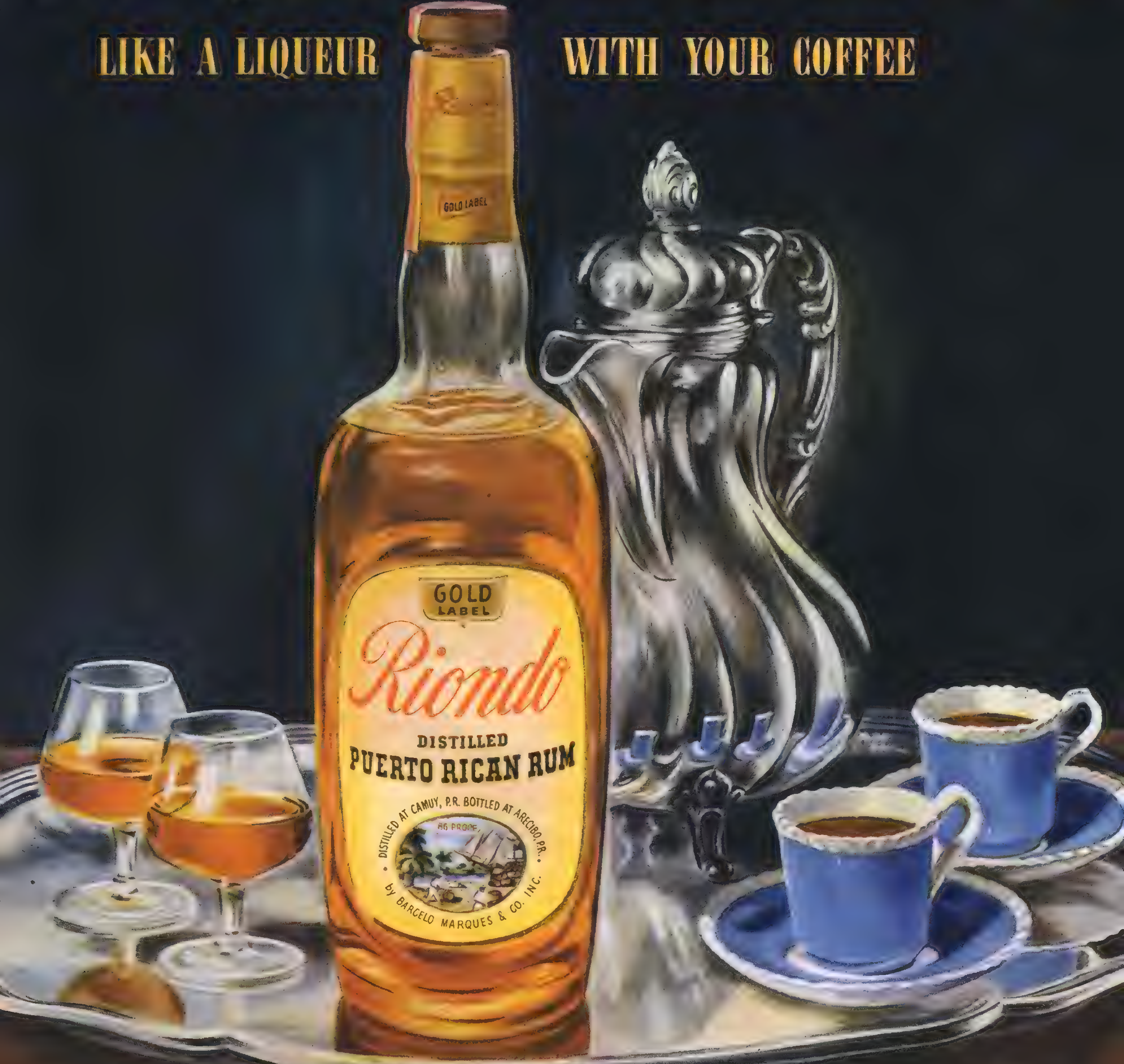
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PUERTO RICO'S FINEST RUM

GOLD LABEL & WHITE LABEL

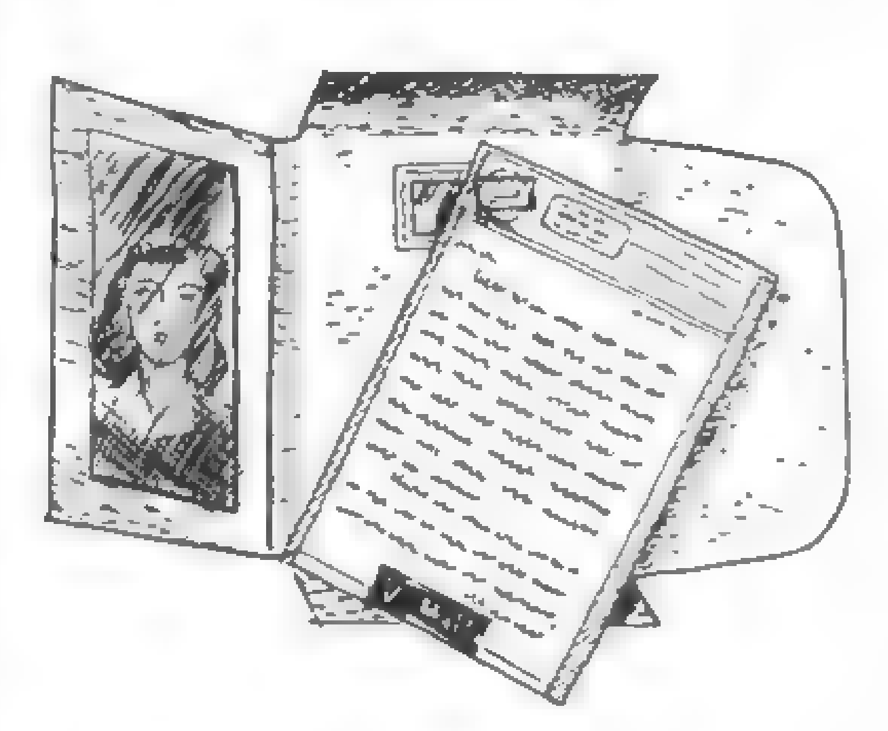
86 PROOF · SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD. NEW YORK

The Legend of Dorothy Parker

Continued from page 93

money to pay for having the name lettered on the door. They tried doing a play, but the problem of naming the characters held up that project interminably. Dorothy suggested calling them 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, but found that stage directions like "1 moves upstage while 2 shrinks against backdrop," were more like bad chess than good theatre.

Mrs. Parker, with an office, a typewriter and an appetite, finally starved herself into writing. She did some play reviews for *Ainslee's* and began turning out a little fiction. It took her then, as now, as long as a month to smooth the prose of one very short story. She spent most of her sober hours dreaming up new excuses for not working. A favorite was writing menus on a large mirror of fancy luncheons she'd like to eat. The first two paragraphs of a Parker book review stayed in the typewriter until the paper yellowed and crumpled. The other president of the Utica Drop Forge was no more assiduous. The first line of a Benchley essay beginning, "Now that wages are coming down," stayed in his typewriter so long that wages were going up again before he got around to finishing it. This line became a running gag for Mrs. Parker, who would prefix every remark on the social scene with, "Now that wages are coming down." It invariably made Benchley sick with laughter.

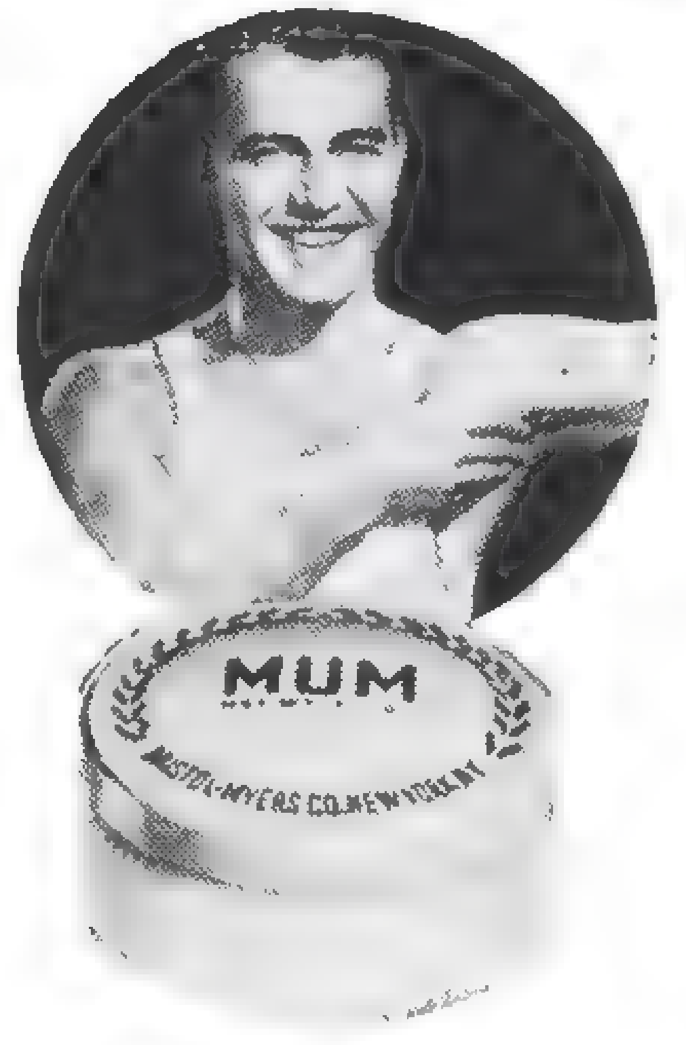


Leather V-mail file has a picture frame cover.

In 1923 they gave up their office and later wangled space at the old humorous weekly, *Life*, edited by Bob Sherwood, who had quit *Vanity Fair* a few weeks before Parker and Benchley.

During these years Mrs. Parker's reputation as a wag began spreading, largely because she had two of New York's brightest circles acting as her personal publicists. One was the Algonquin crowd which included Franklin P. Adams, Alexander Woollcott, Heywood Broun and others. They met at the Algonquin Hotel for lunch, and each day carried away with them the latest and brightest

Continued on page 140



"Money? Who said Money? I asked if you used Mum!"

EVEN if you possess a million-dollar personality or a million-dollar bankroll—people may pass you by if you offend with underarm odor.

Men-in-the-know know this is so. That's why so many of them have learned that baths only remove *past* perspiration—Mum protects against underarm odor *ahead*. That 30-second dab of Mum protects all day or evening—is harmless to shirts and skin. Get a jar of Mum, at your druggist's today.

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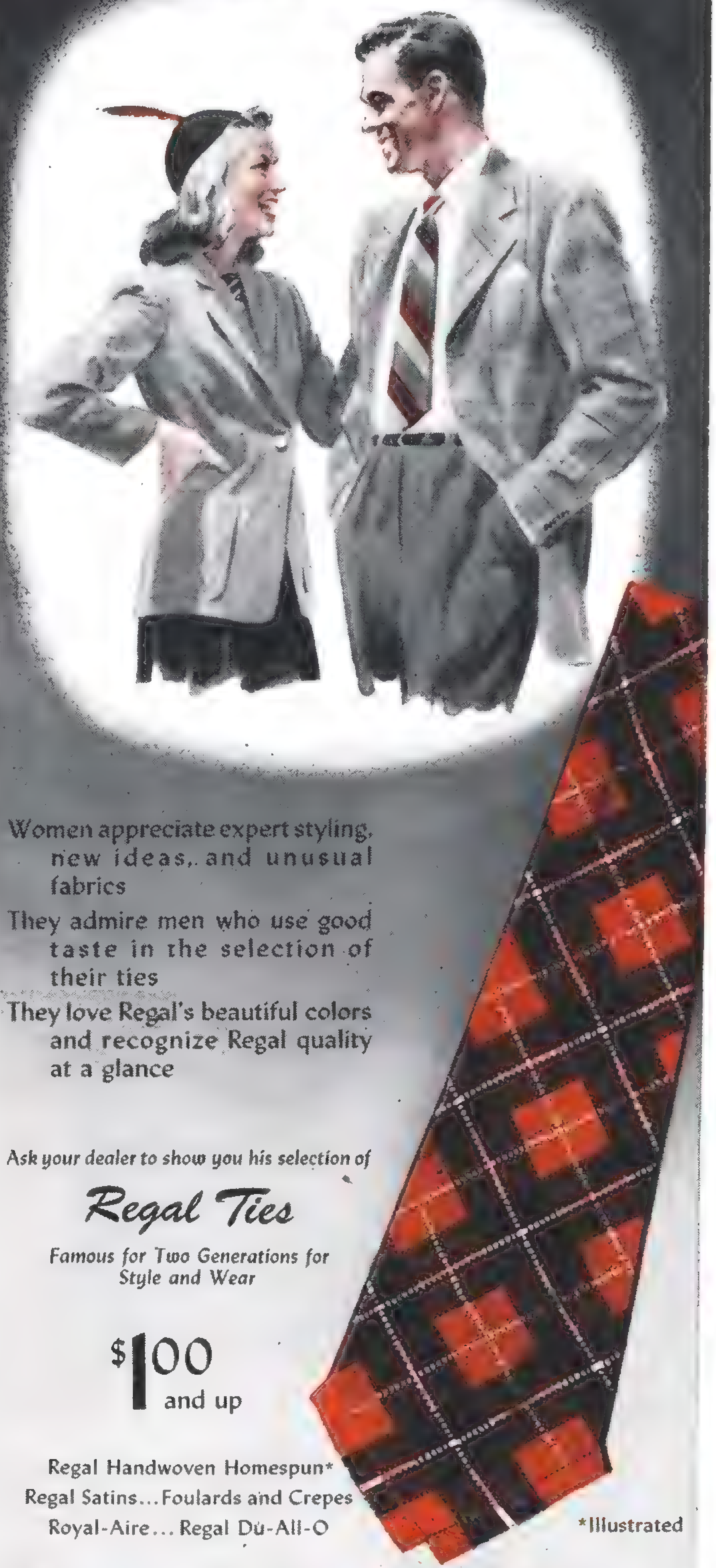

Women appreciate expert styling, new ideas, and unusual fabrics

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Ask your dealer to show you his selection of

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Regal Satins... Foulards and Crepes
Royal-Aire... Regal Du-All-O

*Illustrated

Don't say "Ties"... say "Regal"

Regal Ties

Frank & Meyer Neckwear Co. St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

The Legend of Dorothy Parker

Continued from pages 93-139

Parkerisms. F.P.A. spread the pointed word in his column and at his regular poker games with Broadway celebrities. Woollcott, who made his reputation out of the conversation of others, delighted in conveying Parker's remarks back to the people they were directed against. This luncheon group, originally self-christened "The S. J. Kaufman Post of the American Legion," grew into what was known as the "Critics' Round-table." The table grew larger, and when curious crowds began to flock to the Algonquin to listen, the regulars went back to eating in speak-easies for privacy.

Another more Bohemian group gathered at the studio of Neysa McMein, a cover artist. Mrs. Parker frequented these alcoholic teas, and finally took an apartment under Neysa's studio, which complicated the Parkers' already confused home life. They were finally divorced in 1928.

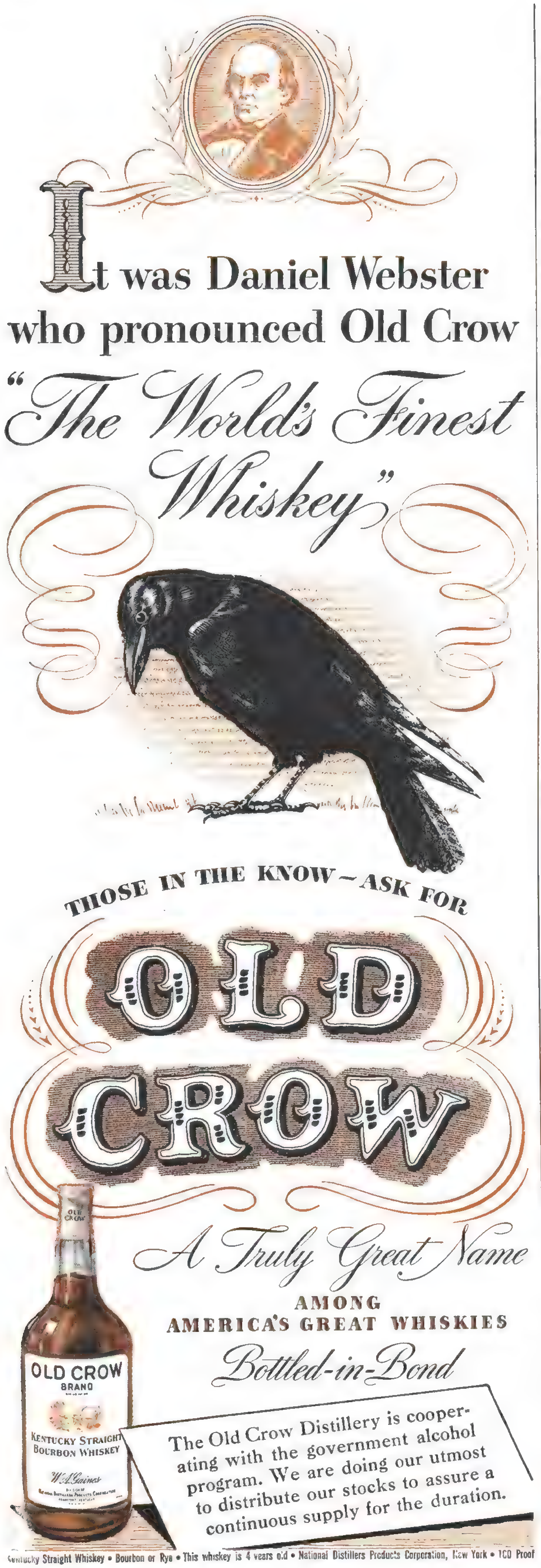
Sophisticated magazines were carrying an occasional Dorothy Parker poem or sketch. In 1924 Elmer Rice suggested they collaborate on dramatizing one of her stories. The play, called *Close Harmony*, ran four weeks. On the fourth Wednesday Mrs. Parker wired Benchley collect: "CLOSE HARMONY DID A COOL NINETY DOLLARS AT THE MATINEE. STOP. ASK THE BOYS IN THE BACK ROOM WHAT THEY WILL HAVE."

The publication of *Enough Rope* in 1926 firmly established Mrs. Parker as a poet. By 1927 the book had gone into eight printings and hit a record high for U.S. poetry sales. It is still selling today.

But most of the smart set were talking about Mrs. Parker's unrhymed witticisms rather than her verses. Woollcott gave the kiss of fame to her bright sayings at a week-end house party which he attended with Mrs. Parker. They were thrown in with a motley group of guests who bathed infrequently. When Woollcott wondered where they came from and where they might be found at other times, Mrs. Parker whispered, "I think that they crawl back into the woodwork."

Inspecting the inadequate washing facilities on that same week end, Woollcott noted an aging toothbrush hanging on the wall above the chipped basin. "What do you suppose our hostess does with that?" Woollcott asked. Mrs. Parker, after a moment's study, answered, "I think she rides it on Hallowe'en."

The upshot of a long series of verbal bull's-eyes was the formation of a group known as "Woollcott's Vigilantes," banded to-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gether in self-protection. Anyone who heard a Parker crack about one of the others would report it immediately. It made for some fine fights.

Very early in her career the literary and theatrical crowd liked to be "in the know" by tagging Dorothy Parker's name onto every new crackling gag. Her fame and her stories traveled abroad and came back. Mrs. Parker feels that her act was never as good as her billing. She even indicates that there mightn't have been an act at all if it hadn't been for Benchley. This Benchley stoutly denies. Furthermore, he states categorically that Mrs. Parker, when sober, has never made an unfunny crack. Most of the second-rate ad libs repeated with her by-line are misquotations or not hers at all. Recently columnists, especially Winchell, have been prone to quote Dorothy Parker on topics probably dreamed up by an overanxious press agent. This is always a source of annoyance to Mrs. Parker.

Bruce Patterson

Even the late Alex Woollcott once wrote a nostalgic story about Mrs. Parker in which he claimed that she had MEN painted on the door of her office just to break the monotony. Actually, Mrs. Parker only talked of doing it.

While hardened to the inferior stories propelled by the magic of her name, Mrs. Parker still winces when something she really authored is credited to another. It was Mrs. Parker who reacted to the news of President Coolidge's death with the cool, "How do they know?" On a magazine piece on Wilson Mizner this tidbit was thrust into his mouth.

Another thing which arouses her ire is a misquotation of:

Men seldom
make passes
At girls who
wear glasses.

She resents the use of the word "never" instead of "seldom." She often wears glasses herself.

Many of Mrs. Parker's genuine gems are lost to readers because they are too frank to print. Fortunately, her present husband, Alan Campbell, occasionally overhears

Continued on page 142

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The Legend of Dorothy Parker

Continued from pages 93-139-141

a good one and repeats it. One example has to do with his wife's comment on a lady politician whose character was being gleefully shredded over martinis. One of the women at the cocktail party said in her defense, "But really, she's awfully kind to her inferiors."

Mrs. Parker quipped, "Where does she find them?"

Until 1925 Mrs. Parker worked on the old *Life* doing articles, stories and reviews. Shortly after the *New Yorker* began publication she moved her acid pen over there, and portioned out her weekly vitriol against the puny efforts of the publishing industry in reviews signed "Constant Reader." Once, at the end of a criticism of A. A. Milne's sugar-saturated whimsy, she recorded the fact that "Tonstant Weader fwowed up."

During the next decade Mrs. Parker did a great deal of traveling abroad, and her interest in things international developed apace. At least one of the periodic European junkets had a higher purpose. In 1937 she went to Spain "without any axe to grind" to see what and wherefore of the bitter Civil War. Writing about her experiences afterward, she said: "I didn't bring messages from anybody. I am not a member of any political party. The only group I have ever been affiliated with is that not especially brave little band that hid its nakedness of heart and mind under the out-of-date garment of a sense of humor. I heard someone say, and so I said it, too, that ridicule is the most effective weapon. . . . Well, now I know . . . ridicule may be a shield, but it is not a weapon."

When she came back, firmly convinced of the Loyalist cause, she worked hard to arouse U. S. sympathy against the Fascists. All her scorn was turned into this channel, against the isolationists, the fence sitters. At a party given by Leon Henderson in Washington she sat on a piano and pleaded for funds for Spanish children. Her words moved her so she cried. When a photographer tried to get a picture of her misery, Henderson threw him out bodily. At that party Mrs. Parker declared soberly, "A humorist in this world is whistling by the loneliest graveyard and whistling the saddest song. There is nothing funny in the world anymore."

The trip to Spain crystallized a social consciousness which Mrs. Parker had been nicely sublimating since she was a child. Occasionally it cropped up in her short stories or over some dramatic incident. She was arrested in 1927 for "sauntering and loitering" near

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the scene of the Sacco-Vanzetti trial in Boston, although her active participation was no greater than that of hundreds of liberal intellectuals. She had merely marched in a protest parade.

Mrs. Parker recalls the first incident in her life which caused her to think of humanity in social terms. One wintry day she stood at the window of an apartment on West 72nd Street with her aunt who pointed at the poor, tired old men shoveling the streets clean during a snowstorm. The aunt remarked to her young charge that thanks were due to God for sending the snow as it gave the unemployed an opportunity to work. The child Dorothy thought that men ought to have the *chance* to work even in good weather.

"Angel, I've been looking all over for you"

After Spain Mrs. Parker's writing became more serious but there was little market for it. Editors wanted the charming, sophisticated Dorothy Parker, the old brittle stories, the nostalgic mooncalf poems. This reaction only soured her more completely on humor and light verse. Invited by The Congress of American Writers in 1939 to talk at their poetry session, she entitled her discourse, "Sophisticated Verse and *the Hell with It*."

She turned her old ruthlessness on the glittering adjectives used to describe her own work. "Out in Hollywood where the streets are paved with Goldwyn," she remarked, "the word 'sophisticate' means, very simply, 'obscene.' A sophisticated story is a dirty story. Some of that meaning has wafted eastward and got itself mixed up into the present definition. So that a 'sophisticate' means: one who dwells in a tower made of a DuPont substitute for ivory and holds a glass of flat champagne in one hand and an album of dirty post cards in the other."

With these words Dorothy Parker completely turned her back on New York, her old hangouts and cronies. She and her second husband buckled down to work in Hollywood. Looking back now

Continued on page 144

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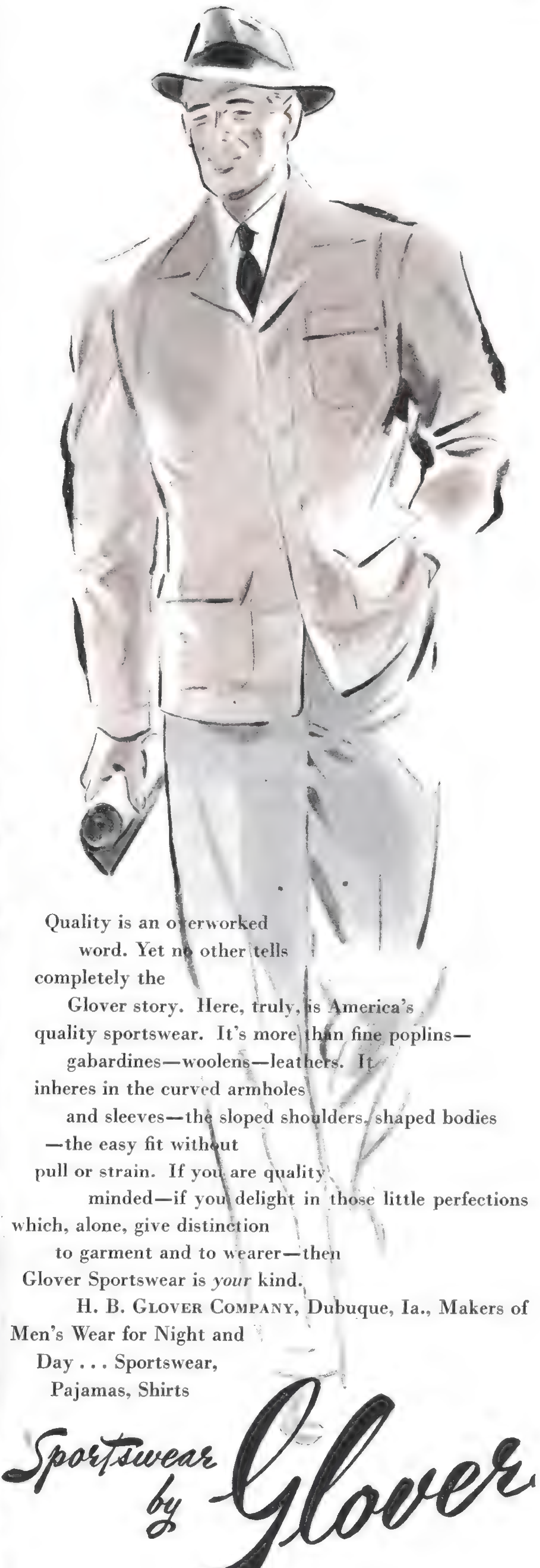

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100% WOOL NAPHTHALATED

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The Legend of Dorothy Parker

Continued from pages 93-139-141-143

on her collections of verse and short stories, Mrs. Parker takes pride only in *Soldiers of the Republic*, a singularly effective story about Spain. But she is far better known than many fine authors who have published a hundred times as much. Her publisher estimates that on a per word basis she is probably the world's highest paid writer. Her poems and stories appear repeatedly in collected volumes and anthologies, and stories are constantly adapted for radio and stage.

Her verse has been all things to all critics: "sly and philosophical" to Russel Crouse, "robust" to Laurence Stallings, "biting and terse" to Henry Hazlitt, and to Woollcott a "potent distillation of nectar and wormwood, of ambrosia and deadly nightshade." Her prose to Robert Sherwood was the "superior of Ernest Hemingway added to Ring Lardner added to Aldous Huxley added to Rebecca West."

But at bridge parties and stag dinners Mrs. Parker is not remembered as the author of the O. Henry prize-winning story, *Big Blonde* or as the dialogue writer for *Pride of the Yankees*. She's the wisecrack artist who summed up Channing Pollock's *The House Beautiful* as "the play lousy," who said of Katharine Hepburn's acting, "she runs the gamut of emotions from A. to B." She's the mistress of the deadly verbal thrust who wired a famous actress when that thespian finally had a baby (after making conspicuous entrances during her prolonged pregnancy) "GOOD WORK WE ALL KNEW YOU HAD IT IN YOU." Dorothy Parker's work has been heavily conditioned by four men in her life. When her early marriage with Edwin Parker floated on the rocks, she fell in love with Charles MacArthur, now married to Helen Hayes. Three years of that bred only frustration and a volume of bitter love poems. The next heartthrob was John Garrett, a socialite. The third was John McClain, a reporter, about whose Victor Maturish framework Mrs. Parker made the classic crack, "His body has gone to his head." Her second husband, Alan Campbell, is number four. They were married in 1933 when he was playing juvenile leads in summer stock. While Campbell was touring in Denver, Mrs. Parker received an offer for them to go to Hollywood. They borrowed money to buy a second-hand flivver and drove to the coast. They soon drove a Packard and lived in a mansion.

Up until this second marriage Mrs. Parker's life had been a series

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HAS GONE TO WAR....

We're sorry your requests for Hollycourt Pre-Smoked Pipes can't be filled today.... But Hollycourt, the pipe with *the patented groove in the bottom of the bowl*, will be back. That's a promise.

•

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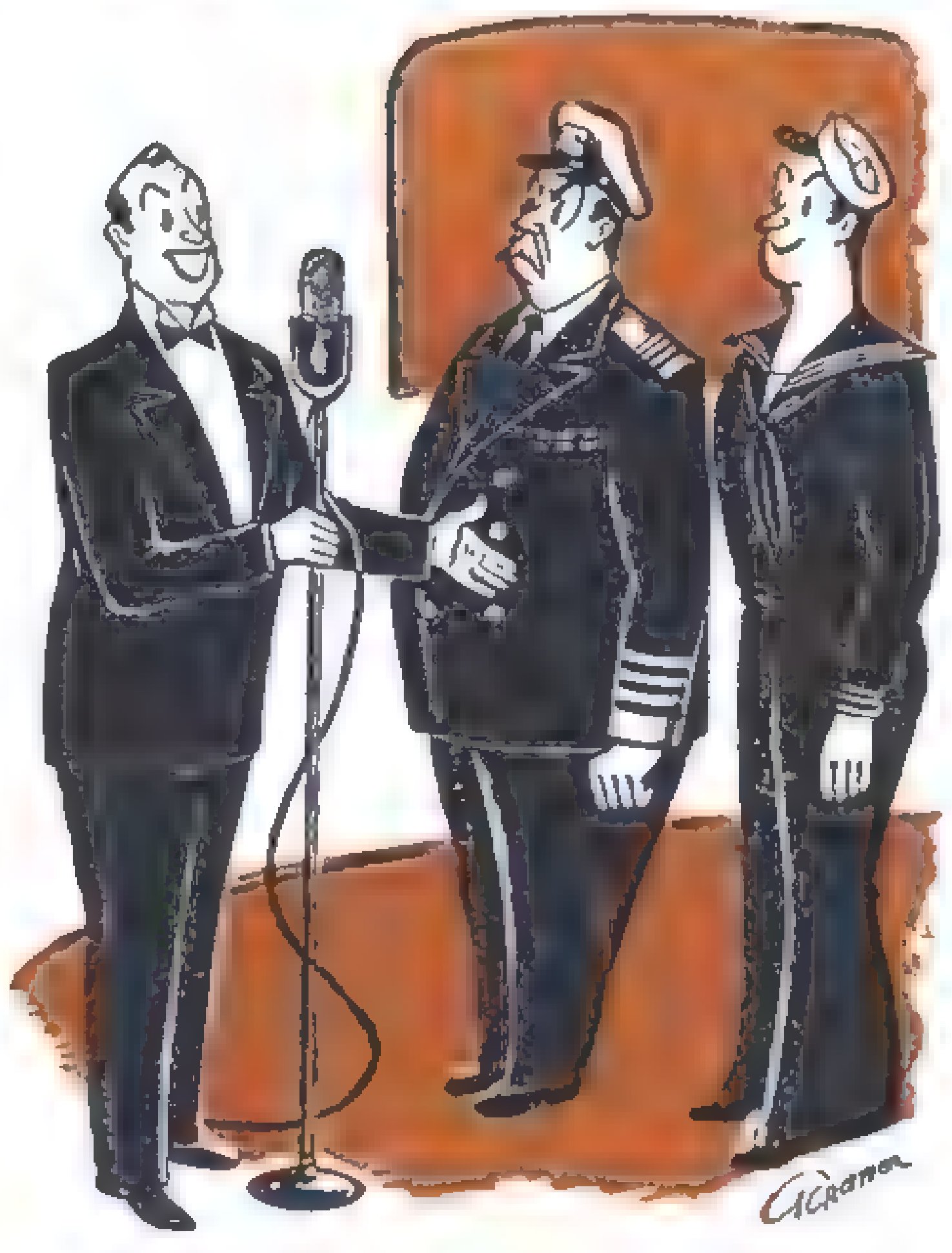
of high plateaus between heartbreaks. She usually crawled out of the pits slowly, pulling herself up by a series of bitter verses, stories and parties. Since she achieved comparative stability with Campbell, the plateaus have leveled out, the bitter verses swell up no more, the stories are so much drudgery and the parties are less frequent. With Campbell in the Army some of her "old friends" hope that the literary output will start again.

After nine years of being one of Hollywood's most highly paid scenarists, Mrs. Parker's scorn for the tinselled town has not abated. She believes one of the troubles with the movies is "that everybody in Hollywood thinks he can write, including the producers. I don't believe the films have anything to do with writing except in a crossword puzzle kind of way. Writing a script is drawing together a lot of ends which can be worked into a moving picture."

Parker and Campbell have collaborated on tough, realistic pictures like *Mary Burns, Fugitive*, gay, screwball items like *Hands Across the Table* and *The Moon's Our Home*, serious Hollywood self-analysis like *A Star Is Born;* ironically their biggest box-office draw was the saccharine *Sweethearts*, a 1938 musical hit with Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald. The Campbells sweated out their time in the studios like so many days in purgatory to pay for their earthly bills. The only picture that gave Mrs. Parker any satisfaction "aside from the check every week" was the scenario for Lillian Hellman's *The Little Foxes*.



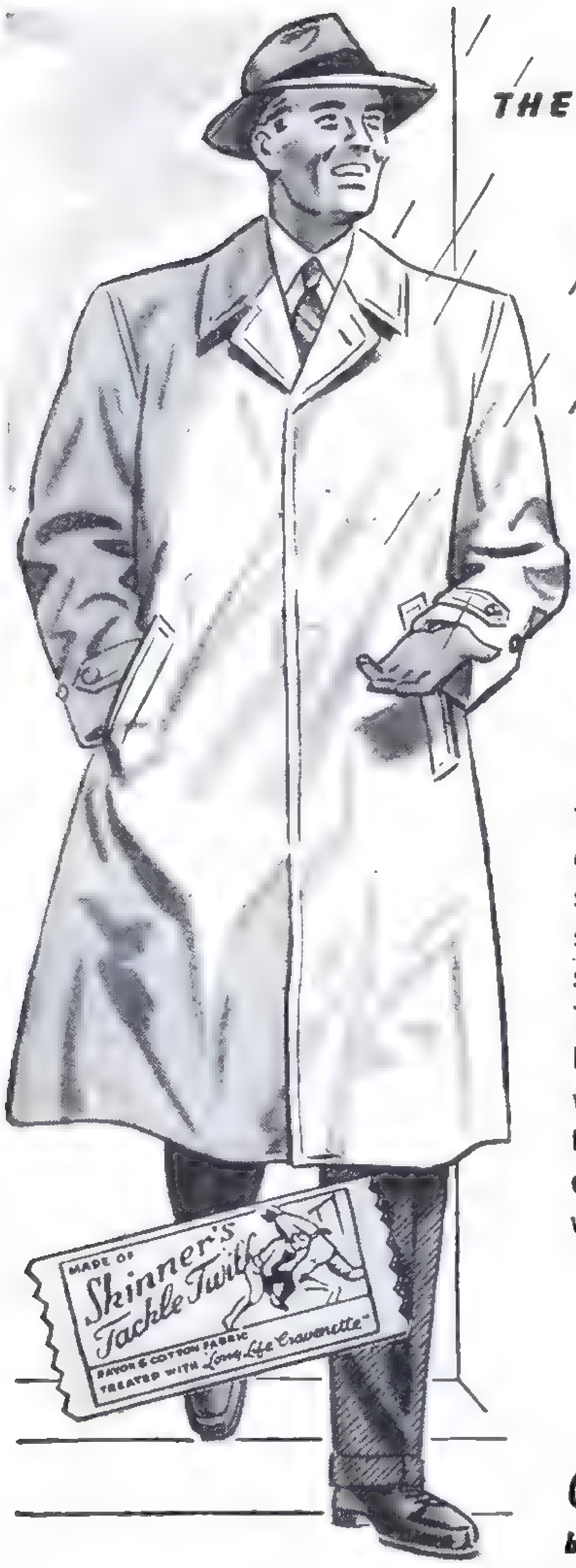
"Next I want to introduce a couple of sailors"

After the filming of this stage hit had started, she received a frantic phone call in the middle of the night from Producer Sam Goldwyn. "I've seen the rushes," he shouted, "and that picture's communistic, it's communism pure and simple I tell you."

"But, Sam," Mrs. Parker remonstrated gently and with inspiration, "the story is set in the early 1900's. There wasn't any communism *then*."

"Thank God," Goldwyn ex-

Continued on page 146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Scotch Grains

The Legend of Dorothy Parker

Continued from pages 93-139-141-143-145

claimed. He hung up, contented.

While her husband, a lieutenant in the Air Forces, shuttled around for training, Mrs. Parker lived in a dowdy two-room apartment in a New York apartment hotel, which she aptly described as "the kind of a hotel where businessmen install their mothers and then run."

In the Army, Campbell, although he has a solid reputation of his own as a writer, finds most soldiers know of his wife. They refer to her as "a newspaperwoman" and occasionally confuse her with Dorothy Thompson. This confusion, incidentally, is shared by hundreds of others—to the delight of neither Dorothy.

Dorothy Parker still has her old charm. Her conversation is animated, intelligent, not unkindly. She is short, about five feet, with dark hair that bommerbangs over her forehead, large dark eyes and a tired look. She has a nervous, shy, gamin manner relieved by a quick, warm smile. Her voice has an unusual timbre, sometimes throaty, sometimes high. No one has ever heard Mrs. Parker laugh at one of her fabulous wisecracks. She just goes on with the conversation as if she had only said, "How do you do?"

She still likes dachshunds and Hemingway, cries very easily, is extremely generous and intensely self-deprecating, avoids publicity, likes to be lazy.

She is still the center of any room full of people. This, she says, has always upset her. "How would *you* like to walk into a party and have a dozen women look up and say with their eyes, 'So you're Dorothy Parker. I dare you to say something nasty.'" The tragedy is that Mrs. Parker loves being with people, dreads the fact that her reputation precedes and follows her. On one occasion at a first night the woman next to her turned and asked, "Are you Dorothy Parker?" In self-defense, Mrs. Parker said, "Yes, do you mind?"

Mrs. Parker would gladly trade her secured niche as a foremost American wit for one thick, solid, earthy, realistic masterpiece. She would gladly forget her own prediction:

> "Three be the things I shall
> have till I die:
> Laughter and hope and a sock
> in the eye."

She would even hurl mud at her own epitaph, EXCUSE MY DUST. But somehow she can no longer kid herself. Her contribution to the 20th Century Culture, unless she should reverse her field, is the elevation of the wisecrack from the speak-easy barroom to the level of Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations.*

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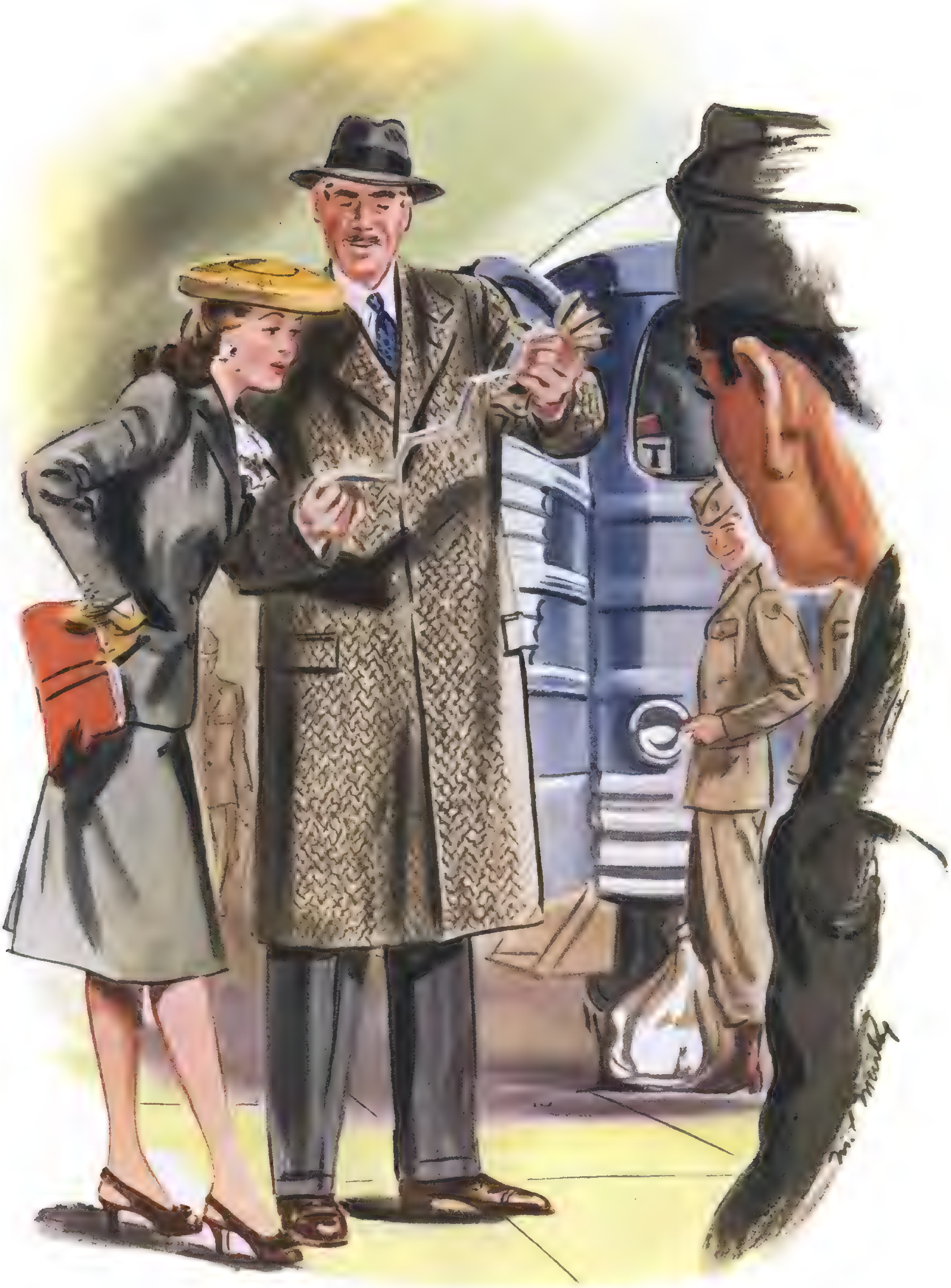

tweed's the ticket

The government advises that if it is necessary to take a trip, try to avoid traveling over weekends, when personnel in the different arms of the military services have opportunities to get back home. All transportation systems are making great records in meeting America's wartime needs. The tickets of all these bus passengers have an Army camp as the destination. The civilians will head for the guest house, their headquarters at camp during their visit with the young soldier of the family. Tweed's the ticket as far as the civilian gentleman's topcoat is concerned. The roughish texture fabric shows a small all-over effect that is accentuated by the light natural and darker brown woolen yarns. This lighter tone conforms to the fashion trend in suits. The topcoat is the knee-length model with natural shoulders and fly-front. Also worn, snap brim hat, overplaid tie, worsted suit, brown straight-tip shoes.

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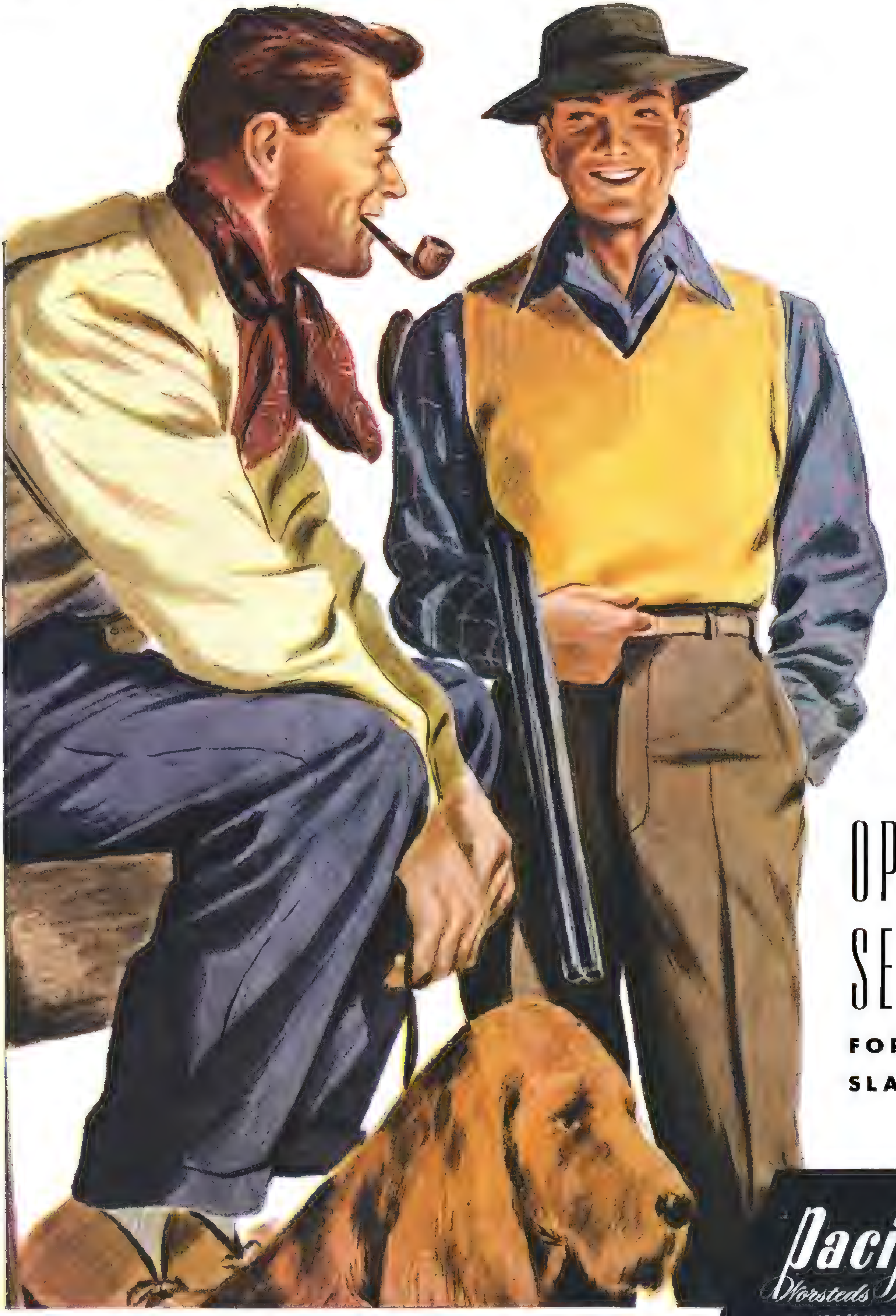

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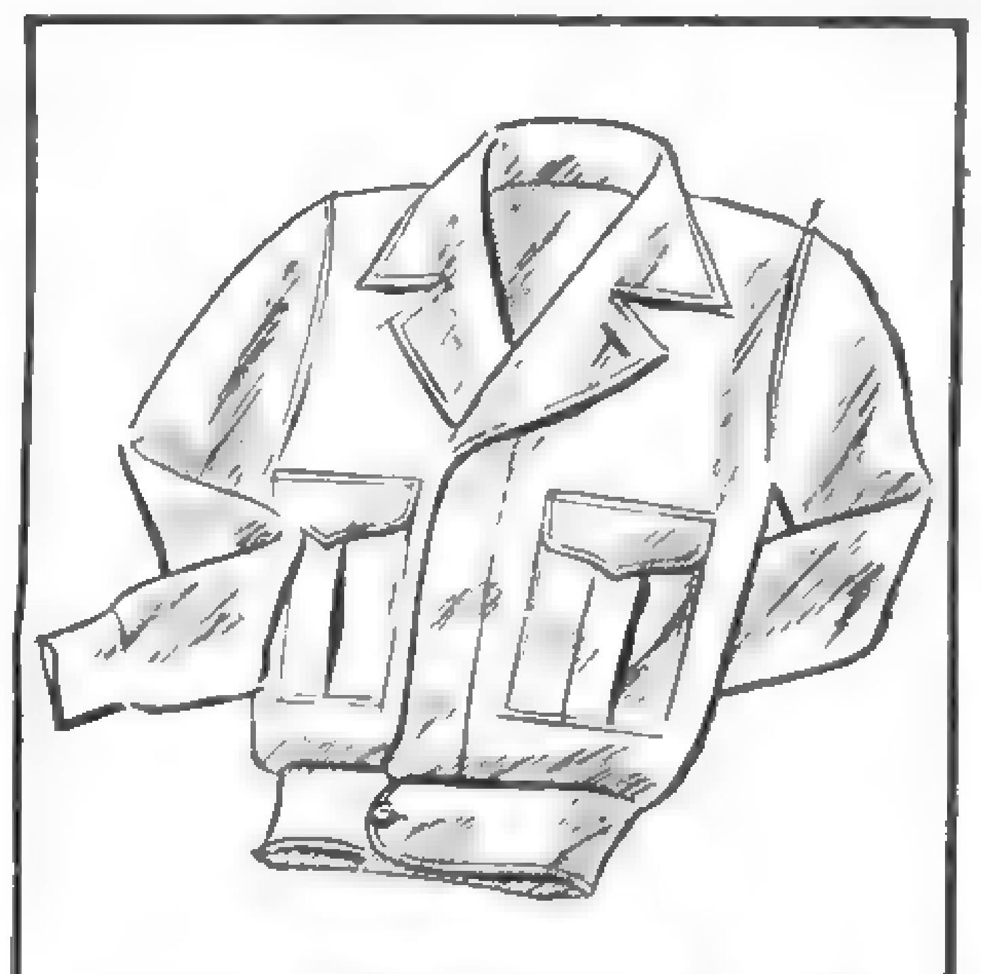
Artist in Search of a Medium

Continued from page 77

bination, finding that it made his paintings too much alike.

In 1938 he painted his first encaustic out of curiosity, and experimented for about eighteen months, trying various types of waxes, resins and oils as the binding element on the pigments and in many combinations and at various temperatures. He was more the alchemist in his den than the artist in his studio. One of his problems was not only to discover the right proportions of the right ingredients, but also the right temperature at which they would fuse for handling by brush on canvas or board. Some of the early paintings cracked. For him the right mixture consists of ninety per cent of beeswax and ten per cent of sun-thickened oil and resin, heated to a temperature of 225 degrees Fahrenheit on an electric stove thermostatically controlled. It was not until a year after he had begun his own experiments that he came across a standard work on the subject by a Munich painter-scientist, Dr. Hans Schmid, of whose work in this field he had not previously known, but by that time he had practically hoed his own row.

The advantage of encaustic painting, Zerbe finds, is that it saves time, the paint drying into its final state overnight. Encaustic (like Duco) allows fast painting for an artist of impatient temperament, such as Zerbe is, although the slow preliminary work he does upon each canvas tends to reduce his output. Encaustic is for the artist who is not primarily interested in modeling but in color and in the effects of luminosity and brilliance. It is not a medium for an artist who can't work at high temperature, but Zerbe doesn't mind the heat too much. The degree of gloss which the heat brings out makes the application of varnish unnecessary. Zerbe heats the canvas to fasten the colors on to it more



The American battle jacket was the inspiration for this jacket of processed fabric for all-around sportswear.

Continued on page 152

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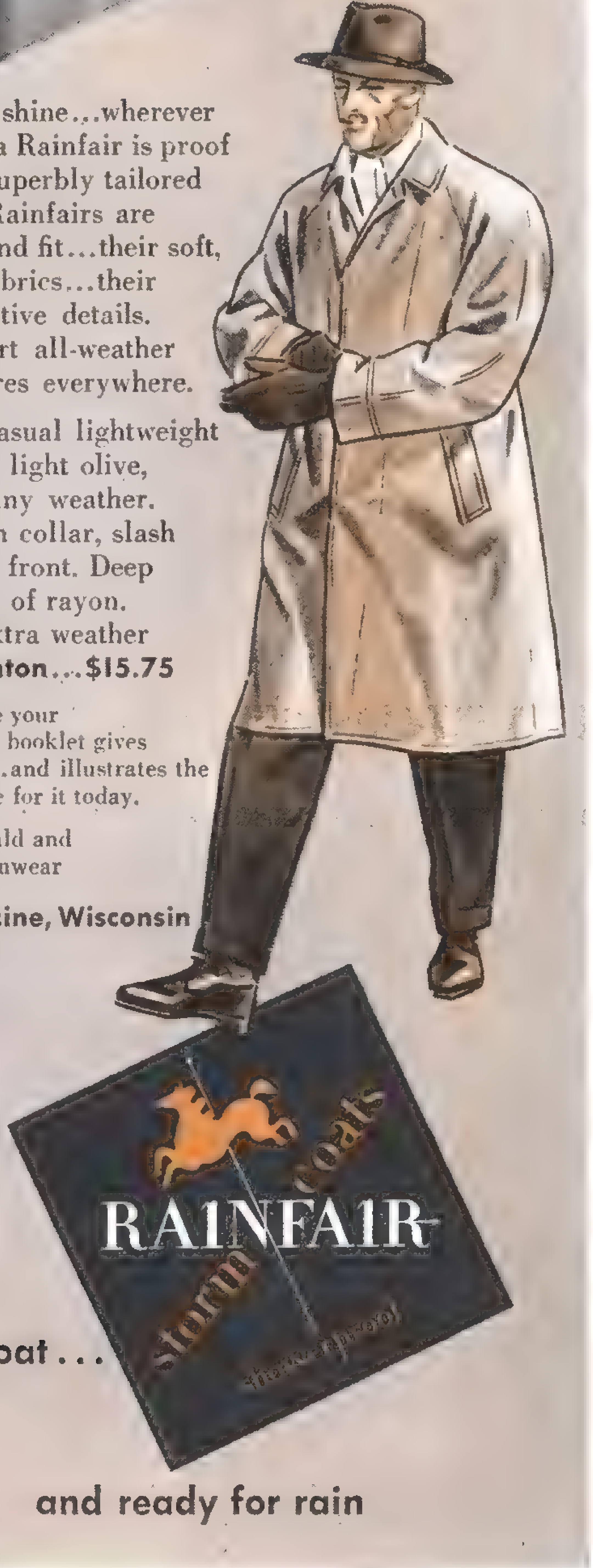

smart as a topcoat...

and ready for rain

Artist in Search of a Medium

Continued from pages 77-151

securely, once the paint has been established on the canvas. Nowadays he rarely uses board and no longer applies oil glazes as he used to. He has abandoned oil paints, tempera and Duco and uses gouache as a subsidiary medium. Only the antiquity and the rarity of this medium justifies so extended an explanation.

The German Zerbe belonged to the "new reality" school of painting; today the American Zerbe is, and regards himself as being, a symbolist. To put it in his own words: "In most of my painting, besides using the traditional standards for expression—as significant color, composition and the literary approach to the scene, I have tried to add a subjective matter by the use of objects which, in their relation to each other and to the theme, gave an additional emotional and intellectual impetus and meaning to the painting. This was done quite often instinctively. In most of the paintings of the last several years it was done very deliberately. This use of the object for its symbolic value gives me a new pleasure." He says the kind of delight which the work of Orozco, Picasso, Miro and Blume communicate is largely intellectual because of their use of symbols, through which may be conveyed also considerable emotional impact, depending on what the symbols already mean or are made to mean to the spectator.

The symbolic value of Zerbe's paintings can be impressed upon the beholder only after he has been drawn into them by their emotional pull, if any. I think that such paintings as *Terror* and *The Storm* speak adequately for themselves. The lightning flash (in *Terror*) which whitely illumines distant towers beyond a façade of nondescript houses has its own excitement. Paintings such as *Plaster of Paris* and *The Angel*, with their symbolically significant groupings of studio-ish objects, require some literary interpretation. Paintings such as *The Mirror* and *Chandelier*, with their groupings of objects that testify to the tastelessness of the baroque style, comprise rather an art lecture transferred to canvas, while *Armory* is so heavily laden with literary references and with allusions to a personal view of the universe as to be surrealist in its intention, if not in the actual painting, in which there is no distortion. His systematic inclusion of plaster casts, sometimes chipped or broken, and of fragments of casts, which tell me that Jupiter, as well as Queen Anne, is dead, suggest somewhat

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of a fixation on the artist's part.

For my money I'll take any one of his street scenes. *Early Morning in Spring* is perhaps one of his best. The man conveys the atmosphere of a street, a church, a row of houses, a city park, a backyard, like nobody's business. In *Washington Square, Charleston,* you feel the ponderable pressure of the place and of the time that passed in it and of the people who have passed through it. *Marion Square* has an almost equal excitement about it. His view of Harvard University from across the Charles River is also satisfying. He continues to be interested in church architecture, *The Abbey* (except for the priestly figures in the foreground) and *St. Etienne du Mont* being almost entirely studies of stone facades, or has a symbolic intention been overlooked?

I must confess to being puzzled by one thing. Encaustic is a medium which appears to be intended for those artists who want, above everything else, to paint with color and who are not interested in the definitions and precisions of form and line and texture. Zerbe's art seems to be largely linear, with even minute forms defined with crystal clarity. *Parrot and Decanter,* for all its excellences as a painting, is a *jeu d'esprit* study in textures which has the quality chiefly of a fine drawing or of an etching. The clock and the jar in *The Angel,* the alarm clock (a recurring symbol) and the picture wire in *Armory,* are objects which do not require concentration on color problems for their realization. The color areas in too many of Zerbe's paintings seem too narrow for the broad treatment which the use of encaustic paint seems to encourage. Is it possible that the scientific researcher and the artist in Zerbe have not yet merged, that they are going in different directions, but may soon arrive at that fork in the road where eventually the science of encaustic painting and the art of Karl Zerbe will meet? #

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The Amazing Mr. Sims

Continued from page 59

New Deal. "Now take Harry Hopkins," he will say. "*There's* a man who could show us bankers a thing or two." Just before he reaches the point where he unmasks himself, Sims, really steamed up, bombshells his auditors with, "And I say to you here today that what the banks of this country need most is more regulation from Washington!"

One banker, upon hearing that crack, left the room before learning about the hoax and was so upset that he lost his dinner.

A few years ago a prankish millionaire paid Sims 500 dollars to appear at a snazzy country club in New Jersey. The masquerader, arriving in an outlandish getup, was introduced as Hans von Seidlitz, golf champion of Germany, Austria and the Balkans.

The ribber who brought Sims to the club had tipped off several representatives of golf equipment manufacturers that the European champion was in the market for many thousands of dollars' worth of balls and clubs for Central European country clubs.

The salesmen were all eagerly awaiting the arrival of Von Seidlitz. First Sims tried out the balls. He appeared to hit them with great force, yet none of them traveled more than seventy-five yards. Then he reached into his own battered bag, brought out an old, misshapen ball and drove it twice as far as any of the others had gone. "I think Choiman balls bead what you make in Unided Stades," he announced.

Sims found fault with one club after another. He deliberately dubbed his shots with the drivers and irons offered by the salesmen and pronounced his own battered and crooked clubs far superior to any of the new equipment offered for his consideration.

Sims has never suffered physical violence but he has been close to it several times. One night he was introduced at a dinner for employes of a large New York department store as an efficiency expert who had just been elected vice president in charge of streamlining the business. After blunt introductory remarks relating to the need of new blood in the organization Sims fired most of the employes on the spot. One man, who had been with the store for twenty-seven years, was on the way to the speakers' table with blood in his eyes when Sims revealed himself.

Another close shave came at a dinner for Naval officers and their wives, following the Army-Navy football game of 1936, when Sims, posing as a Nazi army officer in this country on a good-will mis-

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sion, made some very uncomplimentary remarks about the American way of life.

Not long ago he spoke before a meeting of independent petroleum dealers in Indianapolis where, he learned later, one oil man had made up his mind to commit assault and battery on him because of the speaker's glowing praise of Secretary of the Interior Ickes.

"Please, George, don't be disgusting between paydays"

In 1928 a New York textile firm, for which Sims had worked for years as comptroller, liquidated, and Sims at thirty-one found himself out of a job. He had often clowned at parties. Now he decided to put his talent on a paying basis. He offered his unique services to a speakers' bureau, tried out as an eccentric authority on government at a Brooklyn political dinner and was on his way.

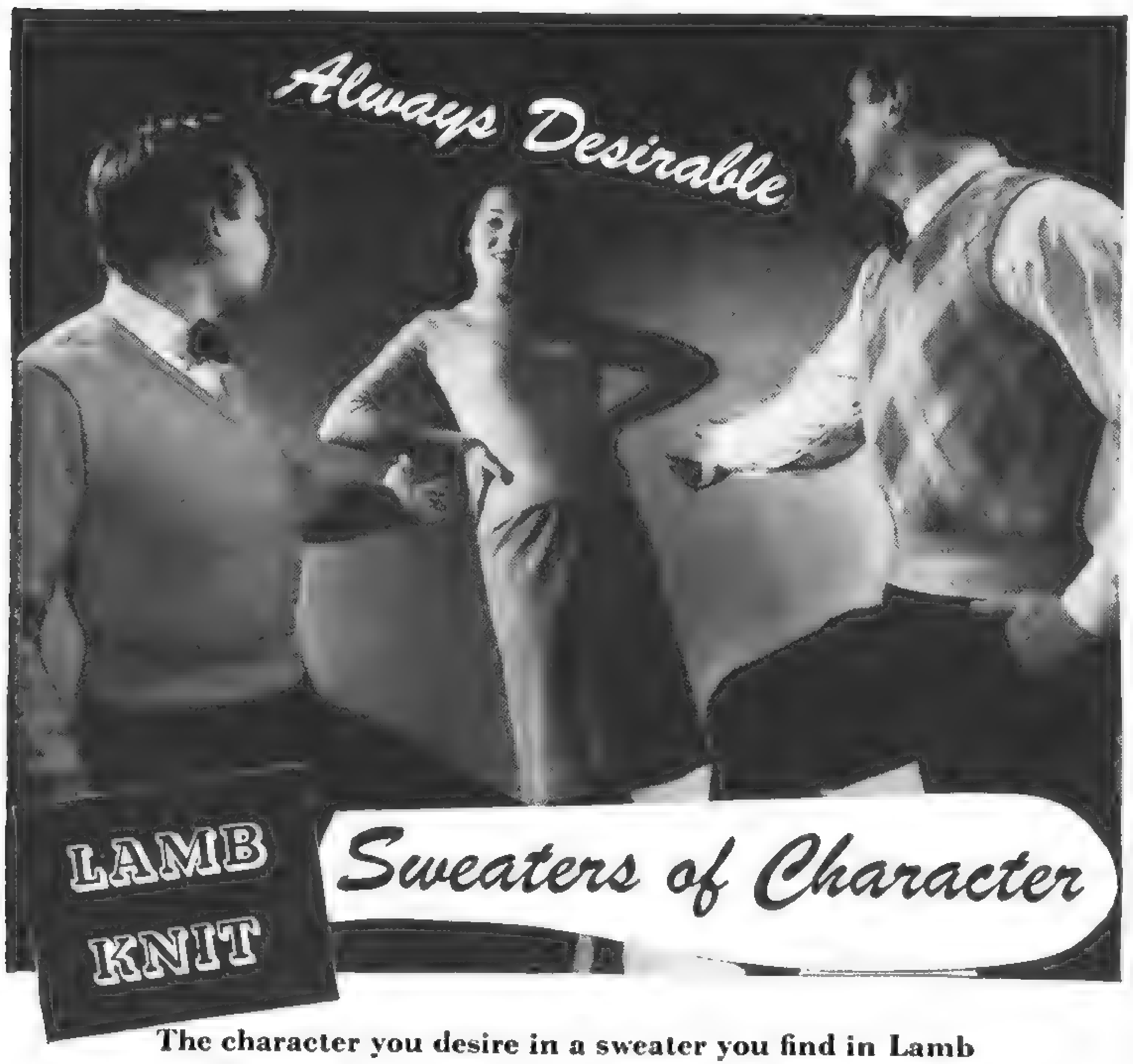
Sims, a widower, lives in a midtown Manhattan apartment furnished with art objects acquired on world travels. He has rejected offers to go on the stage, in character parts, because he is at his best while talking extemporaneously.

Usually, after he has exposed himself, and when everybody is in good humor, Sims grows serious and delivers an inspirational address on the brotherhood of man, and the need of international cooperation. Privately, he regards himself as a man who uses a hoax as an approach to a message of importance.

Not long ago, Sims was addressing a sophisticated luncheon group in New York. Sims posed as a Midwestern die-hard isolationist Republican. He hammered the New Deal and everything about it, Mrs. Roosevelt in particular.

In fact, he grew so vehement about the First Lady that his listeners, except one, were becoming highly embarrassed.

The one who wasn't embarrassed was in on the joke and getting a great deal of fun out of it. She was Eleanor Roosevelt who has heard him often and is something of a Sims fan. #



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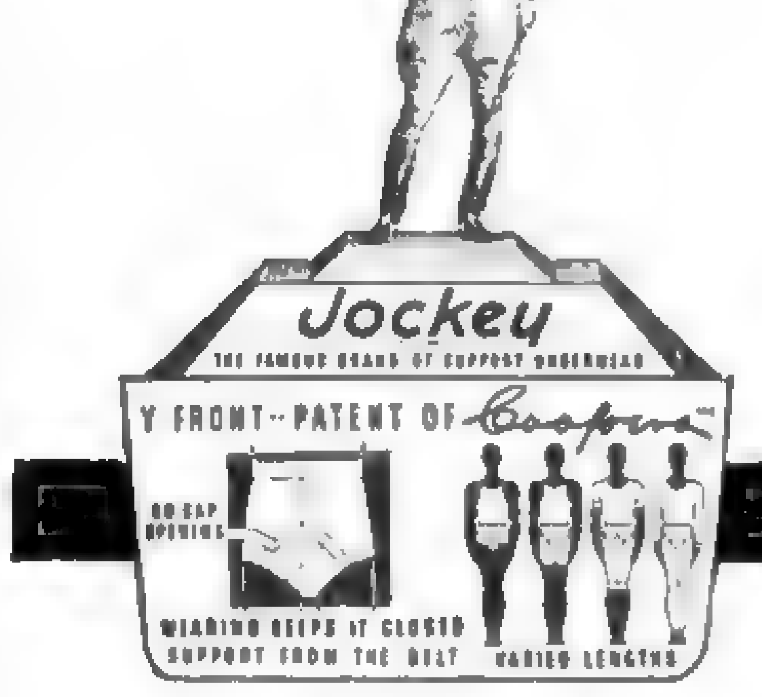
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Black Sheep Number One: Johnny

Continued from page 39

vacant house they could find. Yet none of these in-between jobs ever lasted long and, finally, Johnny would be compelled to return to the railroad. Yet, as a precautionary measure, during all of his jobs, he always cashed his paycheck at the particular saloon he most cared to frequent in order that his bar bill should come out first—that is, before his wife would demand or obtain any money. Hence there was very little left, for her or the children, for food. However, years later, when Johnny was old and his sons had supported him for a long time, and when many people mentioned that they thought his sons took fine care of him, his answer was: "I fed them, didn't I?" which caused one of them to comment to me: "But I remembered that our skillet and gold watch always had a standing value at Springfield Mike's hock shop. The skillet brought ten cents and the watch ten dollars, which sums had to serve until either my father or my mother, through her parents, could borrow enough to live on until he could make some new connection or loan of some kind.

"When I was nine," my investment broker friend told me, "my father [Johnny] said to me—'See here, you, I can't carry the whole load of this house. You kids have got to help.' So my brothers and I got whatever jobs we could at whatever price. I went to work in a grocery for three dollars a week, paid in groceries. My two brothers also worked, and yet when one of them was brought home one day with a broken leg, father, made angry by the financial loss only, said, 'It's too bad it wasn't your neck.' In fact, my father had a dictatorial temper that got him in so many fights that he constantly bore one type of wound or another—a black eye, a cut lip, a chewed ear or what not. His favorite weapon was his lantern! His usual procedure was to hit a man fast and hard in the face and that usually was the end of the fight and the end of the lantern. When he came home drunk and battered, as he often did, he'd open the door and say, 'They been abusin' me!' That was Johnny's standard defense—everybody abused him. And when my mother, who had become inured to a lot of things by that time, would venture to join with us three boys in protest, since we, at such times in particular, were the only ones who were bringing in any money, my father would protest stoutly that we—our mother included—were ingrates and that he was leaving never to 'darken our door again.' He never

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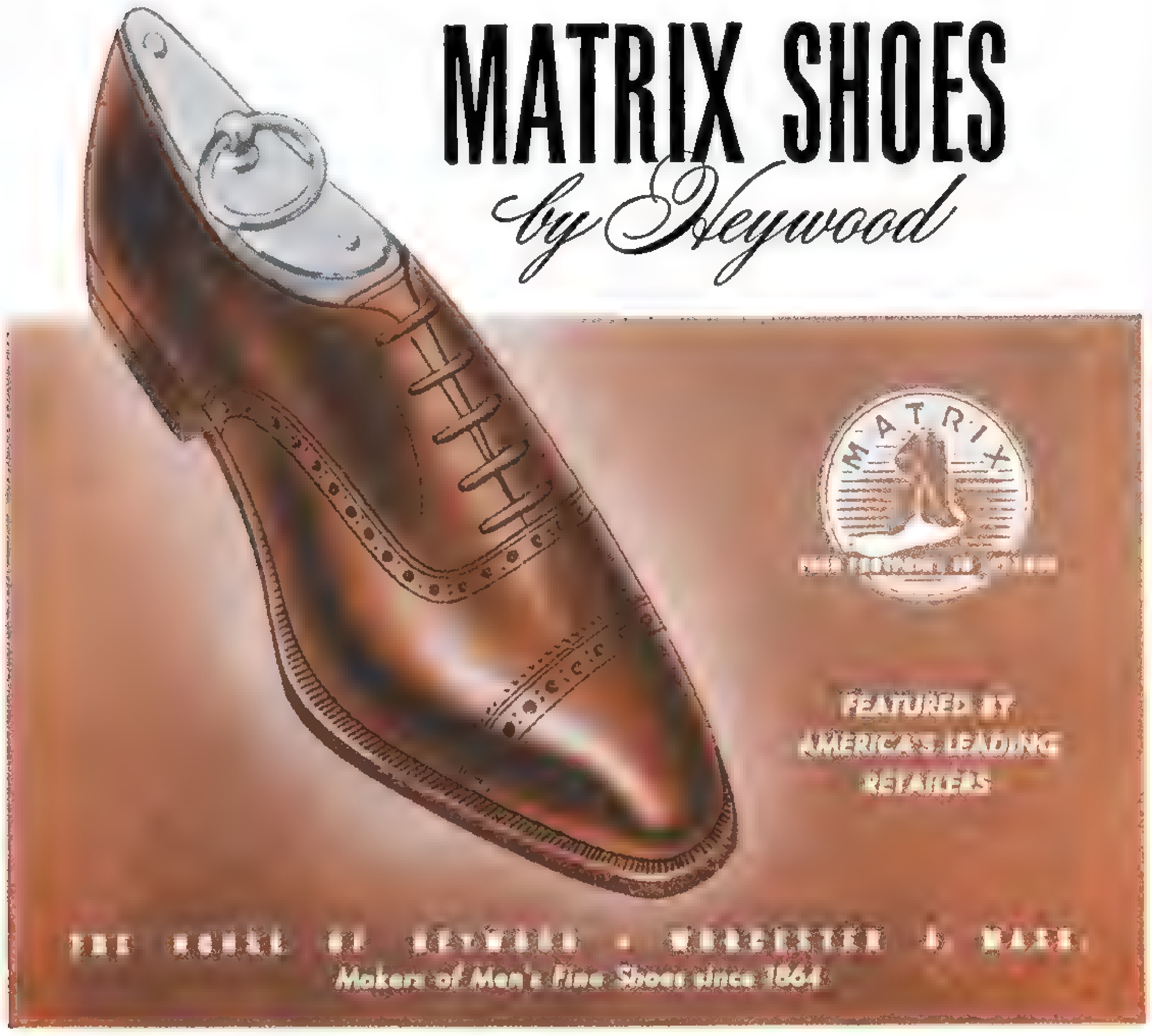
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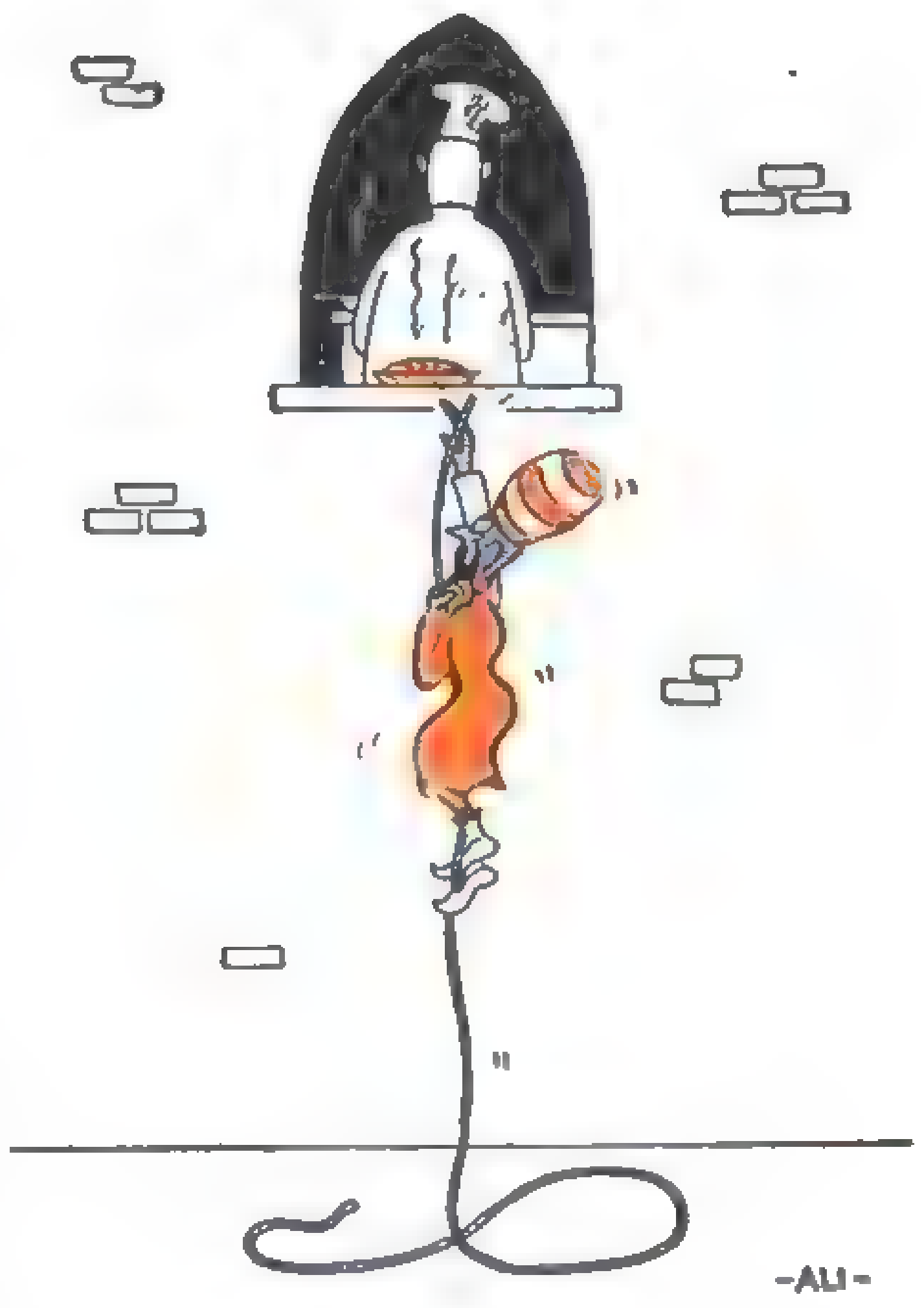
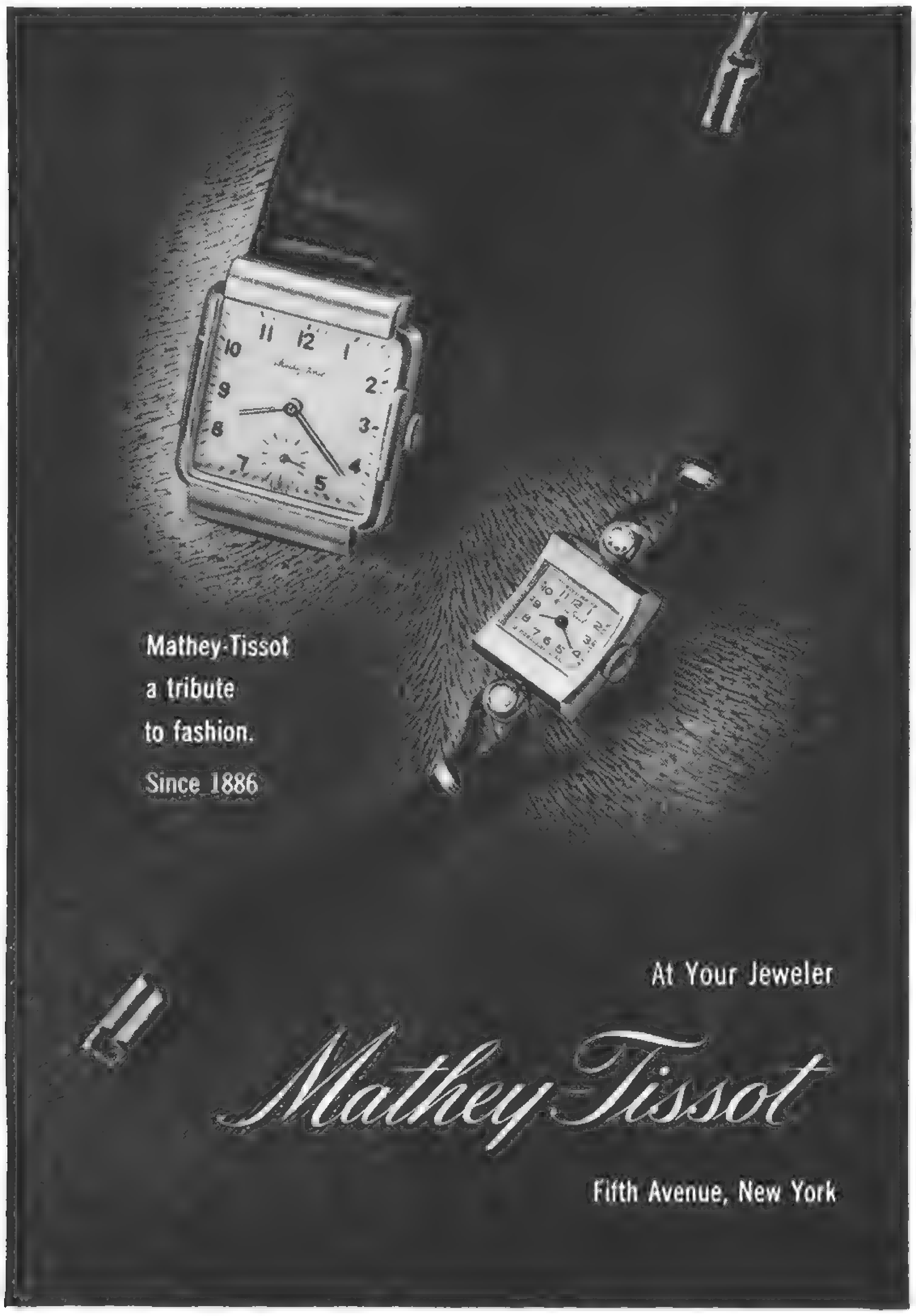
left for more than a few hours or a night, after which time he would duly return, for food principally. And yet my mother, who, in his absence, would denounce him as a 'demon of the deepest dye'—when she was talking to our neighbors about our father—some new abuse or escapade of his—would occasionally add that he 'could have got a gilt-edged job today only they found out he couldn't write'—which was true.

"Politically my father was a Democrat, but it was against his principles to give anybody anything for nothing—not even his political party. So, at each election he sold his vote, but never to the Republicans. On the contrary, he would wait until election day and, what was more, often enough until the last voting hour of that day, saying as he did that if they wanted him to vote they'd have to come and get him, a roundabout way he had of exacting the best possible price, particularly in close years. Yet the Democratic vote-managing functionaries of his district would wait until as late as four o'clock of election day before they would send a buggy to his favorite saloon to bring him in. And, according to his ironic point of view, the cash came with the buggy, else he would refuse to vote at all."



Another interesting light on his character was Johnny's intense determination never to pay for anything if there was a possible way out of or around his so doing. Thus when Johnny's father died at the age of eighty, all of his sons went to the undertakers to make the arrangements, and although Johnny was present, he refused to go inside. Instead, wearing a solemn and wholly respectful look, according to his son, he stood outside and said: "Henry, I'm too smart for them. They can't catch me like that. If I go in there I'm responsible for a part of the funeral bill. I'm too smart for that." Thus he got out of paying his share on the technicality that he wasn't present when arrangements were made and hadn't authorized

Continued on page 158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Black Sheep Number One: Johnny

Continued from pages 39-157

the undertaker to take charge! And this in the face of the fact that no single member of the family expected that he ever would pay anything. Rather, where he could, he would steal. And seeing that railroad boxcars occasionally offered an easy opportunity for loot, whiskey among other things, he was an occasional seeker in their area. Being most frequently a railroad hand, he was never particularly open to suspicion. On the contrary—and usually because of a constantly retained railroad cap—he was assumed to be working on the line. And so, on one occasion, seeing a sizable box which was not too heavy, he managed, in the dark, to transfer it to his home where, on opening it, he found in it forty-five expensive derby hats which, although they did not fit him exactly—a little small, all of them—still they furnished him expensive derby hats to the day of his death.

In fact, after several years, he began to feel comfortable in them—was never to be seen without one—be the occasion what it might. One of the grand occasions in his eyes for the use of a new one was when he was called upon by any of his railway union members to appear with them before some railway company officials in order to discover whether there was to be a union strike or not. He then invariably selected one of the as yet unused derbies out of his large stock. In fact, in due course, his new derbies became a sort of joke, looking, as all of them did, not a little odd on him—too small.

Yet he always wore each new one with an air of supreme authority. It was so that his several sons came to believe that he must have stolen them.

His last fling at striking was in 1920, a wildcat strike. He was advised by the B. of R. T. and his own union to stay on the job, but he and a few others struck for reason of which all were thrown out of the union. For the same reason—rules of the union—he lost 1,800 dollars' worth of accumulated insurance, whereupon he promptly retired from work of any and all kinds and demanded that his devoted children support him and their time-tried mother entirely.

This they did, and in a comfortable apartment out toward the city's edge—a quiet and homelike neighborhood. Yet Johnny once there never liked it. It was, as he complained, too far from the noise and bustle of the center of things where the saloons once were. But now, since his full-

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grown sons understood the import of his complaint, they refused to permit the change and for several years he wandered and argued as best he could. His ungrateful sons! What ingratitude!

Finally, though, his patient wife died and was buried by her children—Johnny's newest elected derby in full evidence. Yet immediately she was buried, he demanded to be allowed to live in a downtown apartment near the depot, which wish was promptly granted. No sooner was he there than he began to complain. He did not like an apartment—it was too lonely. He wanted to live in a hotel. So—anything for peace and quiet—a room and bath in a hotel near the Union Station were procured for him. Only, once there, then came more trouble. For although he was provided cash enough and more for food, clothing and entertainment, still there developed extras in one month to the extent of eighty dollars. Liquor! Also trouble with a number of the other tenants and the management on account of Johnny's continued spitting in the ash trays (he chewed tobacco). Moreover, if anyone chose to play a radio as late as six thirty or seven in the evening when he was in, at which time Johnny often retired, he was reported as running down the hall, pounding on the door of the criminal and telling him or her that decent people were trying to sleep. However, one one occasion, an amazon, chancing to occupy the offending room, chased him back down the hall and into his room, whereupon he complained to the management!

PERFUME
by LeValle
CONQUEST
INFLAMMABLE

Finally he wanted to move to a rooming house. And at first most rooming housekeepers would be glad to have Johnny for his sons paid well and promptly. However, and as usual, he'd be thrown out because he caused so much trouble.

In fact, once he was thrown out by people who didn't have money enough to pay their own gas bill but who wouldn't let

Continued on page 160

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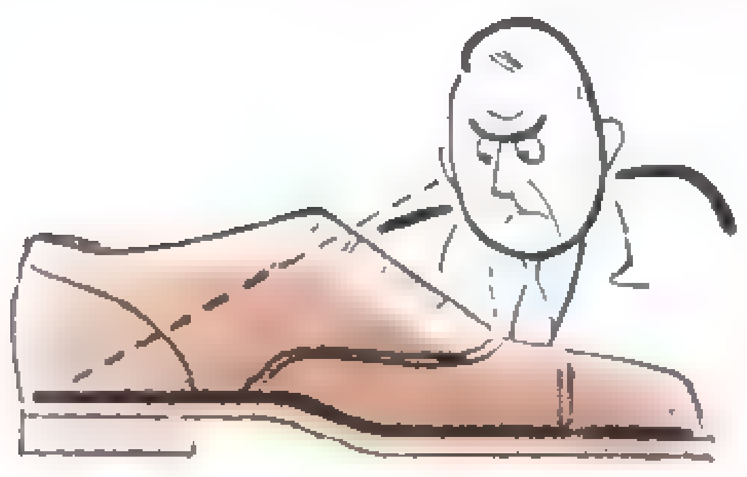

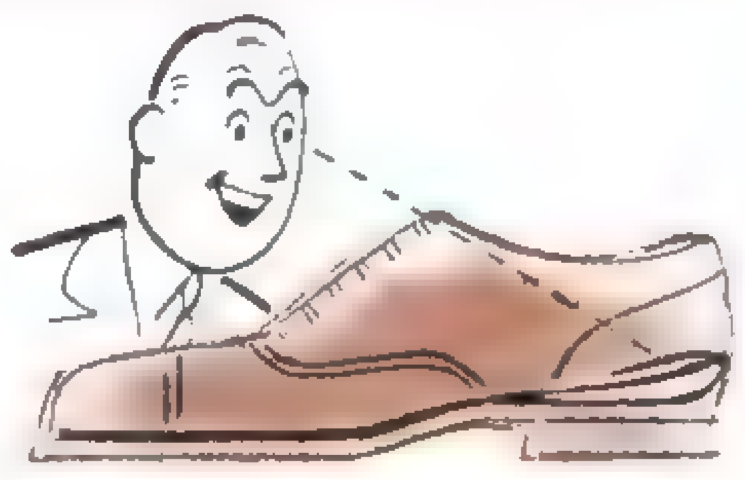

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Black Sheep Number One: Johnny

Continued from pages 39-157-159

Johnny stay any longer even though he paid regularly. In another rooming house Johnny noticed that the other roomers enjoyed playing cards and talking in the living room so he complained that his bedroom upstairs was cold and demanded that the living room be fixed up as a bedroom for him.

In consequence of the regularity of his payments, curtains were put up at the door and Johnny moved in. However, one evening another tenant opened the curtains and looked. Johnny yelled: "What do you want?" His visitor said: "I just came to visit with you a while." Johnny answered: "Get out! This is private property." After this he noticed that no one passed him any food at the table. He soon complained to his son Henry. "They been abusin' me, Henry." He who never had a friend and never wanted one.

After that, according to this son, because he always had money to live and move on, it was a common sight to drive down any street where Johnny happened to live and find him walking down the street, followed by a man pushing a cart with his old trunk in it, and, of course, hunting for another house with a room-for-rent sign in one of its windows.

Finally, however, he moved into the house of a woman who loved a good fight. Johnny didn't want to stay and threatened to kill her, but his sons told him he'd have to settle down. They were tired. In retaliation he went to bed, claiming he had a stroke. His sons sent a doctor who listened to his description of his symptoms, how he had no feeling in his legs. Yet, while the doctor was looking at his tongue he chose to pinch Johnny's leg in order to be sure of its numbness. Whereupon Johnny jumped up and called the doctor a goddamned bastard.

After that the family refused to let him change rooming houses any more, so Johnny never got out of bed again. He grew thinner but his eyes stayed the same—angry, snappy, bright and black, as his son described them to me.

And to revenge himself on his long-suffering children he stayed in bed three years!

Then one night all were called and told that Johnny was unconscious and that death was probably near. All came to see him, of course, to do what they could, but before they could get there he had truly died without regaining consciousness. Johnny was eighty-four. ╫

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The most accurate watch in the world
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Oh, Rare Miss Bergman

Continued from page 84

the aforesaid Miss Bergman.

As one opposed to the great American fraud, the made-up film-face, I am keenly hopeful for Miss Bergman. She looks wonderfully natural on the screen; apparently you can express sentiments and emotions quite effectively if you aren't working under a solid mask which makes you look like everyone else. Of course, Bergman begins with an asset few people have, her own sweet and swiftly changing countenance.

"He was showing me how to maneuver a fighting plane"

She has, so far, created only one character: the woman who is tender, who loves and who suffers; in some films the quick smile, the brave laugh, are a little more in the foreground; in others, the bewilderment, the horror come first. *Rage in Heaven* was *Gaslight; Casablanca* was not unlike *For Whom the Bell Tolls.* Yet each character is separately rounded out and diverse. You see the advantage an actress has who creates a part as a unit, not as fifty separate bits to be patched together by the cutter.

Bergman's system of gestures, the levels of her voice, the rhythm of her movement are still European. That makes her attractive, since too many American actresses—or players in the movies—are directed into the same gestures and levels of voice and rhythm of movement. In a sense it is harder for a Bette Davis to impress herself on us than it is for an Ingrid Bergman, since there is nothing exotic about one of our own actresses. Conversely, we can get tired of the foreign effect more rapidly. Especially is this true if it "goes intellectual."

I don't think we will in Bergman's case. She has the instinctive presence of the real right thing. It will do her good to go through the mill a bit, to play trifling and silly parts, to be superficial for a while, and watch Bette Davis. #

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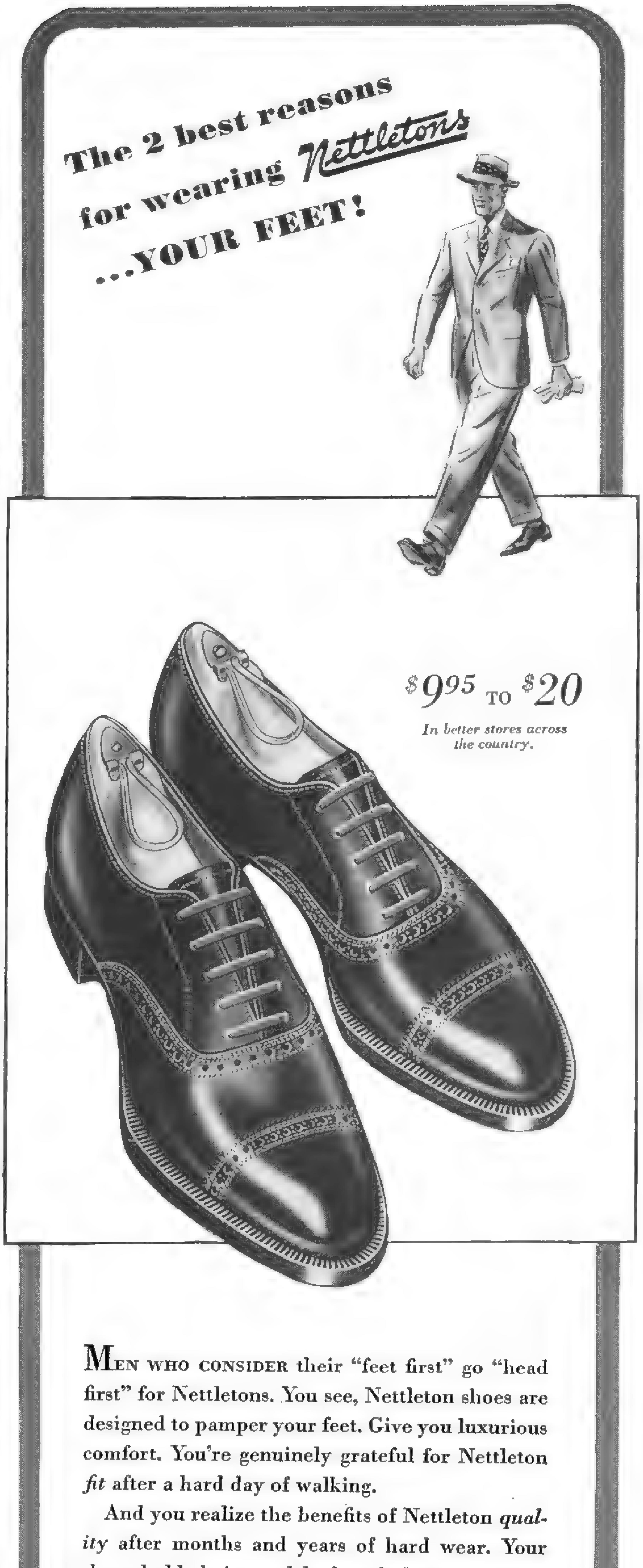

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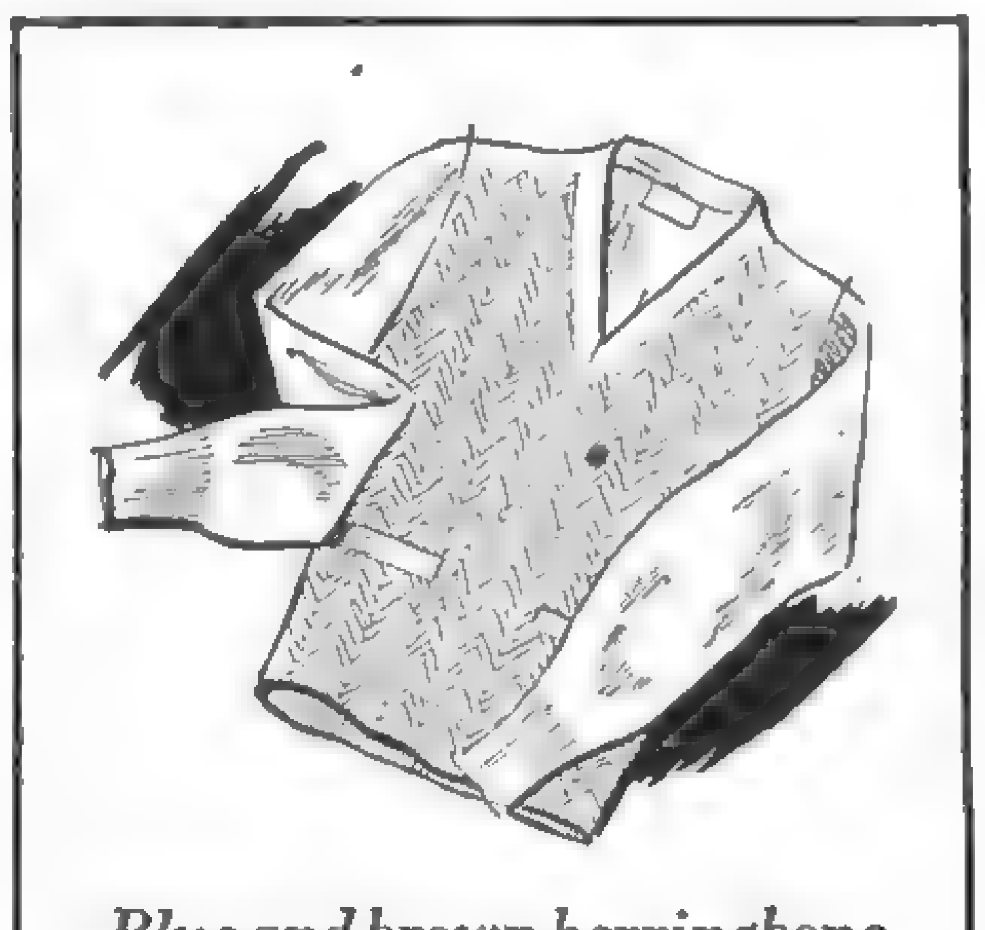
The Wages of Cinema Sin

Continued from page 41

her contribution to culture. Clara Bow carried a little further the conception of the vamp created by Theda Bara, and personified to her day the vital magnetism which Elinor Glyn called "it" and which has since come to be known by a wide variety of trade names: sex appeal, come-hither, oomph, ping, zing and a few other variants.

At the same time as the flapper films came a series of parlor and bedroom comedies directed by Ernst Lubitsch which introduced the famous "Lubitsch touch." In his comedies Lubitsch captured much of the high comedy flavor, with scarcely a bow to American Puritanism. In a picture such as *One Hour with You*, for instance, a husband was unfaithful to his wife for quite understandable reasons, since for once the "other woman" was portrayed sympathetically as a lovely woman just as attractive as the wife. In due time the husband repented and was forgiven. In this, as in other of his films, the Lubitsch characters were civilized, polished and amusing people of wealth and background, who conducted their sins against luxurious settings.



Blue and brown herringbone tweed fronted pullover with knitted sleeves and back qualifies for autumn.

This fact, in itself, made it easier for the American public to enjoy these films wholeheartedly, for in America sin is the prerogative of the upper classes, jealously protected by prince and bootblack alike. Deeply underlying the Puritan tradition is the unspoken conviction that money is the criterion of right; morality, in many cases, was developed merely as a compensation, a device to make the majority of us, who live dull and unadventurous lives, feel that we are living according to stalwart Puritan virtues.

The Lubitsch pictures were fundamentally intellectual—witty and wise, suggesting, rather than showing, the love life of their characters. To many people the Lubitsch films were an adventure in a type of life they could never know. These suave, sophisticated

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comedies were highly educational to an audience of Puritanical Americans.

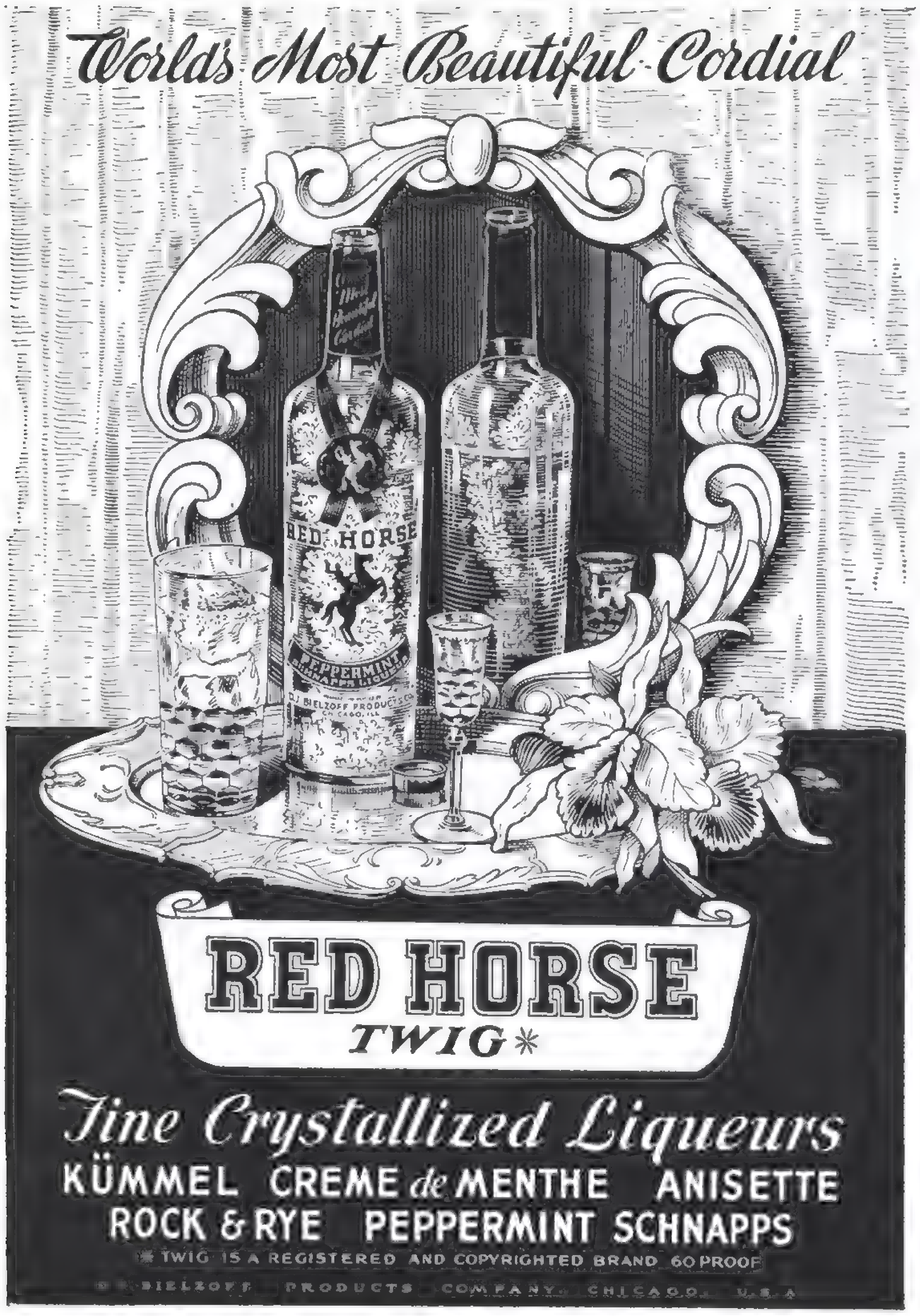
In contrast to the wise, witty women who loved and laughed their way through the Lubitsch films, were the neurotic women of the world played by Garbo and Dietrich. These characters also lived for love, but the camera was always catching them in the throes of anguish and remorse. These women loved, not for the sheer enjoyment of loving, as did the Lubitsch women, but to bolster their faltering egos. Love was therefore to them a necessity—the breath of life. Often these women were intellectual, but their intellectuality was all directed to the one end of getting a man. Characteristic of the Garbo-Dietrich heroines was that they continually felt love's pain—rarely its joy. For to satisfy their fundamentally Puritan souls, they had to pay this price for their many love affairs.

Someone has said that it is possible to get by with the portrayal of any kind of immorality on the American stage or screen—so long as it is treated seriously. Perhaps this is why the Lubitsch films, which took love lightly and gayly, were somewhat shocking to the American public. The Garbo-Dietrich films, since they dealt with immoral situations as serious psychological problems, and since their heroines felt plenty of pain, provided the audience with the same enjoyment as did the Lubitsch films—and no pangs of conscience.

The Prohibition Era, with its organized crime and underworld labor wars, provided a new treatment and setting for the man-woman relationship. In the early "talkies" there appeared a new type of heroine, played by Joan Blondell, Mae Clarke, Claire Trevor and the rest—the tough little good girls of the gangster world. Nearly always these platinum-haired gun molls had hearts of gold, and by their loyalty to their criminal consorts proved themselves inherently finer than

Continued on page 164

S.T.
Sgt. Bob Galliven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New York City

The Wages of Cinema Sin

Continued from pages 41-163

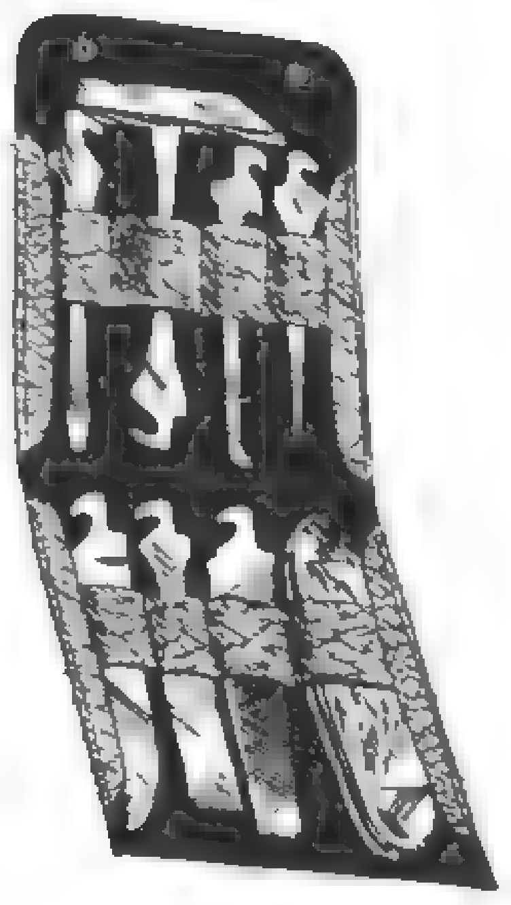
their respectable counterparts, the nice little bad girls who came from good families. The general theme on which the gangster films were built, that the bad people have much good in them, and that the good people are really bad, had a great appeal to the American public, which loves to see pretense pricked in others. Highly dangerous to public morals, as subject to the widespread interpretation that they were glorifying gangdom as a way of life, these films, nevertheless, had artistic significance, since they portrayed people as they are, a mixture of good and bad.

Then in the early thirties came the glamor girls, the direct descendants of Clara Bow. But while Clara Bow got her "it" by the sheer wallop of her personality, the glamor girls depended more upon sheer "grooming" and unadulterated sexiness. Above snake-like skirts, bodices were slashed front and back in a perfect orgy of revelation. In the picture *A Free Soul*, Norma Shearer used these wiles to aid in the task of seducing Clark Gable. By this time the technique of seduction had become almost standardized. Norma Shearer, as were all the glamor girls, was greatly given to arranging herself in alluring poses.

Joan Crawford also had a chance at Gable in *Possessed.* This was a match of neurotic types. The classic Crawford character was the poor working girl, may heaven protect her, who feels that all men are out to take advantage of her and develops a defense of neurotic cynicism.

The prevalence during this period of stories about neurotic people who used love merely as a means to bolster their faltering egos is further illustrated in Clark Gable's films. His classic characterization of the "he-man," exercised a hypnotism over the feminine audience second only to Valentino's.

While the Valentino heroes were



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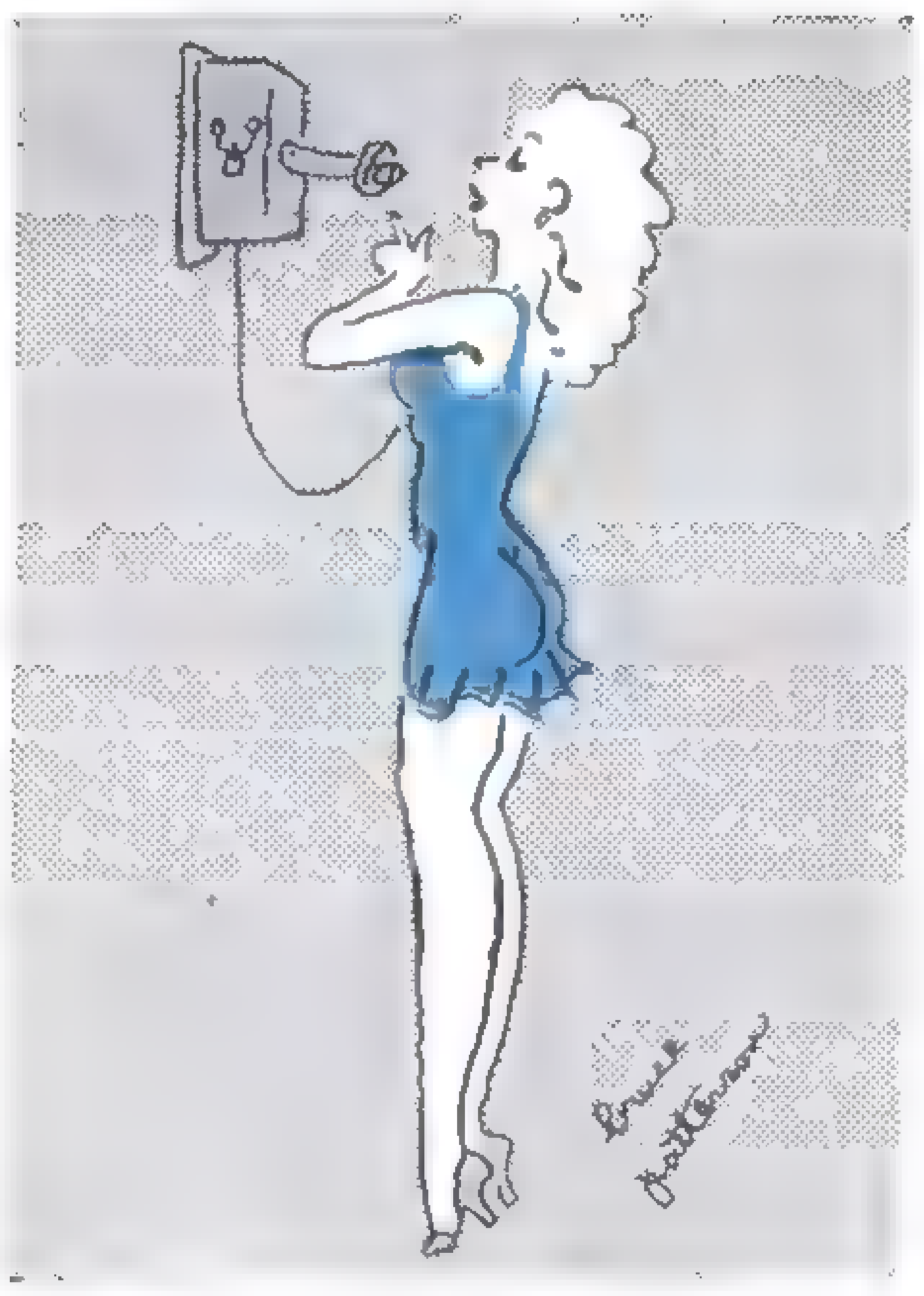
SOLON PALMER · NEW YORK

romantic, sophisticated lovers, the average Gable character is rough and inept in his relations with women. Regardless of his veneer, he is merely a blundering, inhibited little boy who does not understand women. Maybe the Gable characterization is another ingenious attempt of Puritanism to have what it wants while salving its conscience. Maybe the spectacle of a man who does not understand women is highly intriguing to women, keeping up the illusion that they are mysterious.

In any case, the Gable characterization is an expression of the neurosis of our day. Just as Garbo typifies the neurotic woman, Gable gives neurosis the masculine twist. For somewhere in his past, before the picture fades in, he has very often been hurt by some woman and hates women throughout three fourths of the film, putting up a defense of roughness and brutality and providing complications to any decent love relationship.



"General Marshall, I'll work in a defense plant to help you, and you keep those French girls away from my boy friend for me"

Perhaps the Gable popularity can be attributed to his double appeal to the mother instinct and to the love of brutality, both of which are equally strong in the female *sapiens*. Valentino appealed also to the little girl in every woman, who clings desperately to the belief that her lover will come to her on a shining steed and carry her away to far-off lands.

Last of the glamor girls who managed to keep sex going during the Depression was Jean Harlow, the "platinum blonde" cutie with the pouting mouth and the sultry eyes. Jean Harlow's screen personality had the ease and naturalness which came with simply being herself. For, like most great screen stars, Harlow was no actress, but a personality girl.

The typical Harlow heroine had a simple, childish animality and showed it in films such as *Hell's Angels*, *Platinum Blonde*, *Red-Headed Woman* and *Reckless*. This down to earth, straightforward approach was a refreshing con-

Continued on page 166

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Catalina's Official Sweater of the "All America Board of Football"
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Fisherman's Luck — he's photogenic thanks to Wings Sport Shirts. Their perfect fit rates the approval of your critical eye — as well as the camera's. Cut to body proportions, Wings fit with accuracy unique in sportswear. Perfect for sports, for work, for leisure hours. Ask for perfect-fitting Wings Sportswear at your favorite store.

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LEFT

Seven-Pass BILLFOLD

This billfold's swinging celluloid envelopes put seven passes, cards, licenses or photos at your fingertip. Ample space too for currency, stamps and tickets. $2.50 to $5.00 plus tax.

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FOR CURRENCY AND NOTES

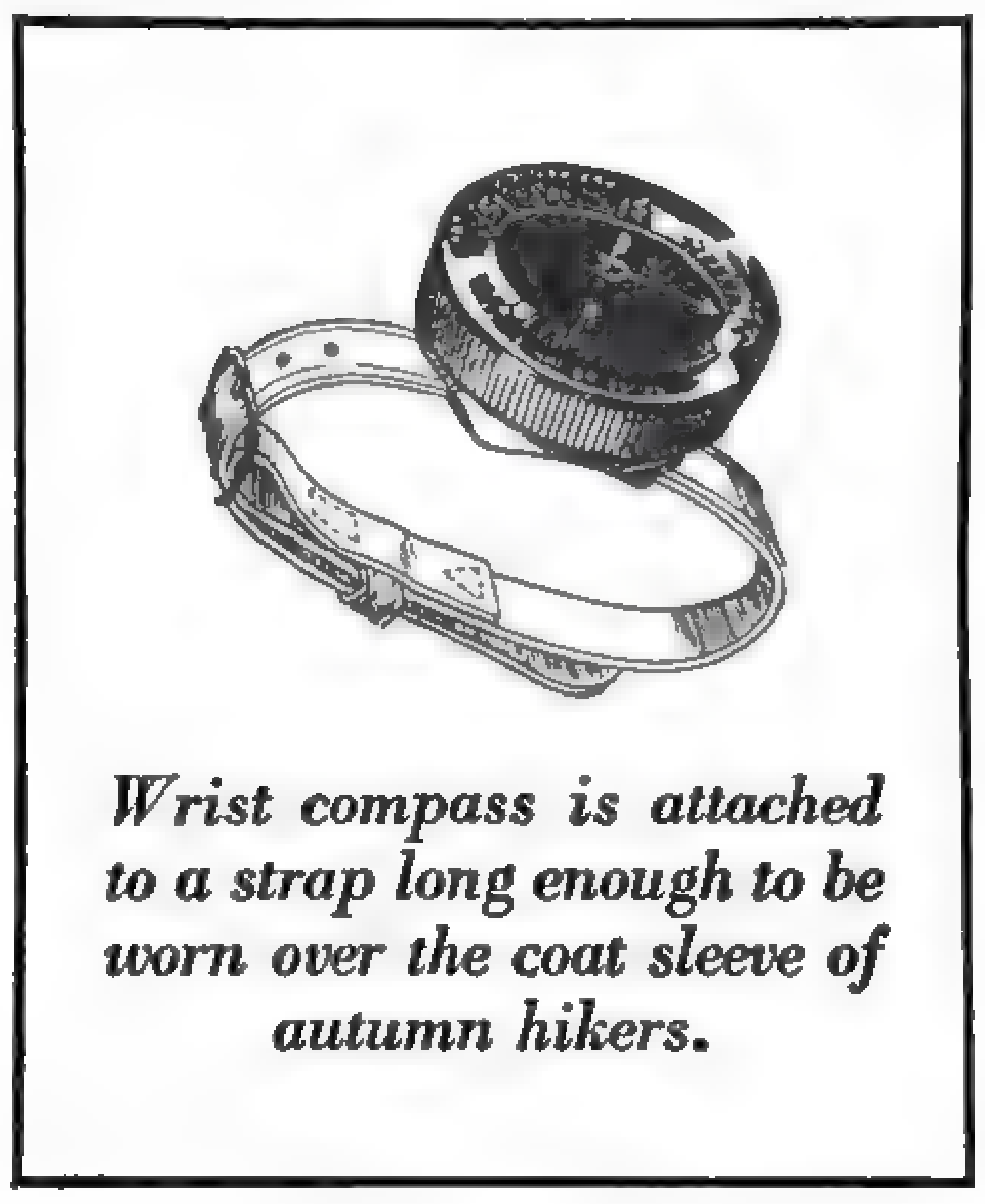
IF IT'S E-K IT'S O.K.

ENGER-KRESS CO.
WEST BEND, WISCONSIN
fine personal leather goods

The Wages of Cinema Sin

Continued from pages 41-163-165

trast to the brand purveyed by Shearer and Crawford in the earlier glamor films. The women portrayed by Shearer were unable to make love to a man without a great deal of self-conscious affectation. The Crawford heroines had so perverted the love impulse with the neurotic defensiveness of the underprivileged that it became merely a means of gaining economic and spiritual security.



Wrist compass is attached to a strap long enough to be worn over the coat sleeve of autumn hikers.

The characterizations of Jean Harlow cut straight through all this camouflage by creating a woman refreshingly and honestly bad. Harlow made a great contribution to public morals. It must have been pictures such as the Harlow films which caused George Bernard Shaw to remark that, instead of being salacious, as many people supposed, American films in their treatment of sex were actually highly educational.

So obviously oversexed were the Harlow heroines that they did much to clarify the issue and, to some minds at least, suggested a happy medium. How effective has been this type of education may be illustrated by the fact that today some of Harlow's sultriest love scenes seem carried to the point of farce. An example occurs in one of her films when Harlow, attired in a diaphanous chiffon gown which, minus a back and slashed to the waist in front, provided only a literally transparent covering, turned to the man playing opposite her and murmured, "Excuse me while I get into something simple."

Jean Harlow is widely credited for the return of the feminine figure, which had been flattened to boyishness during the flapper era. Curves had been coming back as early as the Lubitsch films but it fell to Mae West to really bring back woman in all her glory—the woman of the Lillian Russell days.

Mae West was the supreme satirist of passion and her portrayals of a rough, tough lady who had no illusions but a heart of gold did much to tear from sex its

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AFTER SHAVE
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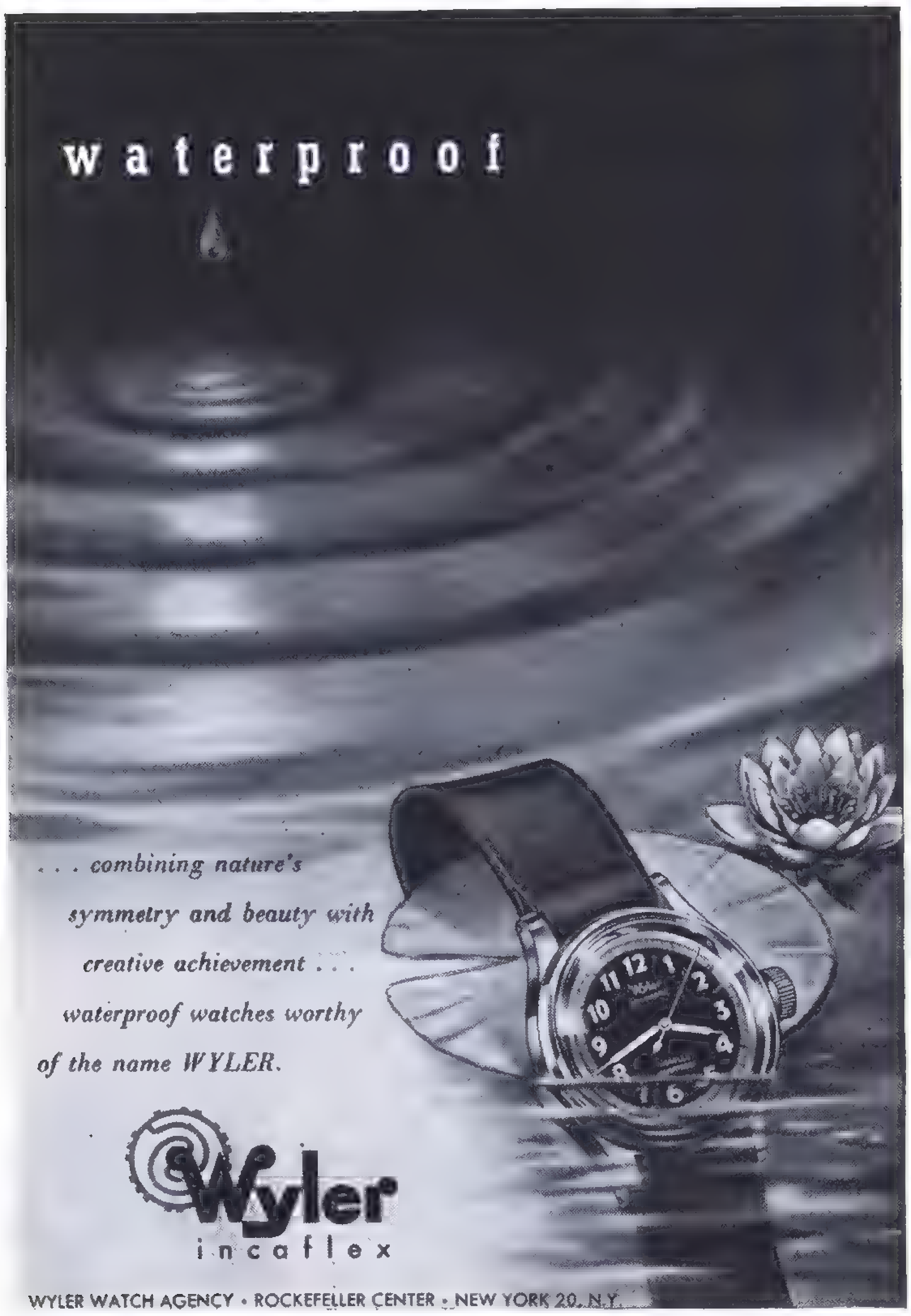
shroud of hypocrisy. Her pictures abounded in rough dialogue and double meanings hitherto confined to the burlesque stage. While refreshingly honest and down to earth in their attitude toward sex, the Mae West heroines, nevertheless, were very immoral indeed.

Yet because of her realism, her honesty and her distinctive racy humor, the Mae West heroine became a classic. In *She Done Him Wrong*, *I'm No Angel* and *The Belle of the Nineties* she satirized the overemphasis on sex and tended to promote a more normal attitude. But this fact, as well as the artistic significance of her characterization, was entirely lost upon the solid citizenry, who were intensely resentful of anything that brought the threat against morality out into the open.

"This must be a gag—I've got a call for Philip Morris"

Therefore a powerful pressure has been exerted upon the movie industry to ban sex, as much as possible, from the screen. However, it is probable that censorship would not have been really effective except for a genuine decrease in public interest in sex. The latter-day glamor girls, such as Dorothy Lamour, Carol Landis, Lana Turner and Ann Sheridan represent the last gasp of sex on the screen, and the build-up given them in movie mags and publicity stills was the frantic effort of press agents to stimulate public interest in an outworn topic.

The strange delusion on the part of press agents and producers that pretty legs and a superb figure are all that it takes to make a girl a glamorous personality helped to hasten the demise of the oomph, ping and zing girls. In spite of their perfect figures, Carol Landis and Lana Turner, for instance, simply do not have the heart for it, and personality comes from within. The casting of a hearty, wholesome girl like Ann Sheridan as a woman of the world simply because she is physically lovely, is an incongruity that can be verified by seeing any one of her pictures. And since the public was tiring of the subject anyway,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At Better Stores Everywhere.

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660 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

The Wages of Cinema Sin

Continued from pages 41-163-165-167

these synthetic glamor girls excited little more than a mild interest.

The simple fact is that the man-woman relationship *per se* is no longer sufficiently absorbing for a full two hours' screen entertainment. In the period just before the outbreak of World War II, a film had to have Social Significance to be really interesting.

Today the war, with its emphasis on courage, and the daring and often sacrificial exploits of men in a man's world, has rightly become the obsession of the current films. What new and radical changes in morals, off the screen and on, will be brought about at war's end is still a matter of conjecture; certain it is that today the courage, self-sacrifice, and discipline necessary to win the war are the moral qualities held highest in public esteem.

And the screen heroines of today—what are they like? It must be said that the modern screen heroine offers no threat to public morals. She is a sweet, quiet little thing who abounds in the womanly virtues, as typified by Teresa Wright in her characterization of the ingénue in *Mrs. Miniver*. Representative of the more mature screen heroine these days is Greer Garson who, whether cast as wife or maid, always exemplifies the nice woman and who has begun to replace Myrna Loy as the perfect screen wife.

Though, after a long vogue of screen bad women, there may be much value in thus giving virtue its just and long overdue reward, and depicting virtue as a positive and dynamic quality with a definite entertainment value; nevertheless, these nice women of today's silver screen seem too good, too unbendingly virtuous to be believable. While they may have their counterparts in real life, these lily-white screen heroines are too colorless, too lacking in complications and overtones and in interesting facets of personality to really pack an emotional wallop. One wonders how long it will be before producers and writers will realize that the most exciting characterizations of men or women are those which present people in the round, in all their weakness and their grandeur.

Perhaps this new type of characterization will come in the motion picture of tomorrow. Meanwhile, screen heroines, whose morals have been incredibly bad for years, have at last reformed and are very definitely, if somewhat stiffly, on their good behavior. It took us two decades to get rid of the bad girls; one wonders whether the good girls of our current films will last as long. ⧺

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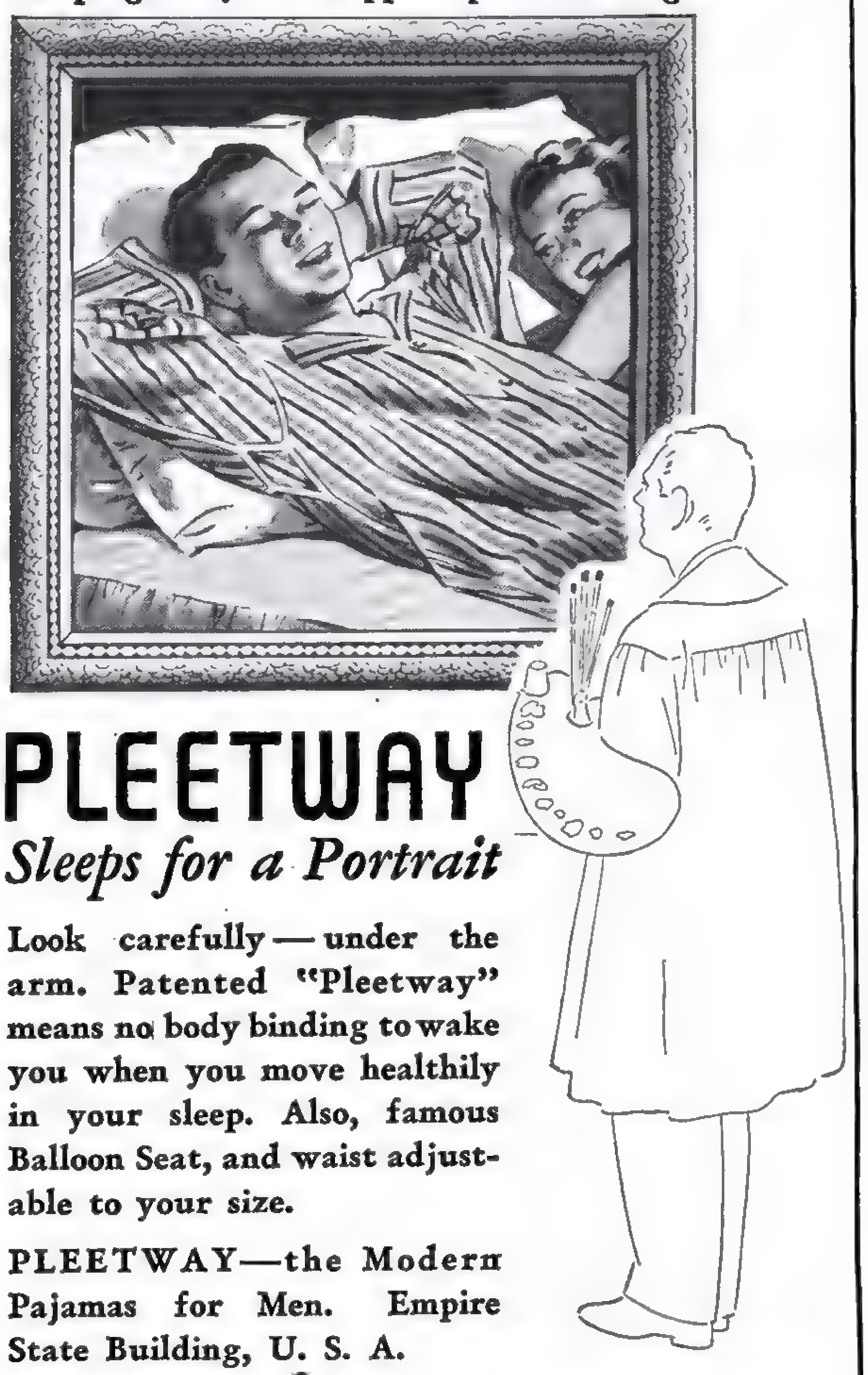

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PLEETWAY—the Modern Pajamas for Men. Empire State Building, U. S. A.

P. S. Esquire, December issue, "PLEETWAY *Sits* for a Portrait"

Britain's Wirepullers

Continued from page 67

servatives are joined in the Tory Reform Committee which arose as a protest against the Government's dilatory handling of the Beveridge plan for social security. On the right is a new group, only a few weeks old, which calls itself Progress Trust and not, as some had expected, Distrust Progress. One of the aims of Progress Trust is said to be to get the Government out of business as soon as it is possible to do so after the war has been won.

Both these groups are heirs to similar clusters of Conservatives in the 1924-'29 Parliament. The left wing Tories who favored planning and state capitalism in those days had come to be known as the Y.M.C.A.

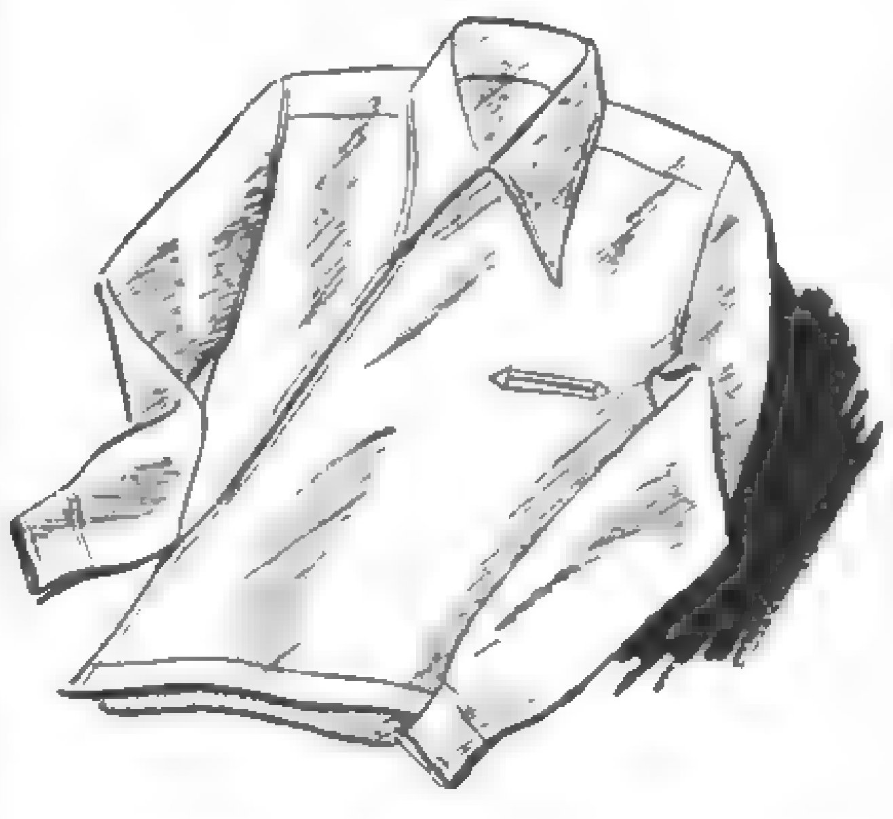
Most of the Y.M.C.A.'s members, men like Oliver Stanley, Harold McMillan, Walter Elliot and Robert Boothby, went into successive Governments and some of them now belong to the administration of Winston Churchill.

The reactionary Progress Trust appears to be in direct line of succession to the 1924-1929 group known as the Forty Thieves, whom Labor critics roundly denounced as political profiteers and as the spearhead of Great Britain's vested interests.

However right and left opinions may clash inside the 1922 Committee, the Committee can be relied upon to vote for the Government in any major showdown that there may be in the Commons.

The influence of the 1922 Committee will go far toward determining the kind of Britain that will come out of this war and the direction that British policy will steer in our post-war world.

As the British drama unfolds, Labor often gets the spotlight. But it's the 1922 Committee that looks after the production and prevents sceneshifting. #



Gabardine sport shirt with diagonal slide fastener closure is designed primarily for aviators but is being taken up for general sportswear.

THEY'RE CUT TO FIT . . . TO FIGHT FATIGUE

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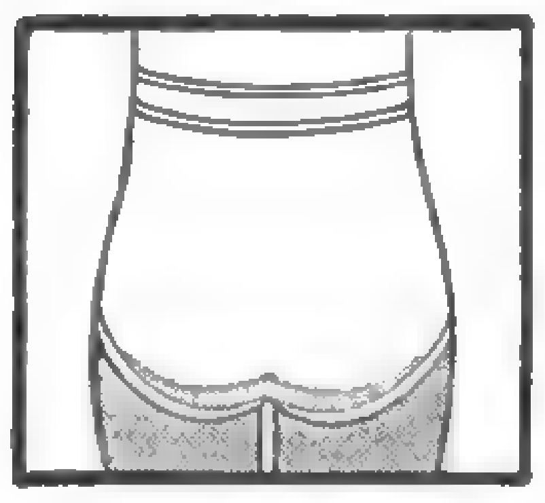
GIVE THE MILD SUPPORT
MEN NEED

● Reis Scandals' perfect fit is *cut* and *tailored* in the cloth! Scandals *follow* the male anatomy. That's the secret of their glorious comfort—of the mild, restful support that keeps a man feeling "tops" all day long and evening, too. Remember, only Reis Scandals are *"cut to fit—to fight fatigue."* So insist on Reis Scandals—the manly underwear. If your dealer is temporarily out—ask again later.



GENEROUS CUT of seat insures full coverage. Plenty of cloth for comfort and appearance. No seams to sit on.

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With your mind on what you want most in shoes, try Smith Synchro-Flex ★ British Walkers. Experience the instant ease of the only footwear with *Synchro-Flex stability—a quality born of long labor and far visioned thinking. The new freedom insured by patented Synchro-Flex construction plus the old virtue of Smith quality give you more than just shoes. Priced from $11.95.

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BUY MORE BONDS

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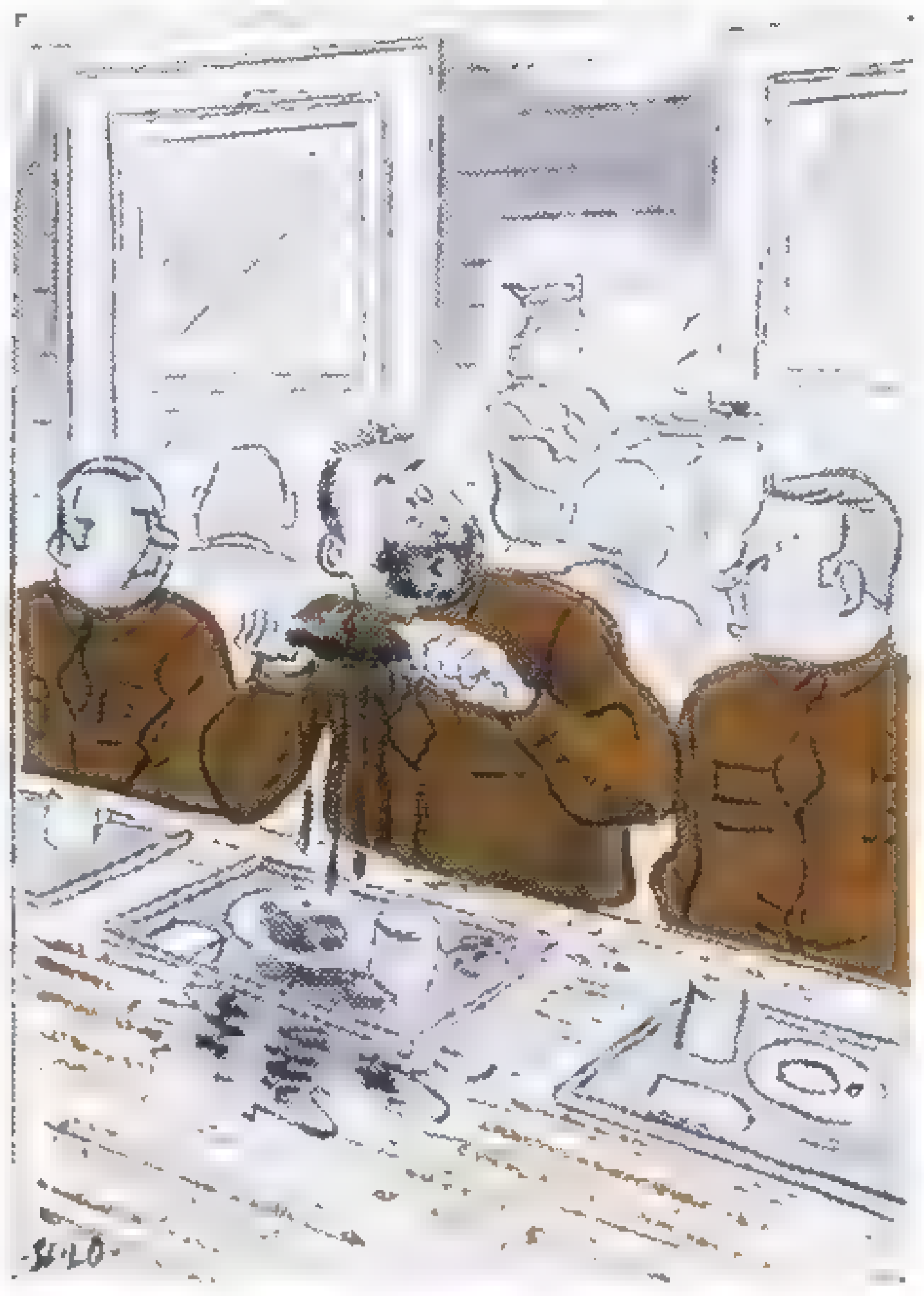
"Gentlemen of the Jury . . ."

Continued from page 49

company produced six witnesses who swore that they had seen the man chase the car nearly a block and fall before he reached it!

Fact or fiction, there's a leavening cynicism there that should help any juror approach this type of case with realism. Today's courts are cluttered with damage suits which often far exceed the number of criminal cases. And far too many jurors approach them in a prodigal frame of mind, which breeds more negligence cases because they're such easy pickings.

That attitude is a sort of double-edged notion that any individual who gets hurt is entitled to some reward and that the insurance companies pay for it anyhow, so what the hell?



"Emily Post?—don't know her—is she a looker?"

On the first point, just consider three specific cases and form your own conclusions.

A boy dives into a hotel swimming pool and collides with another kid who was swimming under water, fracturing two of his ribs.

A man in a gym runs so hard after a basketball that he can't stop, crashes into a wall, breaks his wrist.

A fellow playing handball on a hotel court turns his ankle, fracturing several small bones.

None of these people carried accident insurance which is designed to cover such contingencies; instead, they sued—and the juries returned verdicts of from 2,000 to 4,000 dollars each. Yet these are nothing compared to the chorus girl who went out with a wealthy playboy. On their saloon patrol they had an automobile accident in which she suffered a broken jaw. What do you think a bighearted jury gave this little girl? A verdict for a cool 125,000 dollars!

These are samples of inflated settlements attempted to be made by verdicts of jurors who tend to be free with other people's money

How can a rugged coat have that "Million-Air"?

It's the Double-Dense* Fabric that does it! Alpagora Coats are tailored of an exclusive fleece that has *millions* of wool fibres on its surface. In fact, *twice* as many as you find in ordinary coats. That's what gives Alpagora its soft, downy luxuriousness and, at the same time, lengthens its life. Warm as toast, and almost weightless, too! No wonder Alpagora is America's favorite coat!

Year-round Topcoats 32.50 — Overcoats 37.50

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THE COAT WITH THE DOUBLE DENSE FABRIC

At better shops and department stores everywhere, or write Stratbury Manufacturing Co., Galion, Ohio

FOR WOMEN, TOO
Same famous fabric. Same man-tailoring. Year-round Topcoats 32.50 Overcoats 37.50

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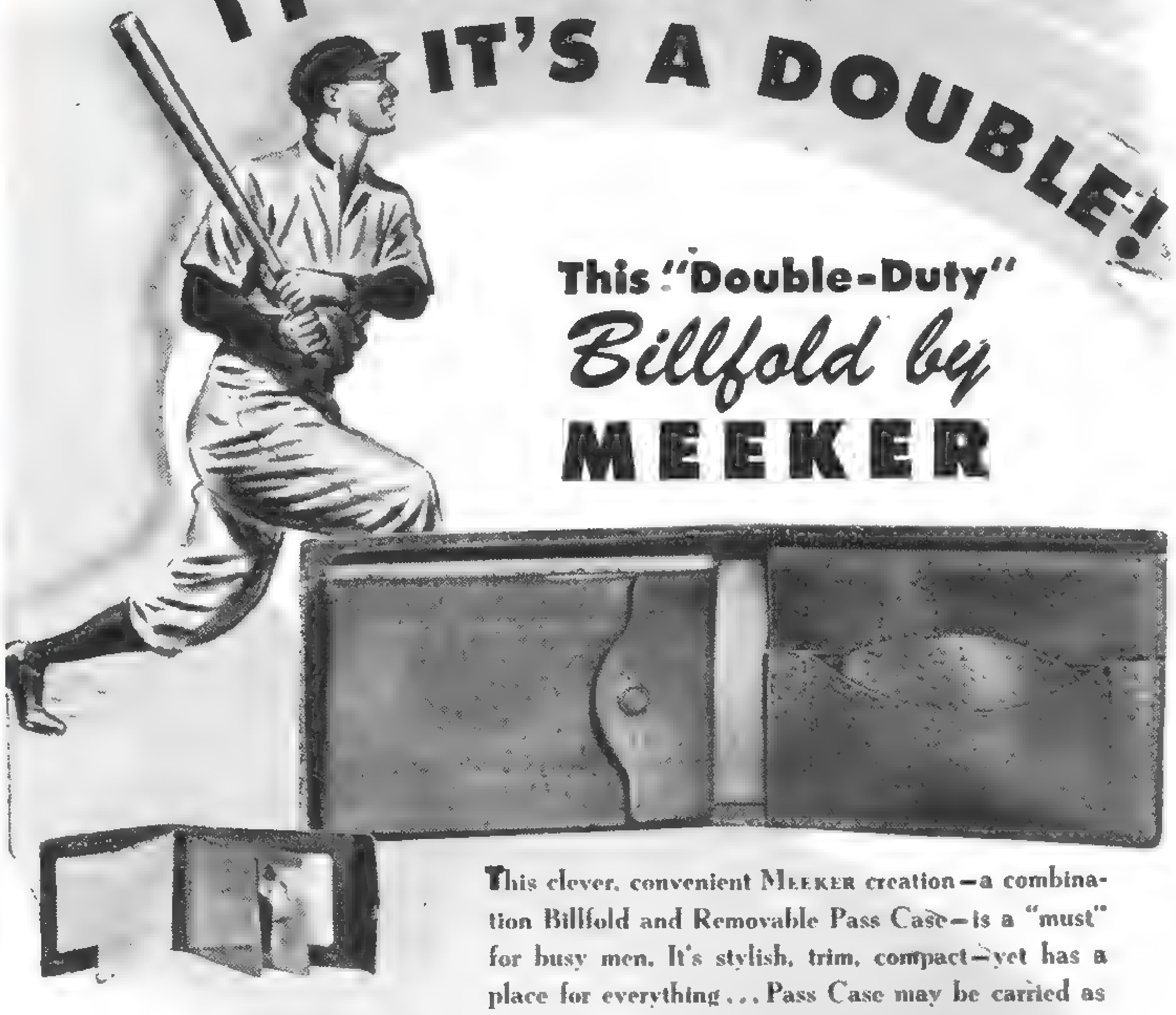

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This "Double-Duty" Billfold by MEEKER

This clever, convenient Meeker creation—a combination Billfold and Removable Pass Case—is a "must" for busy men. It's stylish, trim, compact—yet has a place for everything . . . Pass Case may be carried as part of Billfold, or separately. Holds 8 passes, cards, snapshots, etc. Remove pass case—and there's a sleek, thin billfold.

Meeker-Made Billfolds are noted for fine quality, expert craftsmanship, modern styling, and latest features. Various prices. At dealers everywhere.

FOR HER

This beautiful Meeker-Maid Billfold has bill compartment, coin purse, and space for cards. Several gorgeous color combinations.

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despite the absence of proof of negligence. I despise this attitude so heartily that I tied up one jury eleven hours to prevent such an unjustified verdict—and I would have tied it up for eleven days.

As for the national pastime of sticking the insurance companies, the fact remains that when they pay claims, they really pay out your money and mine, not theirs. When we jurors grant excessive claims we are footing the bill.

Consider the fact that automobile insurance rates in one small city jumped 100 per cent in a year after two slickers opened a law office there, specializing in accident claims with howling success. There is no algebra involved in fixing insurance rates. *Claim frequency* and *claim costs* establish the rates under state supervision.

Some twenty years ago I used to pay around 130 dollars for a "five and ten" bodily injury policy in New York City. Today that same protection costs me about forty dollars, largely because in the interim an ambulance chasing ring of crooked lawyers and doctors has been smashed and excessive claims against insurers reduced.

New York, with a peacetime automobile death rate of only 11.5 per 100,000 population, pays twice as much for the same insurance as Chicago does with a death rate of 19.3. That condition exists chiefly because the famous Sue Indian Tribe is so active there!

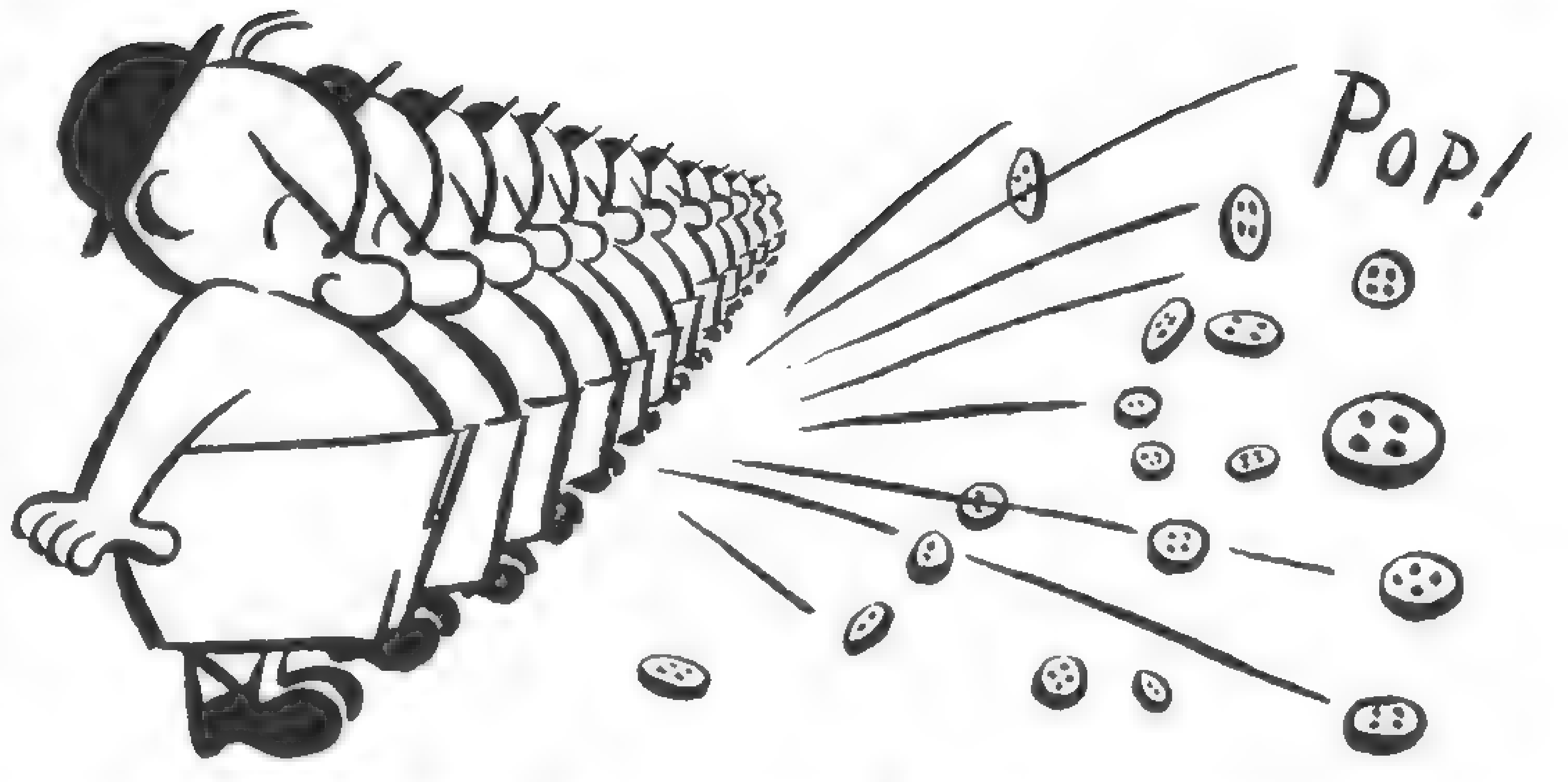
A cold fact to remember in the jury room if on a damage case is that you can count on at least four fellow jurors who will say, "Oh, well, let's give him something. After all, he *did* get hurt."

One popular but outrageous method of deciding on that "something" is the so-called "average verdict" by which each juror writes a sum on a slip of paper and the total is divided by twelve. This is a common expedient as to the amount of damages. Too often it is used even as a compromise on the question of liability. To me it seems almost as reprehensible as perjury on the stand. The facts warrant a verdict or they don't. If you can't agree after painstaking discussion, then for God's sake don't play bingo with the case—disagree. That's nothing to be ashamed of if you'll trouble to check on how often the United States Supreme Court fails to find itself in unanimous agreement.

I urge you to fight the "average verdict" because its sole excuse is the desire to get home, not the desire to do justice. I assure you that I fight it when I serve on a jury. And without boasting let me say it costs me plenty in lost time from my job to hang up a jury.

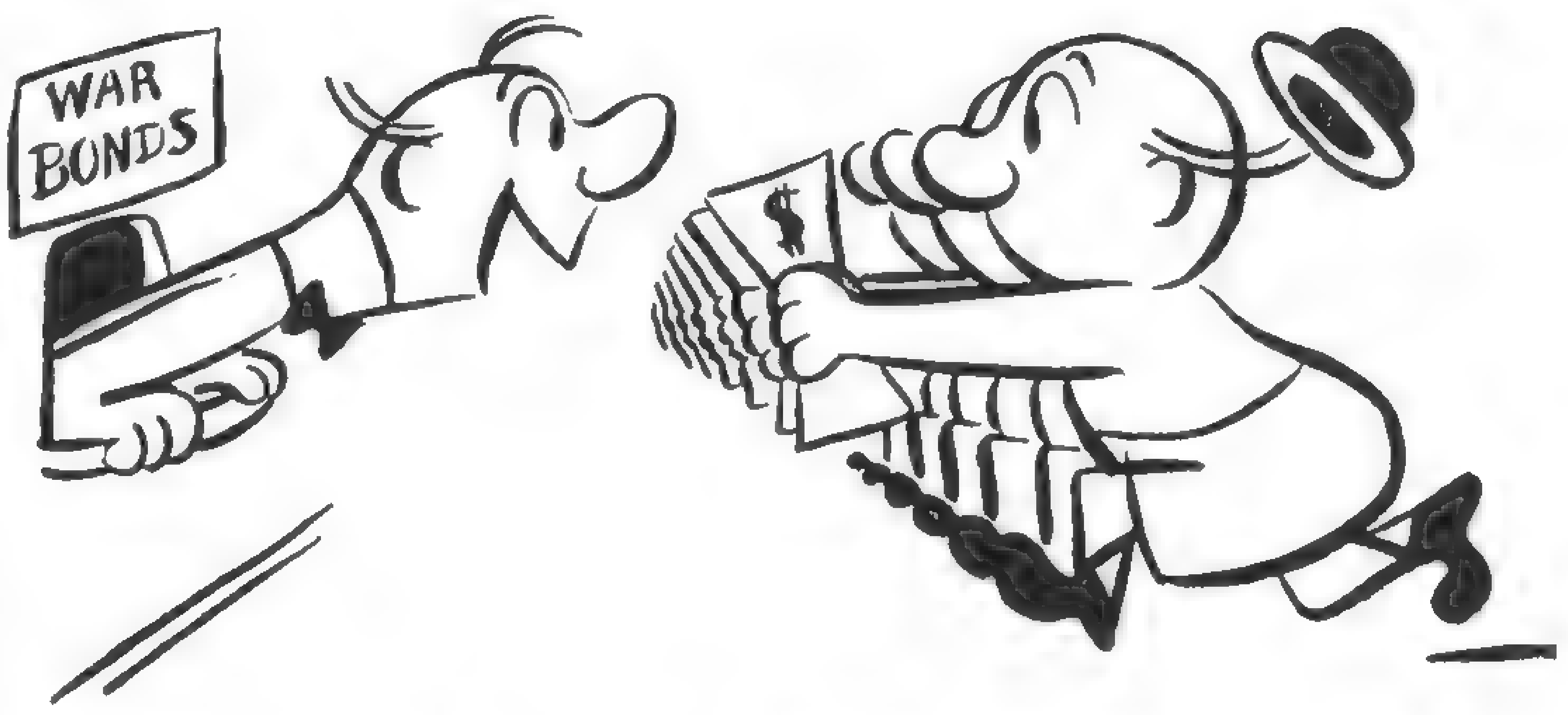
In short, keep your eye on the ball all through a case. Don't be sidetracked by personal likes or dislikes. On paper it seems simple to keep such personal influences out of your mind; in practice it is extremely difficult. In one notable case where a jury brought in a verdict so unwarranted by the

Continued on page 172



Buttons on the home front poppin' . . .

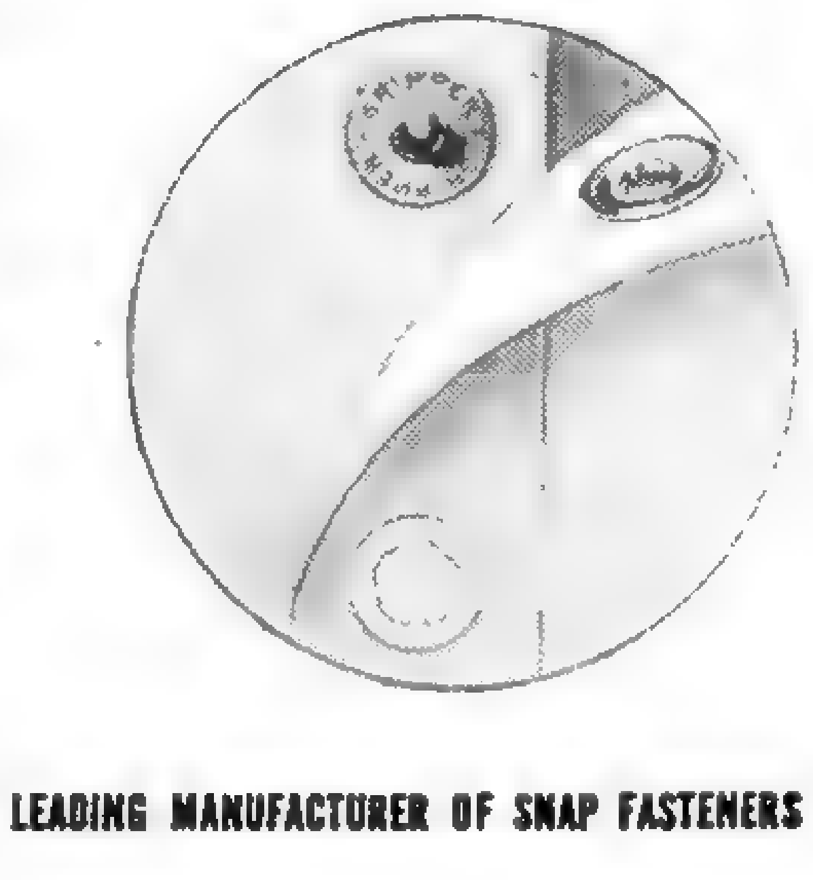
Keep the mildest men a-hoppin' . . .



Have them buying Bonds to hasten . . .

Peace and GRIPPERS for our nation!

EYES RIGHT! . . . Work for victory, and watch for the day when Gripper fasteners will be back again, on a greater selection of clothing than ever before. Until then, our men and machines are working night and day to speed the vital war effort.



GRIPPER* FASTENERS
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**The snap fastener that ends "button-bother"*

MADE BY SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, WATERBURY, CONN. • AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF SNAP FASTENERS

New **PORTIS HATS**

with correctly pre-shaped

FINGER-CREASED CROWNS

look better longer!

FINGER-CREASED AT FACTORY OVER MASTER BLOCKS

Touchdown
$8.50
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You'll *know* your Portis is right . . . because it's been *finger-creased* at the factory over master blocks . . . correctly hand-shaped just the way you want to wear it. It's an *extra* manufacturing operation that makes sure your hat *holds* its handsome style . . . looks its best on you always! All Portis Hats are made of long-wearing, silky-soft imported fur-felt specially treated to repel moisture . . . with Protek perspiration-resisting interlining behind head-conforming leather.

Most Styles $6.50 *to* $8.50 *Others $5.50 to $12.50*

(See your Hatter or write for dealer's name)

WEARING A SMART HAT IMPROVES YOUR APPEARANCE

PORTIS BROS. HAT CO., *Manufacturers,* CHICAGO

"Gentlemen of the Jury . . ."

Continued from pages 49-171

facts that a higher court reversed it, the sole reason for that verdict was that the star witness was "needled" so long by the opposing counsel that he lost his temper and made a fool of himself. His unfortunate display impressed the jurors more than the facts.

In another instance the jurors figuratively tossed the testimony out of the window and improperly found in favor of a young attorney whom an irascible judge had badgered unmercifully. In another a countess lost a perfectly good damage suit, simply because her foppish husband appeared on the stand wearing his handkerchief in his sleeve.

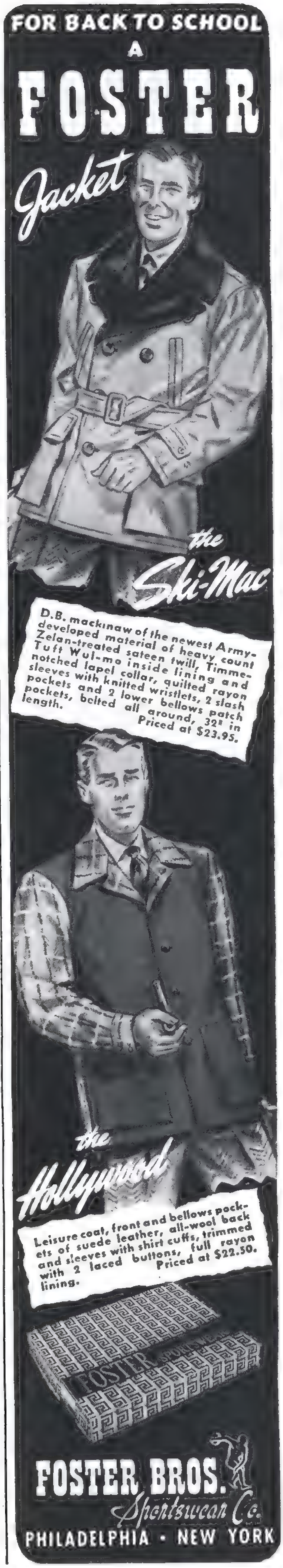
It is in such instances as these that an able juror can prove his mettle. You don't have to be foreman to exert your influence; the foreman is simply the juror who chances to land in Seat Number One. Hence if you see the tide of opinion going against your conception of the facts, there's your chance to make a gallant stand beside the blindfolded lady with the scales.

On nearly every jury there will be three or four voluble members who are soon trying to outshout each other, and at least as many more who are timid, bewildered and easily malleable. Smart lawyers with weak cases sometimes appear to have an insatiable appetite for this latter type—forgetting, perhaps, what can be done with them behind that locked door. The most vital part of your job as a juror begins when they lock that door. Let me offer a suggestion which has stood me in good stead on several occasions.

Don't hide away in the corner with the Milquetoasts; pull up to the table with the others, but sit back quietly and let the loquacious ones shout it out. While you're listening, study the other eleven carefully and analytically. Even if you didn't make notes during the trial, make them now; try to get each juror's name straight and jot down something he says for future reference.

You will be totally ignored during the first blast of conflicting opinion which presently becomes deadlocked. But in due time somebody, perhaps the distraught foreman, will suddenly recall your presence, will be impressed by your quiet, studious demeanor—will realize that here must be a sensible mind at work! And he will all of a sudden bang on the table and holler: "Now, wait a minute, you guys. Here's a gentleman who hasn't said a word yet—how do you feel about this?"

It's a sweet build-up and I've never seen it fail. They hand you the bat and you come up with three balls and no strikes against you. The rest is up to you. I'm not implying that you will wind up the case right there with a masterly, judicial home run; no, indeed;



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the Ski-Mac

D.B. mackinaw of the newest Army-developed material of heavy count Zelan-treated sateen twill, Timme-Tuft Wul-mo inside lining and notched lapel collar, quilted rayon sleeves with knitted wristlets, 2 slash pockets and 2 lower bellows patch pockets, belted all around, 32" in length.
Priced at $23.95.

the Hollywood

Leisure coat, front and bellows pockets of suede leather, all-wool back and sleeves with shirt cuffs, trimmed with 2 laced buttons, full rayon lining.
Priced at $22.50.

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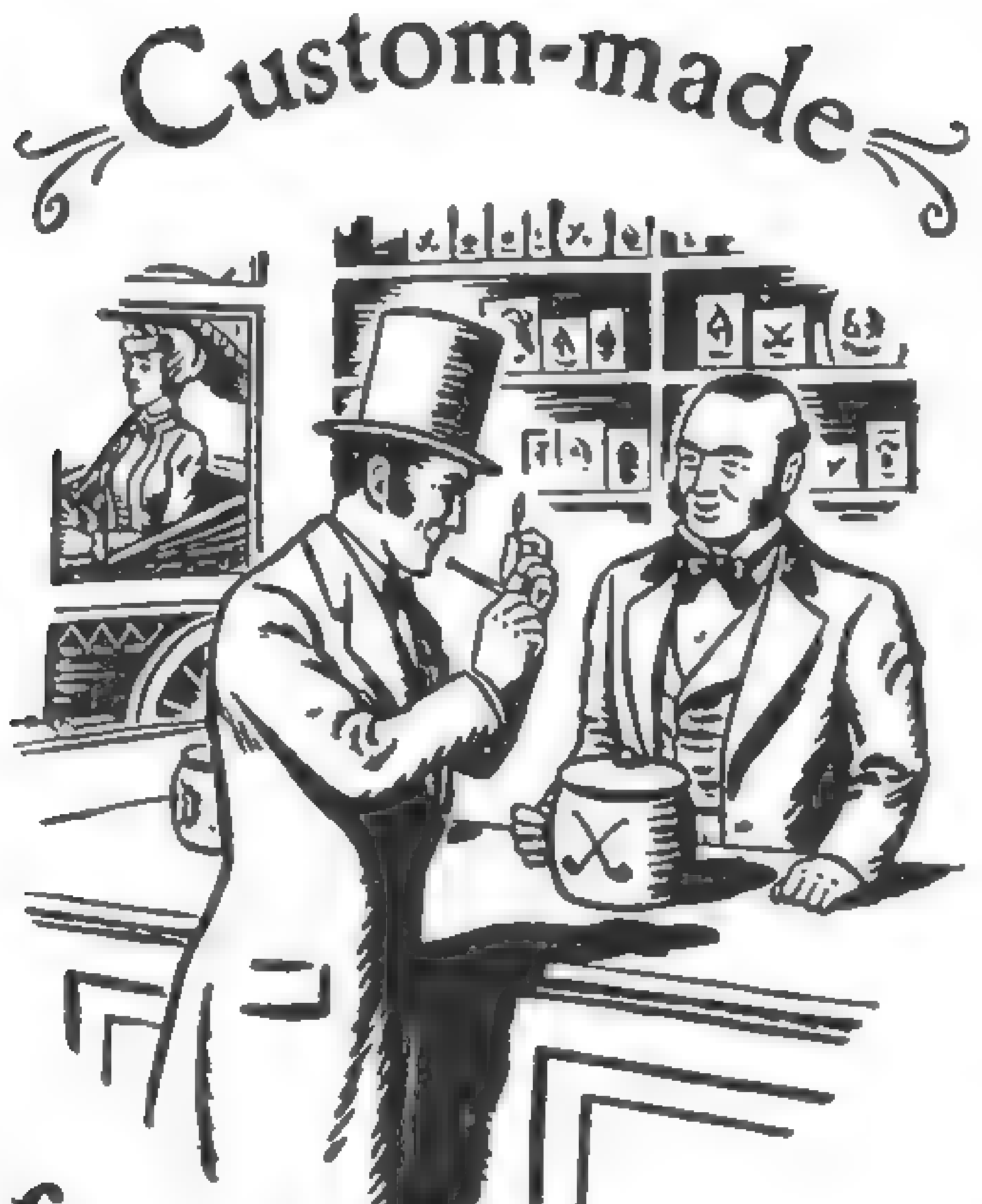

for the carriage-trade

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Walnut was mild, fragrant, and friendly. It had the *natural* aroma that came from a skilful blending of the world's seven choicest tobaccos. Word of Walnut spread until today it is the largest-selling tobacco in its price-field. There is no finer filling for the bowl of a pampered pipe.

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CUSTOM-MADE for the CARRIAGE-TRADE
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but if you start out in a quiet voice, you'll hold attention because the others have to shut up just to hear you. And this is the time, if ever, when you can garner a majority on your side with a restrained, well-thought-out presentation.

Above all, don't wrangle; don't be needled into sharp retorts; remain good humored and courteous, bending with the wind of heated contradiction. You have an honest conviction to sell to eleven other people. And you will sell it just as you sell any other bill of goods; by discreetly flattering them, by giving ground where it doesn't hurt to inspire confidence, by agreeing with *some of the things* this one or that has said, naming names. For when you single out that ox-necked Mr. Blake with the loud mouth and compliment him on something he said, he sees right away that you're all right. You can lead a horse to water, you know, but you certainly can't make him drink by throwing the pail at him!

In short, you play the role of a reasonable, fair-minded human being—no matter how much you'd like to poke Number Four in the puss.

Whatever happens from here on may be in the lap of the gods, human minds being what they are and none of us is infallible. But if the worst comes to the worst, don't be ashamed to hold out to the bitter end—not through sheer stubbornness but through *honest conviction.* It is true that criminal lawyers often strive to get one bullhead on a jury, relying upon him to tie up the others. Nevertheless, one of the best verdicts I know of came about in a civil action because of the conviction of three resolute jurors. In this case the plaintiff didn't have a leg to stand on in law but had a fine appeal to human sympathy which would have been sure-fire in most courts.

Unfortunately for him the plaintiff's attorney seized upon this grand opportunity for theatrics. During his summation the tears frequently streamed down his cheeks and he had everybody in the courtroom weeping with him.

Nine of those jurors went into the jury room misty-eyed and prepared to vote a million-dollar verdict if necessary. But three were not only unimpressed; they were resentful of the lawyer's attempt to play them for suckers. Those three held out for thirteen hours and swung the other nine around to a verdict for the defendant which was later honored by being upheld on appeal.

You may conclude that things have come to a pretty pass when we must witness instances where cases are tried and adjudicated on grounds far removed from facts.

That is exactly why I urge you to accept that jury notice and serve. We sorely need more men and women of your caliber on our juries! ###

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Poppa Joe Cambria: Talent Scout

Continued from page 68

that washed out much of the home schedule, but it finished in fourth place. He sold a passel of players to the majors, including four in one block, and the club finished the season in the black. Cambria, always a scout at heart, beat the bushes for talent, had more than fifty operatives in Albany uniforms the first season, and filled his roster with promising sandlotters as he sold his more seasoned ivory to the highest bidders.

He operated by remote control. Living at Baltimore to look after his laundry business, he journeyed to Albany on Sundays and also watched the Senators when they played in Jersey City and Newark. In 1937 he sold the club to the New York Giants for 62,000 dollars. The Giants transferred the franchise to Jersey City.

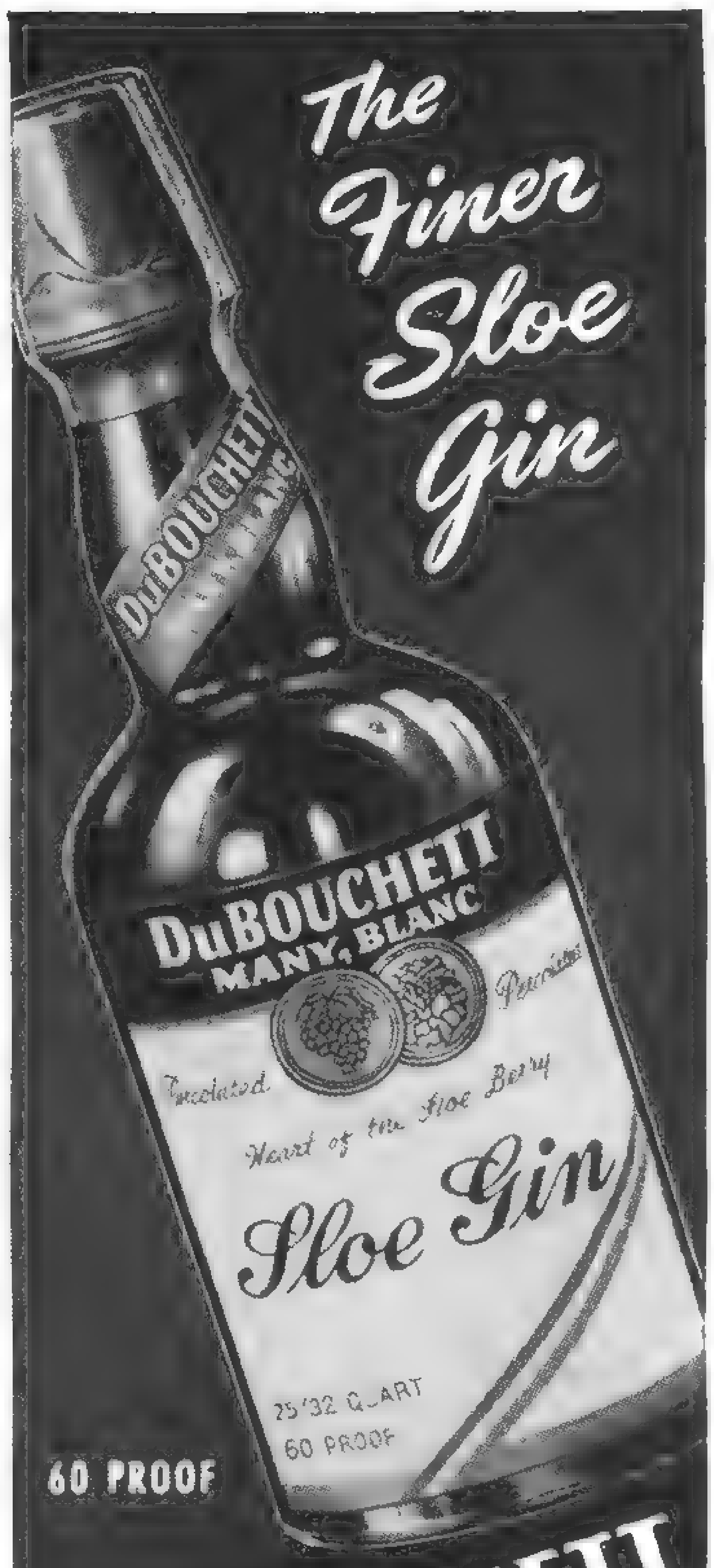
Poppa Joe's first major altercation with baseball's head office came in 1935 when he signed Alabama Pitts to play for Albany. Pitts was an Alabama boy who had been sent to prison on several counts of being an accessory in holdups. In Sing Sing he had gained fame as an athlete. Cambria came into the picture when Pitts, with a big build-up, was released. Poppa Joe and Johnny Evers, the Albany business manager, put their heads together. With extensive fanfare they offered Pitts a job to play ball at Albany. The move was loaded with dynamite. A national sensation resulted when Minor League Commissioner Bramham ruled that Pitts could not play professional baseball.

Bramham, candidly, could not reconcile an ex-prison inmate rooming and rubbing shoulders with the professional baseball minions. He also visioned unpleasantness for Pitts. It was his studied opinion that the young man wasn't much of a ballplayer and that the fans of less keen sensibilities would ride him unmercifully with cries of "jailbird" if he failed to make the grade. All of which, he reasoned, would be very embarrassing to both Pitts and the game.

In addition to that, Bramham was suspicious of the motives of the Albany officials. He had an idea they planned to use Pitts as a freak attraction for the purpose of luring the curious through the turnstiles.

Cambria and Evers, however, pleaded their case on humanitarian grounds. They claimed that they merely wanted to give Alabama Pitts a chance to make a living and win back his place in society.

As a result of the controversy, Cambria stamped himself as a national hero of great heart and tender feeling for a more unfortunate countryman. Bramham's office was flooded with protests. Sports writers harassed him with



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bitter denunciations. Fans wrote him two hundred letters a day over a sixty-day stretch. Mysterious packages, which looked suspiciously as though they might contain bombs, came to his desk. These he returned to the post office unopened.

"It was the toughest period I have gone through in baseball," says Bramham. "Even my family was threatened. I have to admit I almost broke under the strain, but I stuck by my guns. I felt certain that I was right and still think so."

The decision finally was appealed to Commissioner Landis, who overruled the minor league office and permitted Pitts to become a hireling to Joe Cambria. Pitts turned out to be as inadequate a performer as Bramham had suspected. After a short while he was cut adrift to the minors and then he wandered into the semipros. He was never in trouble again but he lost his life in a North Carolina roadhouse brawl in which he was stabbed to death.

A year later Cambria shoved his Harrisburg club all over the face of the map, employing three managers that season. One of them was Art Shires, the clown of his era and a typical Cambria pilot. Once Cambria tried to sign Babe Ruth as a manager.

In 1938 Cambria operated Springfield in the Class A Eastern League, Greenville in the Class B South Atlantic League, Salisbury in the Class D Eastern Shore League and St. Augustine in the Class D Florida State League. Salisbury, a unit that performed with the verve and spirit of collegians, was the minor league club of the year. Baseball was going begging in Greenville, South Carolina, a successful spot in the old Sally League days, when Cambria put up shop there. It turned out to be a valuable franchise in the reorganized circuit. Cambria luck.

Cambria stayed on the mat with Bramham by violating one petty technicality after another. The latter considered him baseball's number one nuisance. But Clark Griffith was always in his corner and fathered him through his ordeals. After all, Cambria's clubs had working agreements with Washington and its subsidiaries.

Once, when the high command was cracking down on Poppa Joe, a letter reached the little brown man on Christmas morning. Cambria called Bramham at his office in Durham, North Carolina, by long distance. He was almost in tears and humble as always.

"Judge," he said, "everything was so nice and happy around my house and then I opened your letter and my Santa Claus went right up the chimney."

Bramham had planked a 500-dollar fine on him. It stuck.

Poppa Joe was once talking to a group of other baseball men when, desiring some information, he casually remarked: "Wait until I look in my office." Whereupon he reached in his vest pocket and

Continued on page 176

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Poppa Joe Cambria: Talent Scout

Continued from pages 68-175

withdrew a little black book. The others laughed and Cambria is reported to have added that he had no other records. "When you don't have any records, there are none to investigate," he said.

This proved embarrassing later. Judge Landis heard about it and in the Spring of 1938 when he had Cambria up for a hearing at Belleaire, Florida, he referred to the incident, assailing the magnate sharply. Joe contended that it was merely a gag. He couldn't understand why the commissioner made so much over so trivial a thing.

Cambria got a good going over at that particular hearing. Even with the quiet-spoken Griffith along, pleading eloquently in his behalf, he couldn't escape a fine. The charge was that Cambria had failed to live up to a promise made one of his chattels. Both Landis and Bramham grilled Cambria intensively. Finally Joe was ordered to fork over the money within forty-eight hours or get out of baseball.

After the hearing Landis invited Cambria and Griffith to dinner. I also happened to be a guest and noticed that Cambria, ordinarily something of a gourmand, did not touch the delicious Florida dishes. "I was nauseated," he told us later. "After the judge got through with me, I was plain sick. I couldn't eat a thing."

Joe constantly complained of being persecuted. "They are always digging up some little thing to use against me," he would say. "I'm just a little fish. They ought to go after the big fellows." Later, when Landis did indeed go after the big fellows, notably the rich Cardinal and Detroit organizations, for technical violations of the game's far-flung code, Cambria was somewhat mollified. "You see," he said, "I'm not the only fellow who has made mistakes."

For a year or more before Cambria finally disposed of all his holdings, the complete Cambria file was in Landis' Chicago office, and his every move was watched hawklike. Cambria finally tired of it all. Landis and Bramham staged a celebration when he threw in the sponge and hired out as a full-time scout with Washington.

Cambria thinks there's no one quite like Clark Griffith. "He's the greatest man in baseball," he says. "There never was a finer judge of baseball material. When those wise old eyes stamp approval on one of my kids, I know I've got something."

This is not altogether borne out by the facts. Griffith has accepted many of Cambria's discoveries with professed enthusiasm, only to cool off on them later. It was that way with Roberto Estalella, a stocky Cuban youngster with steel wrists and a knack of belting

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baseballs to far corners of the lot. Washington played around with Estalella a long time, twice selling him, only to get him back, before finally turning him out for good.

More recently it has been that way with Roberto Ortiz, another Cuban, who was a dark-skinned giant on the Washington roster this year. Ortiz, branded as "fast as Feller" when he first landed at Orlando, flopped as a pitcher. Then he floundered temporarily in the minors as an outfielder. He perked up at Chattanooga two years ago, but Griffith sold him to Philadelphia, which in turn sold him to the Dodgers. Brooklyn sent him to Montreal, where he was a sensation last year, and then Griffith bought him back.

Between Estalella and Ortiz, and before this year's wholesale shipment, there was a long procession of Cambria's Cubans. They were hauled over in chattering, popeyed, bewildered packs. There also have been Canadians, South Americans, Mexicans, House of David bewhiskered curiosities. Cambria's greatest disappointment is that he never landed a first-rate Italian player. Mention DiMaggio and he groans. He claims he once had a shot at him.

Cambria doesn't speak Spanish or any other language except his own picturesque Americano. So far as we know he invented the words "seaweed" and "bushwacker," as applied to baseball rookies. One of his scouting axioms is: "You can't tell what's in a book by its cover." When Americus, Georgia, was a Class D link in the Washington chain, Joe, finding the place hard to reach, always referred to the town as "Little America."

In the summer a day never passes but that the Washington scout witnesses at least one ball game, usually one in the afternoon and one at night. His greenest pastures are the sandlots. He has picked up some good college boys, but as a rule he finds the competition too keen in this category, with the bidding too high.

In ordinary conversation a mild-mannered man, Poppa Joe can give a ballplayer a good tongue lashing when the time is propitious. He drives a sharp bargain and is one of the best in the business at getting a player to sign a contract. He is a very convincing salesman. As the Mr. Fixit of faltering clubs, he makes fast and radical moves in transferring ivory from one spot to another.

Now come of age and strictly in the groove, he's still just a leather-lunged rooter at a ball game. He can be sentimental or at least affect a good maudlin attitude. Once we were sitting with him in a Piedmont League grandstand when Estalella hit a home run with men on bases. The crowd was in an uproar. "Ain't it wonderful," said Poppa Joe, "how a fellow like that, who was so ignorant when he came to this country that we had to put a tag around his neck, can make all these people so happy?"

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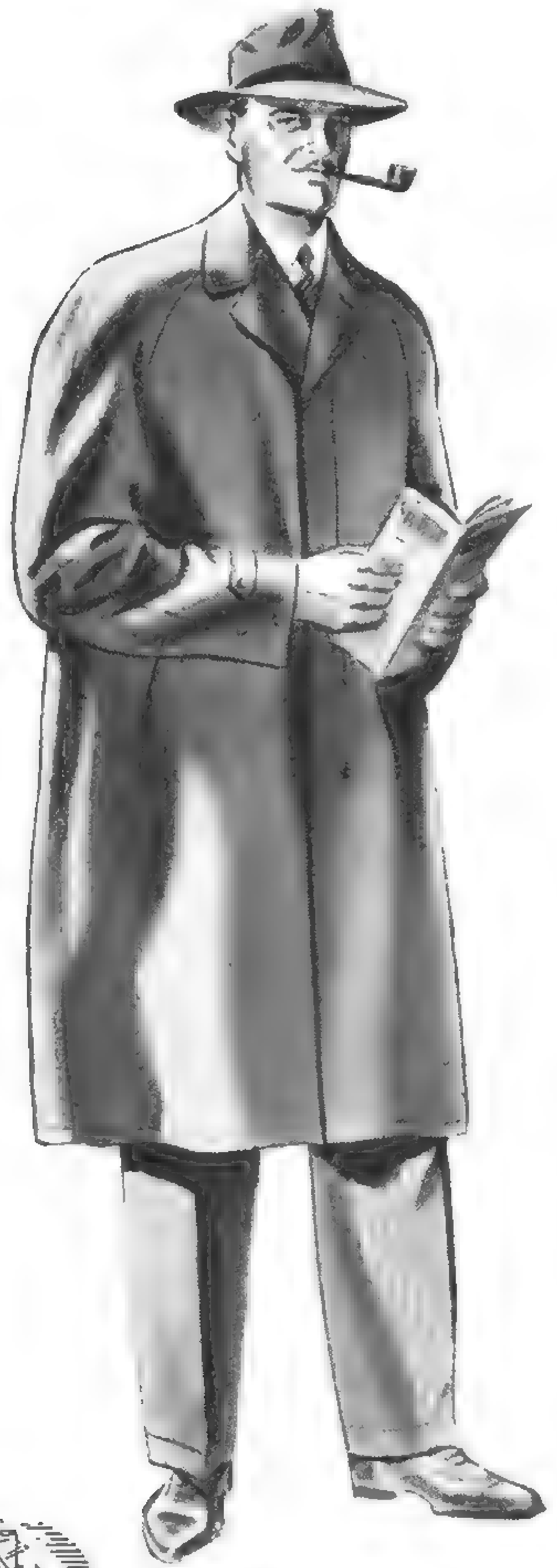

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 100

and accompany a number by shadow boxing in the direction of the audience. The next time we see one of these boilers trying to get a song over by throwing her fists at the customers, at least one of us, named Nathan, is going to get up and go around to Madison Square Garden where such mitt stuff is considerably more relevant.

We come to item six: gag writers. Finding that his book hasn't enough comedy, the producer gallops out and calls in one or more jokesters of the species who concoct wheezes for radio programs, night club m.c.'s and such. These wits duly hustle into the breech with wonderful lines like: "I grew up in Brooklyn"—"You don't look like a tree to me," and the delighted producer incorporates them into that scene in the book wherein the fashionable Palm Beach hostess is giving a musicale for British royalty. The result isn't exactly what you might call colossal.

Now and then, by rare accident, one of the extraneous gags may turn out to be funny. But more often in their grimness they only emphasize the lack of the book's comedy which otherwise might be less depressing. Even on such odd occasions as they are funny, they invalidate the flow of the book through being arbitrarily inserted at the wrong points. It isn't entirely conducive to comfort to have a scene in which the hero is making love to the heroine in a rose-bower interrupted by a lackey who drops a tray on his foot and thereupon howlingly pulls the one about wishing it had been a deuce.

In the seventh place, how about a little rest from the idea that the comedian must inevitably be given a song to sing in the last act? It wouldn't be so bad if the songs were amusing, but the average producer seems to think that the dullest lyric becomes a riot if only the comedian of the show delivers it.

I have been going to the theatre now for more years than Lee Shubert can remember. I have in those years laughed fit to kill at any number of comedians. But laughter has generally deserted me when the boys have felt it incumbent upon them to come down to the front of the stage around ten thirty and demonstrate their comic prowess in song. I have heard not more than half a dozen such songs that had anything comical about them. One was *What Did Mrs. Rip Van Winkle Do When Rip Van Winkle Was Away?* Another was *Mister Dooley.* The other four were those serio-comic numbers that Raymond Hitchcock croaked toward the end of his several performances. Most of the others have only succeeded in spoiling what impression the comedians have made before they ventured them. ⌗

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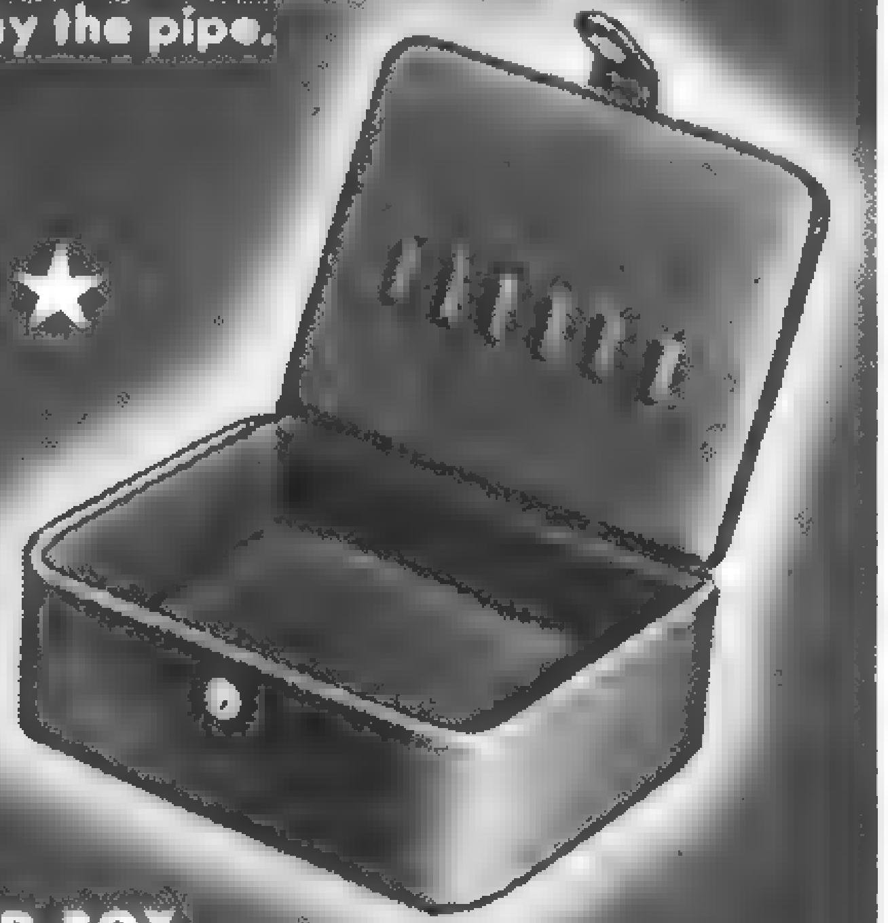

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All Bessie's Children Got Wings

Continued from page 97

the sergeant said and the soldiers watched the Mitchell straightening into her approach glide. The towermen were silent behind their glass, the Operations officers half hanging out of their windows, and at the hangar line were the air line men and Army pilots who knew how it must feel to be riding the Bessie down . . .

"Turn her over," the sergeant said, and Taxi kicked his engine into action. Their companion jeep ate gas, too, and the crash wagon was idling beside them.

Above and behind the field, the bomber was driving down, fast, three-bladed props rocket-blasting the air and ears with sound—over the runway now.

"Get going!" the sergeant yelled, and the men slammed against the backboard of the jeep as it shot forward. The sergeant twisted in his bouncing seat. A quarter mile behind them the Mitchell was fifty feet in the air, coming down toward them with a speed-eating distance as if the jeeps were standing still. The Bessie's body wheels touched ground a hundred yards behind them.

The speedometer passed 60, hit 70. The wing was abreast of them, wheel brakes screaming on the concrete. The huge fuselage moved past them, its angular axis swinging, leveling as its tail came up and its nose went down.

The jeeps fell behind the stabilizer as the needle danced on 80. The sergeant leaped for the flat assembly, sprawled hard on his stomach, slipped, then held as his hands found the rim of the tail section. Two men were beside him, then the rest—the plane was riding level, fighting the uncertain balance. She might go over anyway, the sergeant thought.

Slowly the tail sank, slammed into the pavement, bounced, came down again and sparked as the tail bumper scraped concrete.

The Bessie had full brakes now and wailed to a lurching stop. The crew spilled out fast and the men on the tail didn't need the sergeant's yell to get them moving. The crash wagon's hose played a stream of carbon tech against the smoking tail bumper.

The crew leaned against the ship, breathing heavily.

"Congratulations," the sergeant said and he meant it.

He saw Bessie's three officers already heading for the Operations office.

"Where's your bombardier?" he asked.

Mike Donovan tapped the 25th flag decorating the sleek hull.

"Hanover, with flak under our bellies all the way—it would have to be the last one—" he said. He pointed to a gilded asterisk painted below the neat banners.

"Maybe that's why we couldn't lose her now," Mike said it simply. "You see, Bessie's a Gold Star Mother." ⧻

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McKeever into Leahy's Shoes

Continued from page 50

stitution—by indirect suggestions, of course.

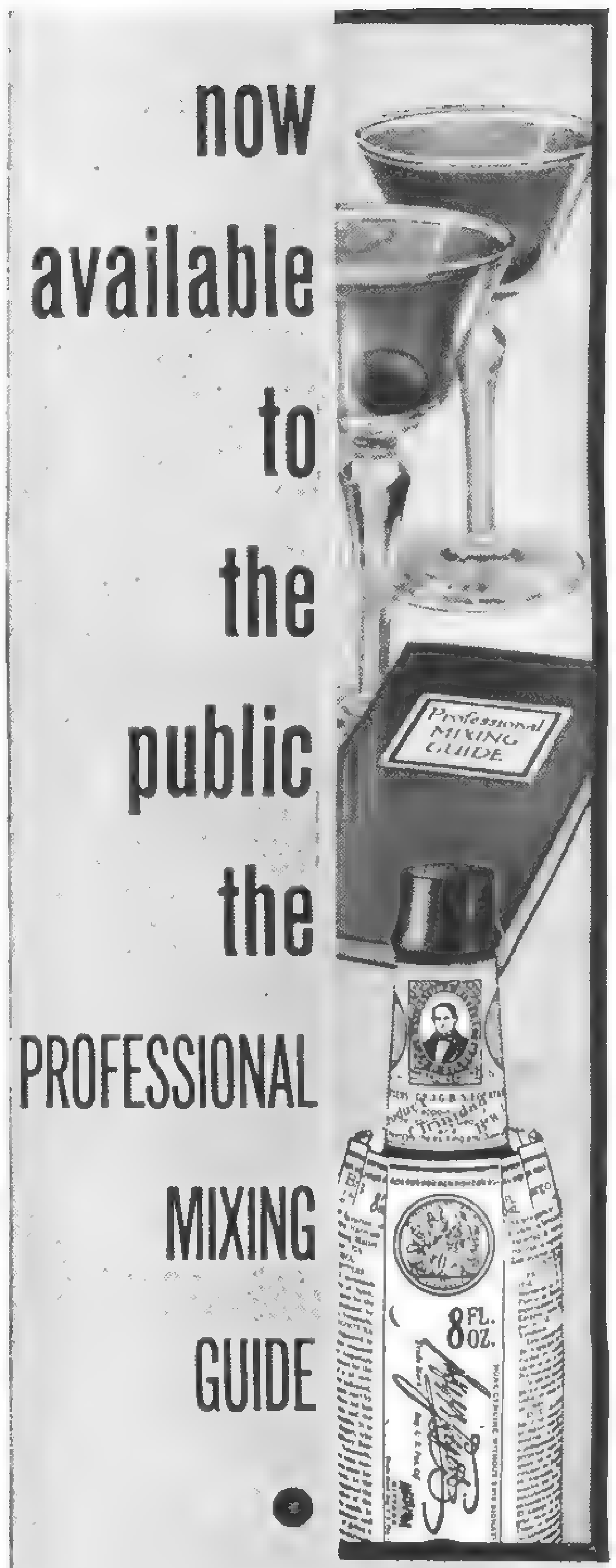
He had won freshman numerals in football and basketball, and returned to the Notre Dame campus in the Fall of 1931. But his incentive to play football for the master coach was gone—because Rockne was gone, gone to sudden death in a Kansas plane crash.

He turned his attention to his old friend Meagher, coaching then at Rice Institute. It was inevitable that the coach, reminiscing on the athletic deeds of one of his star pupils, should let slip into their correspondence something to the effect that he could use a halfback. What coach couldn't use a halfback? McKeever didn't wait for specific encouragement. He packed his bag and left Notre Dame. But he was too late for enrollment at Rice Institute. He looked around for another college to enter and found the door of Texas Tech open. He made up sufficient scholastic credits to become eligible for football in the Fall of 1932, and reported to Coach Pete Cawthon.

McKeever's gridiron debut at Texas Tech was as auspicious as his acting head coach role at Notre Dame. He got into his first game as a substitute on the first play of the fourth quarter against Baylor, hauled in a flat pass and ran thirty-five yards for the winning touchdown. He played right halfback and called signals in his junior and senior years, and did most of the team's passing. During his playing career, Texas Tech won thirty of thirty-five games.

It was only natural that McKeever should stay on as backfield coach at Texas Tech, and it was as such that, in the Summer of 1938, his path first crossed that of Frank Leahy, then line coach at Fordham. They met as instructors in their specialties at the coaching school at Lubbock, Texas, and their get-together can be summed up in the bromide, "the luck of the Irish."

From the outset they went together like adjoining pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. It may have been because Rockne was McKeever's ideal and in Leahy he found "a chip off the old Rock." Of the hundreds of players Rockne coached, Leahy probably was the one closest to him. A coach gets to know a player pretty well—and a player gets to know a coach—when they spend two weeks in the same hospital room, talking football day and night. And that's what Rockne and Leahy had done. Leahy, right tackle on Notre Dame's 1929 national championship team, suffered a knee injury in preseason training the following year and never played again. When Rockne went to the Mayo Clinic for treatment of a leg ailment that nearly cost him his life, he asked Leahy



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to go along for a needed operation and "for company." Leahy frankly admits that "Everything I know about football I learned from Rockne during those talks in the hospital."

Leahy's first coaching job was at Georgetown under Tommy Mills. His line made such an impression on Jimmy Crowley, one of the immortal Four Horsemen, in the Michigan State game that, even though Crowley's Spartans won, Leahy in 1932 found himself on the East Lansing campus. When Crowley moved to Fordham in 1933, Leahy went with him—to produce the famous "Seven Blocks of Granite," the line which kept the Rams from defeat on all but two occasions in 1935, 1936 and 1937.

Thus it was that Leahy the line coach and McKeever the backfield coach came to qualify as instructors at Lubbock. They admired each other's ability; they confided their pet theories of attack and defense; they worked together in harmony.

Came the day of parting, they shook hands and each knew the unspoken message that came from the other's heart: "If ever I get the job as head coach you'll be my right-hand man." The big chance came for Leahy in 1939, when he signed as Boston College coach. It might have been McKeever somewhere else—but it was Leahy at Boston, and he lost no time in summoning his friend from Lubbock. Together they were ready for the opportunity, as their record of twenty victories in twenty-two games shows.

Their crowning achievement at Boston College was the Eagles' 19-13 victory over Tennessee in the Sugar Bowl game at New Orleans on January 1, 1941. Leahy gives McKeever full credit for the brilliant performance that New Year's Day of Charley O'Rourke, 158 pounds of flaming courage and mechanical football skill. Most B.C. fans were ready to settle for a 13-13 tie late in the final period when the Volunteers were unsuccessful in a field goal attempt from the twelve-yard line. But not O'Rourke. Starting from his own twenty, he went off tackle for five yards, then sent halfback Frank Maznicki in two thrusts over center for a first down. He threw two aerials incomplete before his third down pass was taken by Ed Zabilski in mid-field. The identical play moved the ball to the Tennessee 31, and O'Rourke's next pass was a short throw to Maznicki for seven yards. On the following play O'Rourke faded back as though to throw again, but instead he dashed off his left tackle, cut back to the right and eluded grasping Volunteers one after another until he crossed the goal line standing up. That was the ball game, and on the bench Leahy threw his arms about McKeever and shouted: "What a back! What a back! He's your man, Ed—he's your man!"

McKeever grinned and said: "Now I can go home and meet the

Continued on page 182

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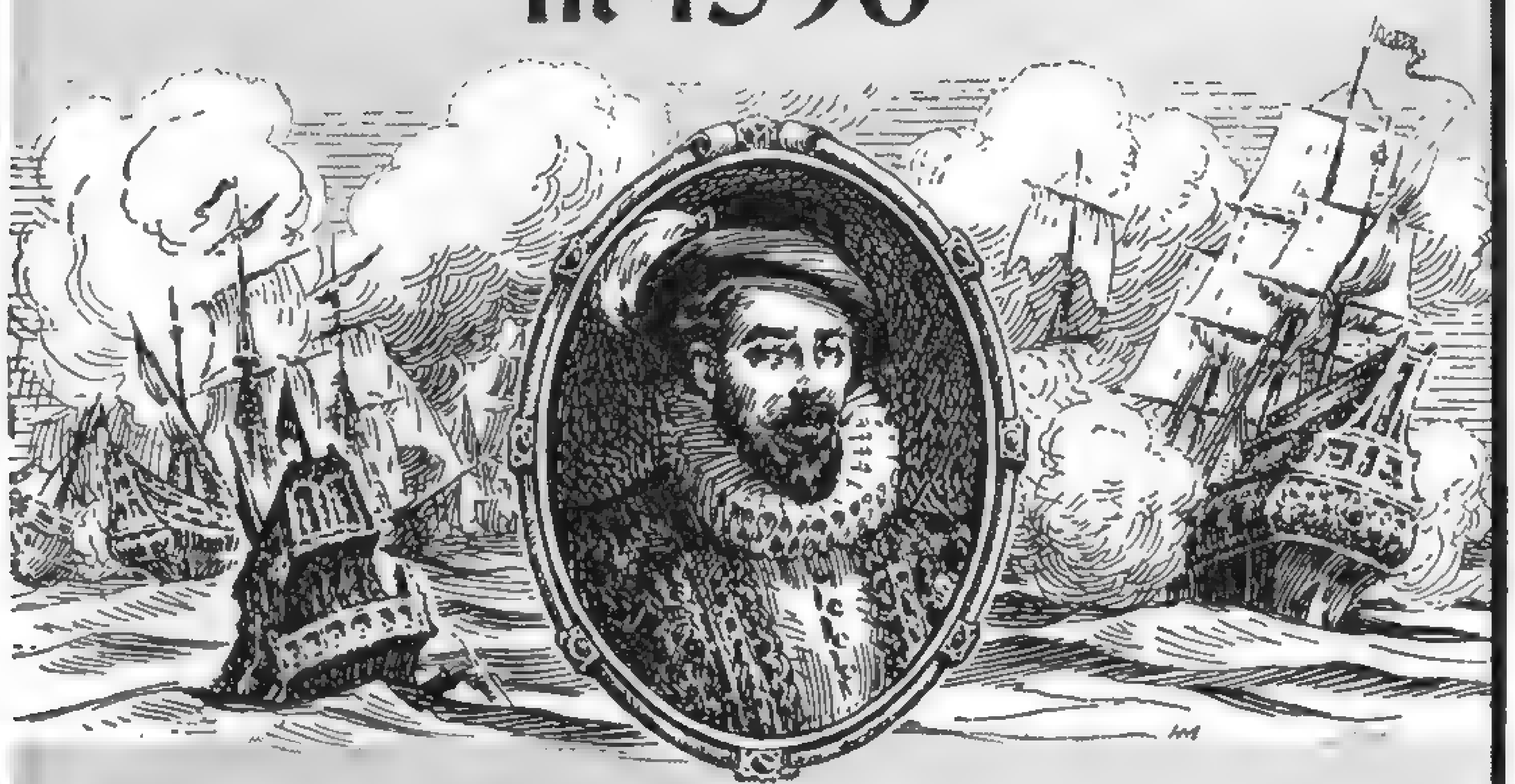

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McKeever into Leahy's Shoes

Continued from pages 50-181

twins." He referred to his daughters, Jane Anne and Susan Helen, born in Boston, December 19, while he was enroute to New Orleans with the football squad. If he had spent the afternoon thinking of the babies instead of the game, he can be forgiven—for Bowl games were old stuff to him; he was a veteran of four consecutive Bowl appearances with McKeever-coached teams. His Texas Tech team was in the Sun Bowl in 1938 and in the Cotton Bowl in 1939, with his Boston College backfield performing in the Cotton Bowl in 1940.

Wandering through the narrow, twisted streets of Boston in the Spring of 1940, you might have bumped into an otherwise quite-all-right fellow muttering to himself something about "the one that got away." That was Ed McKeever, chief talent scout as well as backfield coach for Leahy—and "the one that got away" was a long and lanky kid by the name of Angelo Bertelli.

Everybody in Boston knew about the schoolboy in West Springfield, Massachusetts, who played baseball well enough for the Red Sox to cast longing eyes at him, who played hockey well enough for the Bruins to offer him a contract, who threw a football well enough for a dozen colleges and universities to send him prospecti and matriculation blanks.

Bertelli went to Notre Dame and "the one that got away" in the New England stream was hooked by McKeever in the Midwest when he came along with Leahy, called by his alma mater to replace Elmer Layden who resigned at Notre Dame to become commissioner of professional football. Bertelli had natural talent for throwing a football. McKeever developed that talent to perfection, and Bertelli became perhaps the greatest forward passer in collegiate history. He was the key to the Irish offense from that September afternoon in 1941 when he completed eleven of fourteen passes to defeat Arizona 38-7 until that October Saturday in 1943 when he threw three times for touchdowns, scored one himself and added two points after touchdown as the Irish romped over the hitherto unbeaten Navy team 33-6 for its sixth straight victory of the season.

When Bertelli joined the United States Marines last November, McKeever had another passer ready to step into his shoes—Johnny Lujack who went from the gridiron to the hardwood court to the cinder path and to the diamond to become the first sophomore in Notre Dame history to win four major monograms in one year. Lujack, too, is now in the Armed Forces. But McKeever has a replacement for him, a youngster named Joe Gas-

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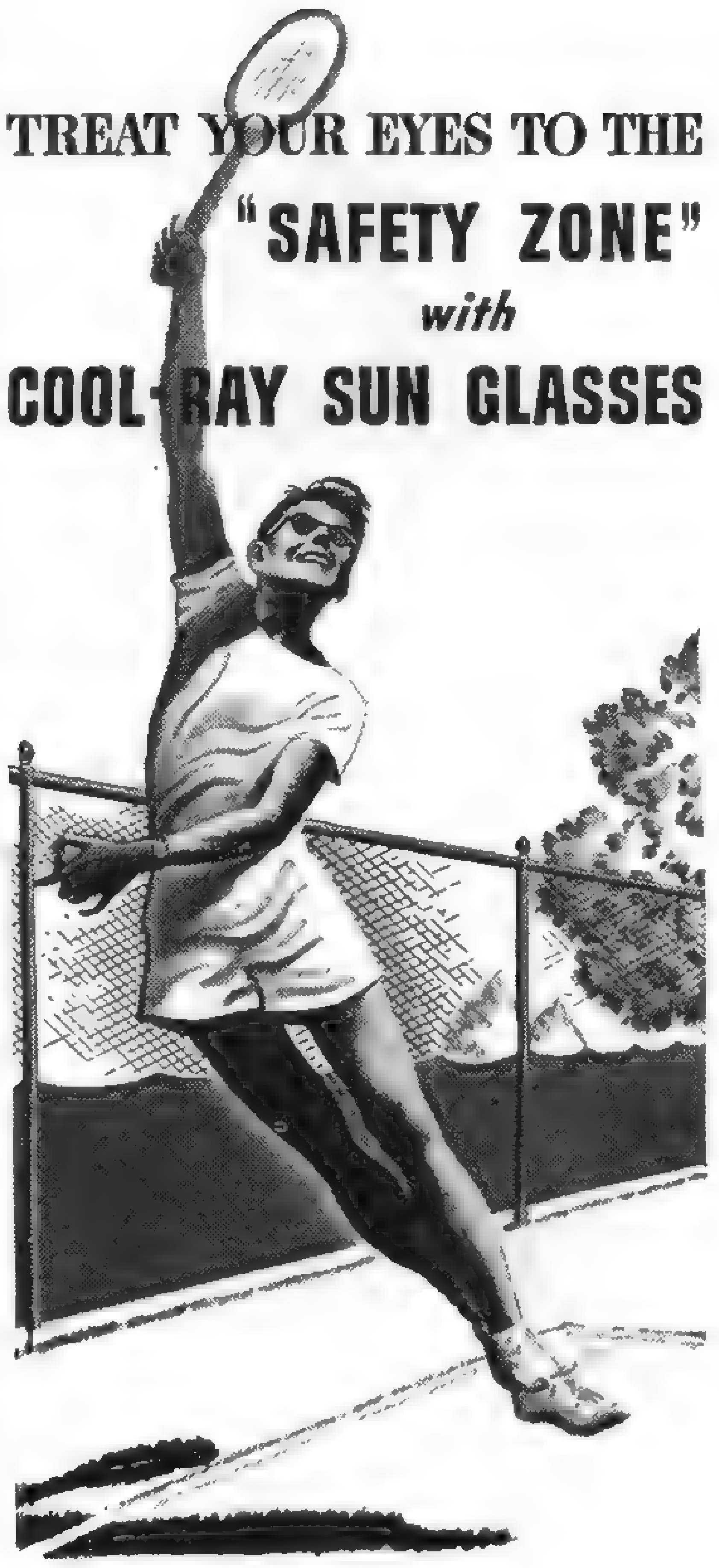

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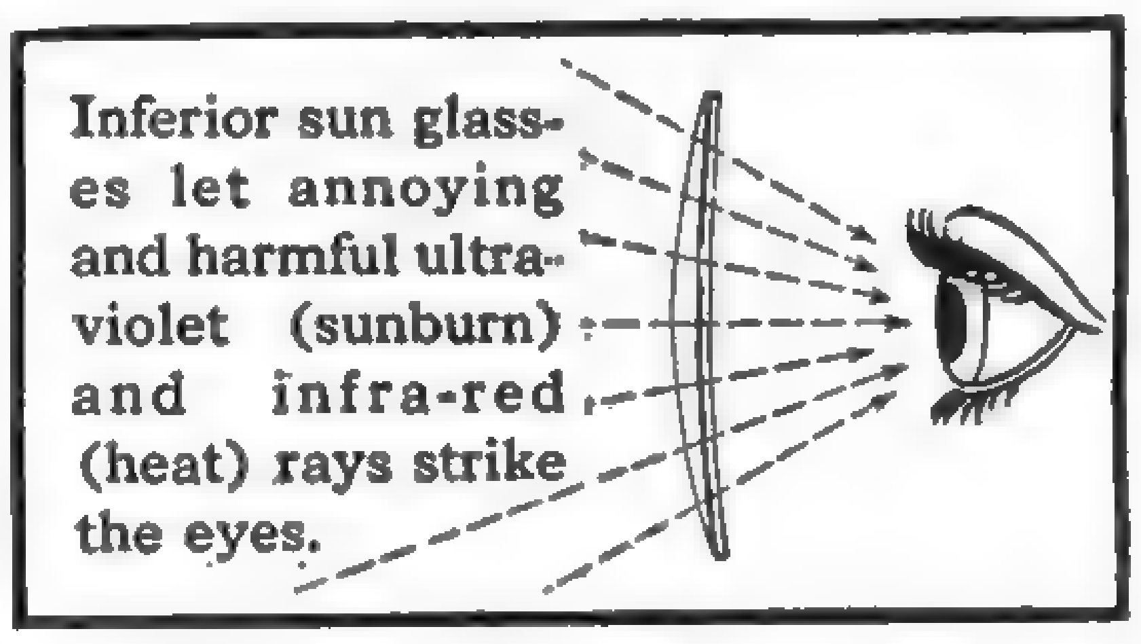

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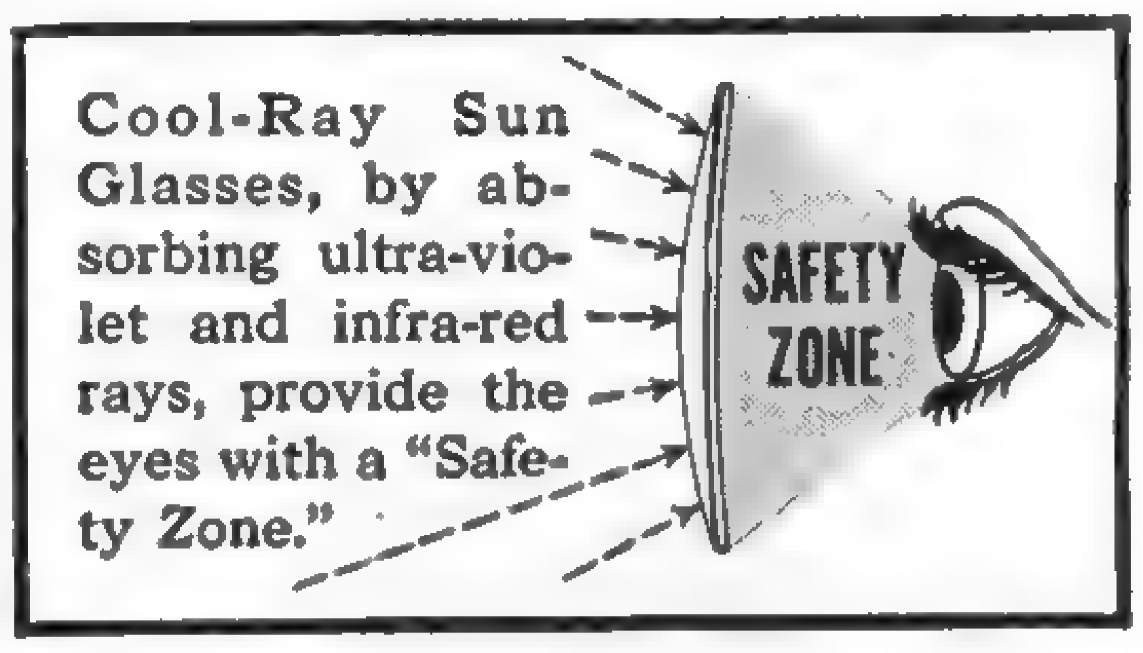

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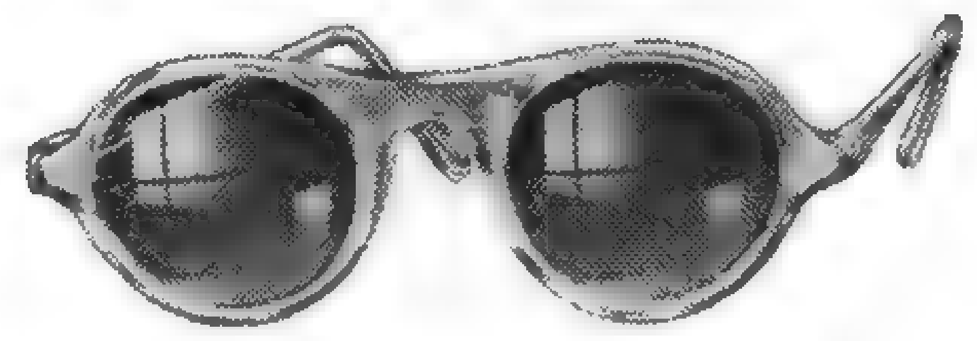

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parella, seventeen years old, standing six feet three and weighing 205 pounds . . . and still a growing boy.

Gasparella came to Notre Dame from Vandergrift, Pennsylvania, because he sketched a picture of Frank Leahy and sent it to him to be autographed. In a note he wrote he could "do something besides draw—for instance, play football." Leahy showed the sketch and note to McKeever whose comment was: "I hope so." Gasparella put in his appearance at Notre Dame only a few weeks before Leahy left for the Navy. McKeever took charge of the big fellow, and in spring practice he tried out for the center position. One day McKeever observed the Pennsylvania boy throwing strikes of from fifty to seventy-five yards to teammates. "Brother, from now on," he drawled, "you're a quarterback." And he has so much faith in him, McKeever issued to Gasparella jersey No. 48, the number worn three years by the incomparable Bertelli.

As he leads the Fighting Irish into the 1944 campaign against Pittsburgh, Tulane, Dartmouth, Wisconsin, Illinois, Navy, Army, Northwestern, Georgia Tech and Great Lakes on successive Saturdays, McKeever has the assistance of two former Notre Dame football captains—Adam Walsh, who led the "Four Horsemen" and "Seven Mules" to the national championship in 1924, and Clem Crowe, whose 1926 team is remembered not for having won nine games but for having been "upset" by Carnegie Tech 19-0.

They have their memories of Notre Dame gridiron glory. Big, blond Adam Walsh can recall that October Saturday when he played the entire game against Army with two broken hands and never made a bad pass from center. He can remember, too, that Rose Bowl game of New Year's Day, 1925, when Elmer Layden, Jimmy Crowley, Don Miller and Harry Stuhldreher crushed the great Ernie Nevers and Stanford under a 27-10 defeat. Squat, jut-jawed Clem Crowe can reminisce on a day when, on the first two plays against Minnesota, his team lost fullback Fred Collins with a broken jaw and tackle Joe Boland with a broken leg, yet came on to win 20-7. He can bring from the past, too, the memory of little Art Parasien's left-handed passes that turned almost certain defeat into a sweet one-point victory over Southern California.

They played football for Rockne—and in the Valhalla of football coaches, taking time out from diagramming X's and O's, Knute Rockne must be mighty proud of them, of Walsh, of Crowe, of Leahy. And maybe, by the time this season is over, he'll be mighty proud, too, of the kid with the Texas drawl who wanted to play for him—Ed McKeever, who won his freshman numerals but never the coveted N.D., and who became the substitute for the coach. ###

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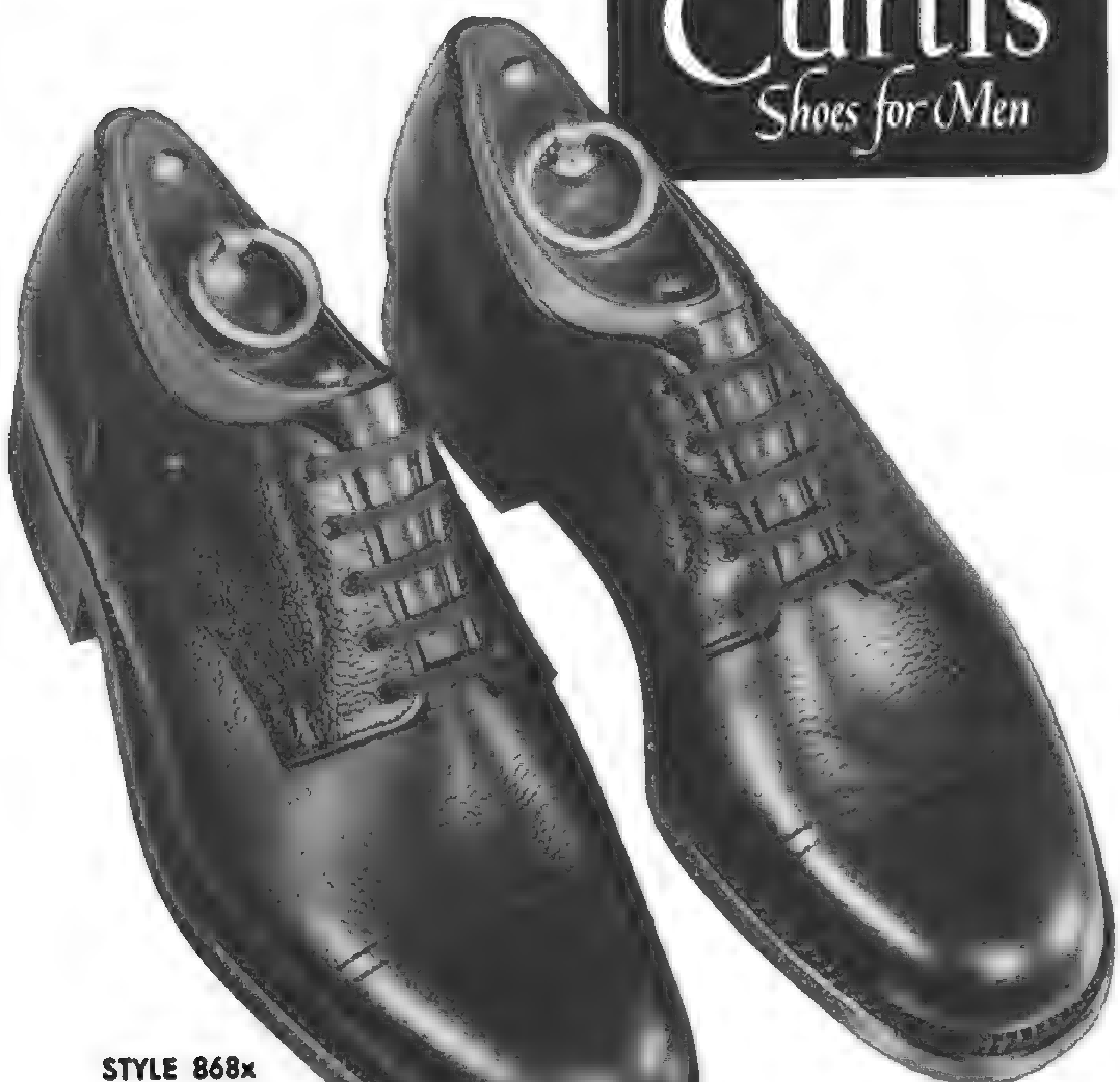

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Fair Trial for a Nazi

Continued from page 61

his shoulders sagged. "No, you don't understand. You will never understand. You must hate us all. You must hate me . . . !"

He stepped close to her, looking into her eyes. "Why don't you tell them where to find me?" His eyes did not let go of hers.

She held his gaze with her own, calmly, unperturbed. "I don't know." For a moment she frowned and then covered her eyes with her hand. "I suppose I no longer have any choice. What could I say if they found you now? They'd probably shoot me, too."

The three German soldiers were sentenced to die the next day by hanging. All three of them had begged for clemency, pleading either old age or extreme youth as an excuse and maintaining further that they had only followed orders. Their Russian lawyers had asked for long prison terms instead of capital punishment for their clients, giving as their reason that the really guilty ones were sitting in Berlin. But the judge had denied their plea.

The young German was silent for a long time after Maria Ivanovna told him this. Then he asked: "About this business at the hospital . . . did they ever say who gave the orders?"

"No," she said.

During the night she heard him tossing about on his cot. She could not sleep, either. Finally he got up and came over to her. "May I sit down for a moment?" he whispered.

"Of course," she said. "Is your wound bothering you?"

"Oh, that!" he murmured contemptuously. "It is just so . . ." He put his head down on the bedclothes near her. Almost automatically her hand stroked his hair. "My name is Hans," he said, without any reason.

She smiled in the darkness. "Hans," she murmured, "Hans..."

Suddenly his shoulders began to shake. "It's only nerves," he sobbed. After a while he became quiet again.

She said, "You should try to sleep now, Hans."

He straightened up but did not leave her. "This war is so senseless. Why? Why? Why should we kill each other? There doesn't seem to be any reason for it. What have we Germans done to you Russians? What have you Russians done to us Germans? See? It's nonsense. I have nothing against anybody." He touched her face, tracing its lines with one finger. "I feel closer to you than to any one else in this world, Maria Ivanovna . . ."

Hans was awakened the next morning by a great commotion out in front of the house. The girl had already left. He did not dare go near the window. He did not even dare walk around in the room for fear somebody might discover his presence there. He

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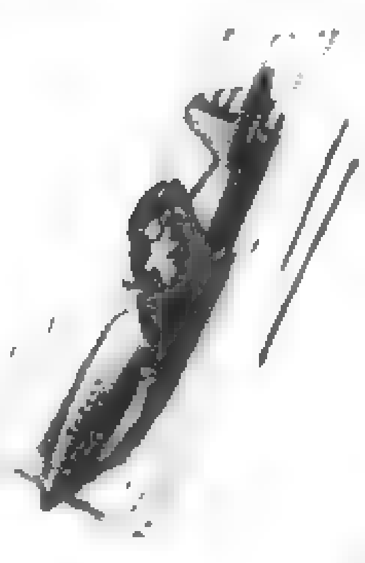

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No, Joab Wilhoit wasn't no killer, even if he *was* called the Colts Kid. He never drawed without he was provoked, like when a faro dealer cold-decked him. But when he did draw it was lights out for the other feller. One shot . . . amen! Bein' on the side of the law like that, Joab joined the Rangers. One day the Ranger Cap'n sent for him and says: "Colts Kid, the Butterfield stage is gettin' bushwhacked too regular. It's got to stop."

"Give me a crack at it, Cap'n," says Joab. "Let me hide in the stage and investigate them bushwhackers." And he does. He was tucked under the mail sacks when the stage slowed to ford Dead Cow Creek. As it started up the far bank a gun barked and the driver toppled over dead. And here comes 13 bushwhackers!

Not seein' no passengers, a hombre with a rag over his face got off his horse and opened the stage door. Up come Joab, a Colt in each hand! The feller's eyes popped and he bellered, "It's the Colts Kid! Hit for the timber!" It was like hollerin' snake at a quiltin' bee. Them bushwhackers purely took out! But Joab had other notions. He levels at the leadin' man and lets go. Got him clean. Another shot . . . two down. Joab was takin' the front man each time, keepin' 'em in range. Down the line he come . . . ten . . . eleven . . . twelve . . . one left, and both guns empty! A tough spot.

The Colts Kid grabbed another cartridge and rammed it in. But meanwhile his man had galloped over a rise and out of sight. They was a big granite boulder at the crest of the rise. Joab figgered quick. The man he wanted was below and to the right. Joab fired. The shot hit the slant of the boulder and zipped off and down. Then came a hoarse scream and a thud. The Colts Kid's angle shot had downed the thirteenth bushwhacker! I doubt if another man in Texas could 'a' done it.

That granite boulder's still there, with the bullet nick in it, which ought to convince any right-minded man of the shootin' ability of the Colts Kid.

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just sat on his cot and waited. Finally Maria Ivanovna came back. Her face was flushed with excitement.

"We are retreating. We may have to give up this town—temporarily, of course."

"The Germans are advancing?" Hans jumped up. "They are retaking the town?"

She nodded, looking at him.

"Well . . ." That was all he said. Then he glanced toward the window. "That's what all this noise is for?"

"No. They are preparing to hang the sentenced Germans there."

He looked at her as though he did not understand. Then he turned very pale. "I see. That's what it is. So fast . . . but that's against the law, isn't it . . . ?" He did not wait for her to answer, but continued as though to himself. "Perhaps our men will come in time to save them."

For a long time he did not say anything. Then, slowly, as if drawn by some invisible force, he approached the window and looked down at the broad market square. There were thousands and thousands of spectators, among them many women and children. In the center of the square stood three gallows made of fresh logs. From each gallows a loop hung down to about ten feet from the ground. Under each gallows stood a truck, as yet unoccupied. To one side of the center Russian soldiers kept a space open, where the members of the Atrocity Commission, city authorities, newspapermen and correspondents soon assembled. Cameramen had been installed at the windows of a near-by house.

Hans turned from the window. "Perhaps our troops will come in time to prevent this . . . this . . ." He buried his face in his hands. "I don't want to see any more . . . I don't want to see it."

But a few moments later he was at the window again. Now each of the condemned men had been placed on one of the trucks. A microphone blared: someone was reading the words of the sentence. When it was over, there was a moment of complete silence. You could hear the distant rumbling of cannon. Hans looked up at the sky. It was grey and cold. Then he heard motors starting. He looked down again and saw Russian soldiers placing the loops around the necks of the condemned men. Then there was another command through the loudspeaker and the trucks moved.

The crowd cheered wildly and drew nearer to the gallows.

Hans slowly took off his uniform. His arm still hurt. Then he opened the bundle and began to put on the Russian peasant suit Maria Ivanovna had brought for him. He had just finished and was examining the effect in the small mirror above the washbasin when she rushed in. She had climbed the stairs so fast that she was out of breath.

"The Germans are coming,"

Continued on page 186

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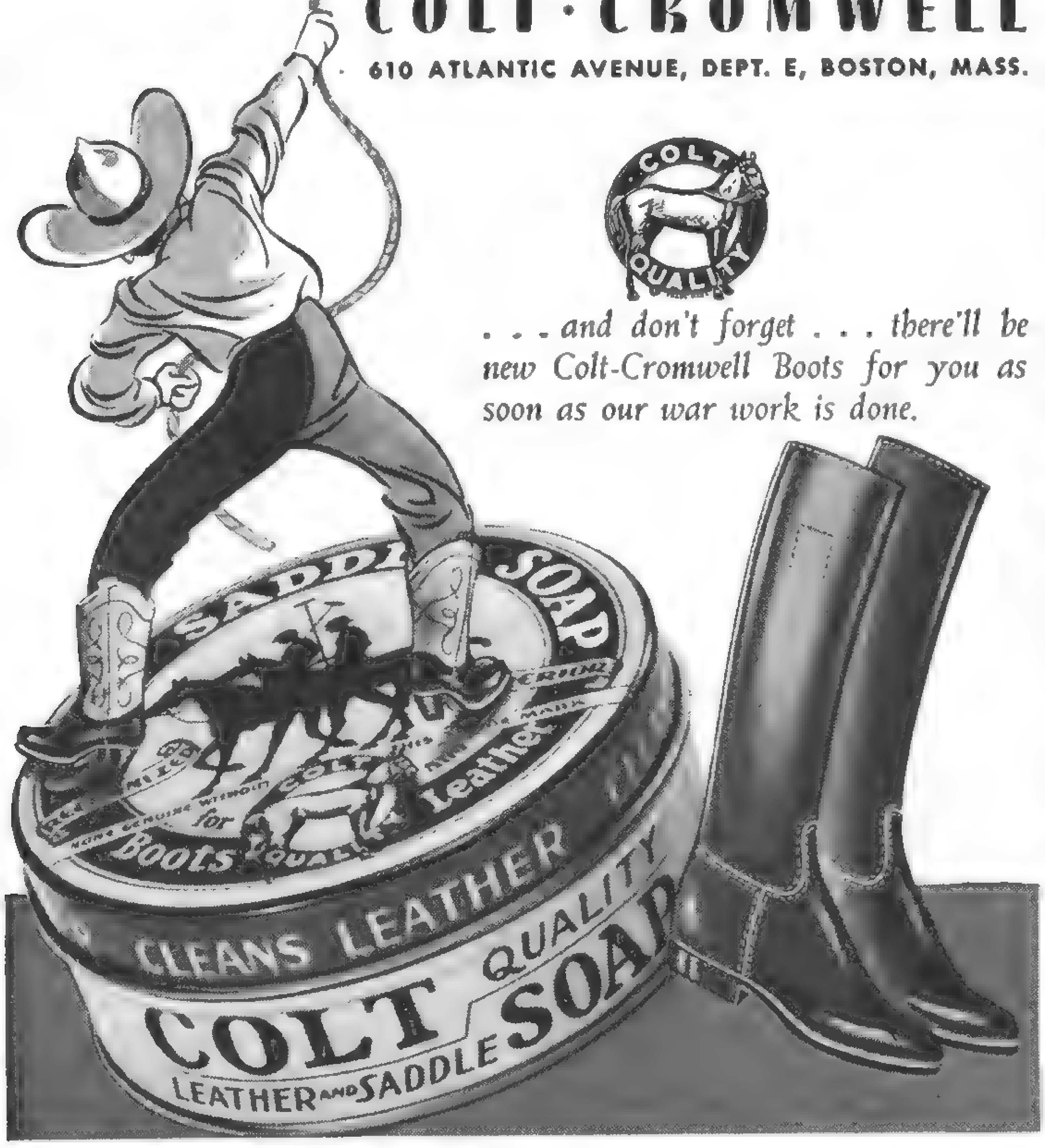

Fair Trial for a Nazi

Continued from pages 61-185

she shouted in an excited voice.

He whirled around. "Coming? Where are they?"

"At the outskirts of the town. They will be here any minute."

"Is that so!" he said deliberately. He stood there, motionless, his legs far apart, almost as though he had grown into the ground. Somehow he seemed bigger, broader. His face had changed, too. It no longer seemed so young. There was a new expression, hard and determined.

For the first time since he knew her she seemed to have lost her composure. "I've missed the last truck . . . I have no way of getting out . . ."

"I knew they would come back." He laughed. "We are not beaten yet, not by a long shot . . ."

"They will take me prisoner. I have heard they do dreadful things to young women." Maria Ivanovna advanced and took hold of his blouse. She seemed suddenly very small and frightened. "Hans . . . Hans . . . you will save me, won't you?"

"I?" He looked at her as though he had never seen her before. "I am afraid there isn't much I can do. Of course, I'll speak to the colonel about you. Still . . . after all, you are a Russian, don't you forget that."

"I don't understand . . ." She looked straight at him, but her eyes did not seem to beg, they seemed to search and to wonder. "Didn't you say that you had nothing against the Russians?"

"Oh, that . . ." He stepped back and her hands fell away from him. "I haven't the slightest idea what the colonel is going to do. After all, when he learns about what has been going on here . . . the hangings and all that . . ." He stopped and his mouth became very thin. Then he took the revolver out of his pocket, looked at it and put it back again.

Her eyes followed his every movement. "Hans, what are you going to do?"

"What do you think? There are a lot of people who are going to pay for the lives of my comrades."

"But there are only women and children left in the town."

"And what's wrong with women and children?"

She backed away from him. "But Hans . . . Hans! You wouldn't! You simply couldn't! There is nobody here now to order you to do it. If you did it . . . why you are no better than all the others."

Slowly his face became very red. His voice was like a whip. "Better than the others? No, I am not. Why should I be? I am a German and that is good enough for me. That means that I am better, anyhow, than all the other people in the world." Suddenly he shouted. "Shut up! Shut up, you! You have no right to speak like that. You have no right . . . Who are you . . . ? A Russian . . .

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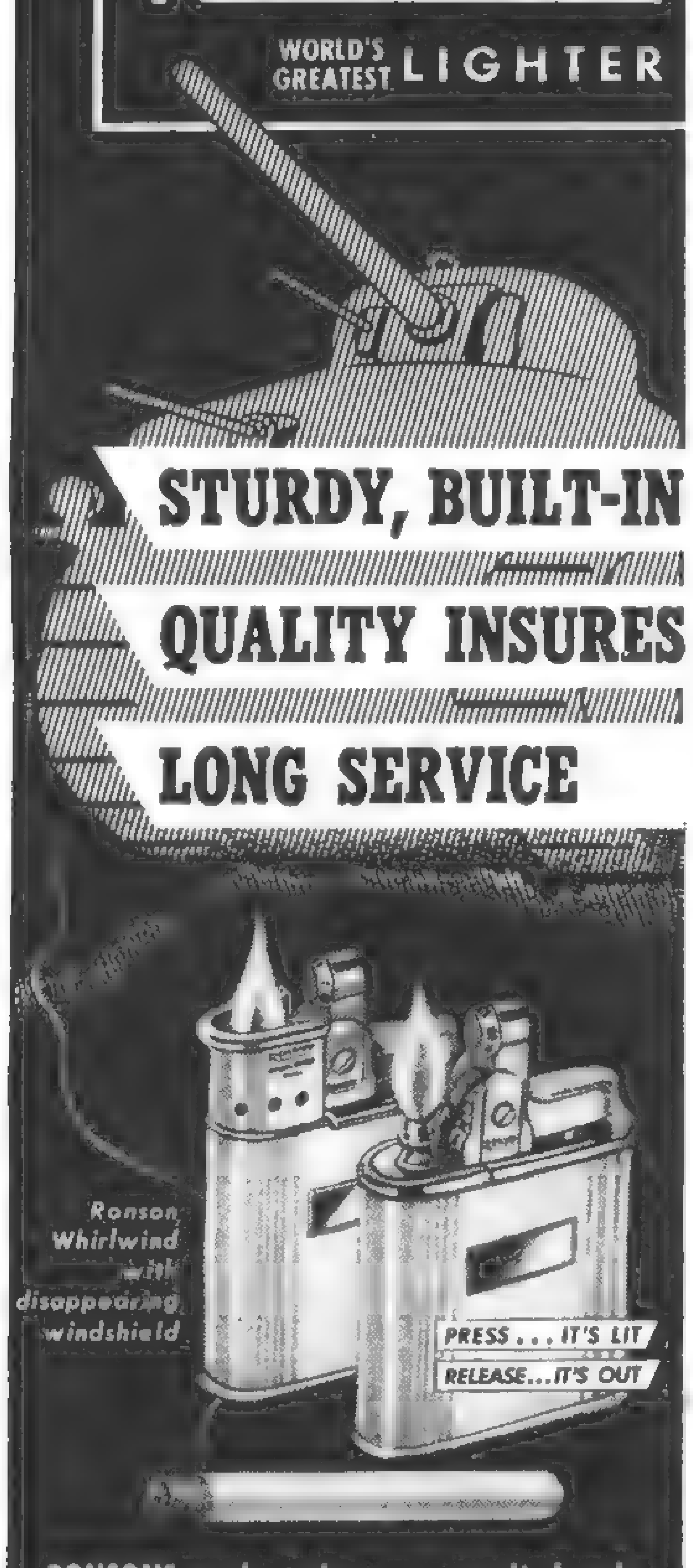
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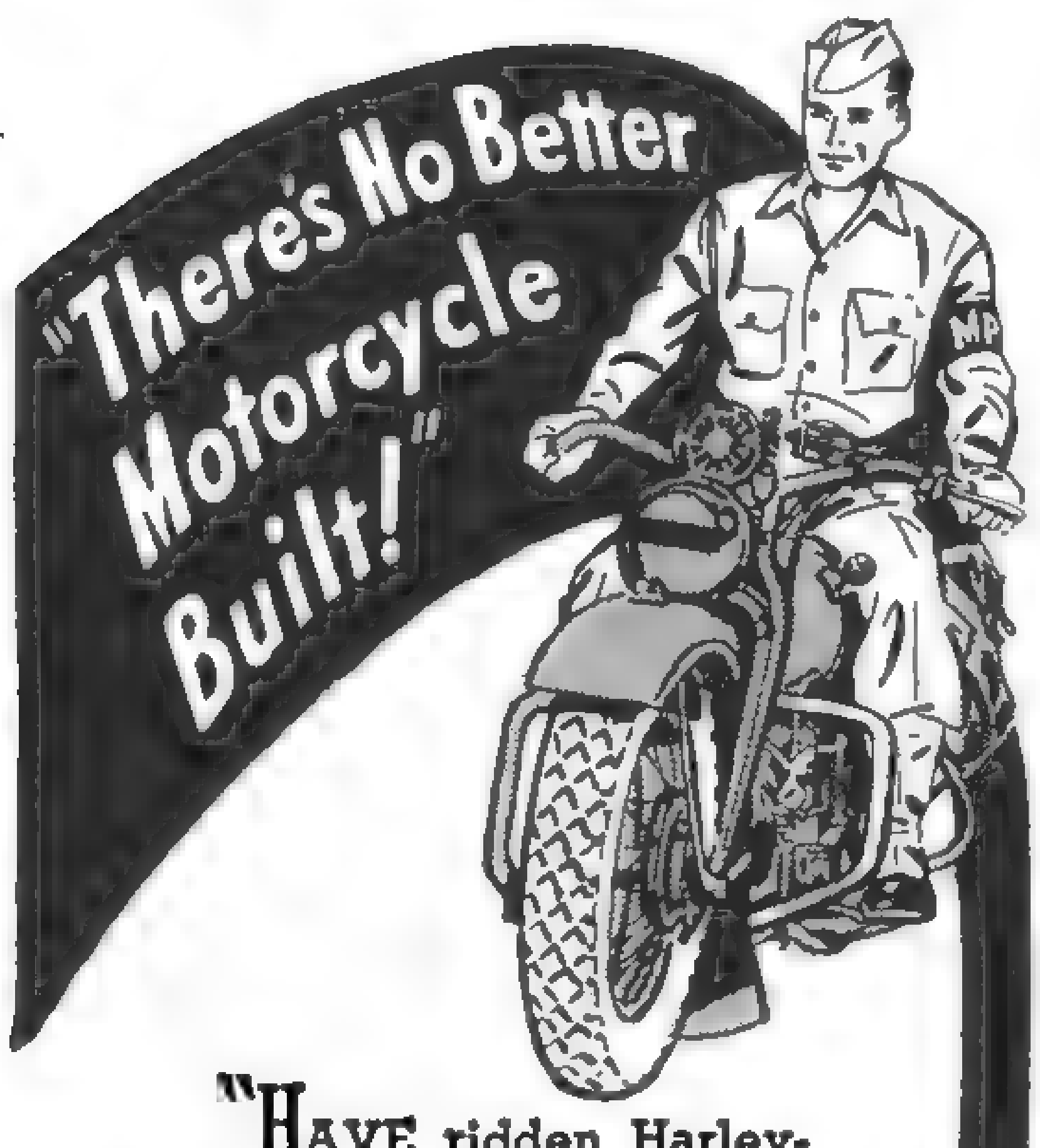
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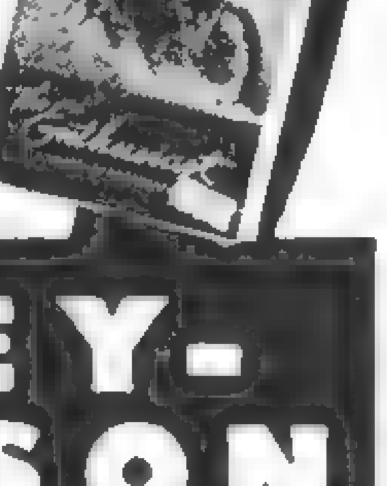

a dirty Russian . . . Don't forget, I am a German . . . Don't you forget . . ."

He was beside himself with rage. He grabbed her and his hands were at her throat. Suddenly he let go. He had heard steps outside. He whipped the gun from his pocket. "You . . . didn't you tell me that they had all left? What is this? A trap?"

As the door was pushed open he pulled the trigger. But nothing happened. He tried again and again. Nothing.

"I fixed that," Maria Ivanovna said coldly. "I fixed that the first five minutes after you came in here."

While she was speaking two Russian soldiers had already jumped on Hans and held him. Now Nicolai Starkowsky entered. He looked even more tired than he had while he was presiding at the trials. There were small drops of sweat on his forehead. He leaned against the door. "Well, Doctor Maria Ivanovna, how did the experiment come out?" he asked.

She smiled sadly. "You were right all the time. They aren't human beings anymore. They are beasts. God knows who is responsible. But that is how it is . . ."

Hans, struggling in vain to free himself, shouted, "I am a prisoner of war. I demand to be treated as such. I am Lieutenant Hans Schmidt."

She nodded slowly, not looking in Hans' direction while she addressed the judge. "As I told you, I recognized him at once." Only then did she turn to the prisoner. "You see, I was a nurse in the Seventy-Sixth Army Hospital. I was working in the south wing when you gave the order to put fire to it . . ."

"It's a lie," Hans screamed. "I am being framed . . ."

"And I took a good look at you, Hans, when you came back the following day to do away with the rest of our wounded whom we had managed to save." Her voice was even, as though she were repeating something she had memorized a long time ago.

"Furthermore," the old judge added, "there are the confessions of your men. They all stated that it was you who gave the order . . ."

Hans no longer struggled. He looked at her. There was pleading and misery in his eyes. She held his glance and then she said: "Yes. Guilty. Eternally guilty."

He never opened his mouth while he was being tried the next day. Not once did he protest. Occasionally his eyes wandered all over the theatre looking for her. When the interpreter translated the death sentence for him, he began to cry.

He saw her once again when he was led under the gallows. She was standing in the first row of spectators. She looked at him intently as though she were examining an interesting object. Only when the truck started to move did the searching expression leave her eyes. ⌗

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Boxing Boom at Wisconsin

Continued from page 62

stalling, cuffing and mauling around in clinches. Busy action calls for superb condition and there again I have a Minneapolis friend to thank for our method of conditioning boxers. I was working out with my good friend Joey Thomas at Potts' Gym, and after three rounds of boxing and a few of shadow boxing, he picked up his bag and started walking to the dressing room. I knew he was training for a ten-rounder the following Friday and was amazed to see him quit after only five or six rounds of work. Joey had just come back from Australia and New Zealand where he had won the championship and had been boxing fifteen-rounders. I questioned him in the dressing room concerning his short workout and his answer was, "I'm fighting Friday, and I'm not leaving any of my fight in the gymnasium. I'll need it all come Friday."

That theory set me to thinking. Here I was in the habit of working twelve and thirteen rounds to prepare myself for a three-rounder and Joey worked six rounds in the gym and was in comparatively better condition for his ten-rounder than I was for my three-rounder. I tried his method and obtained better results for myself, and the "Thomas Method" of conditioning has been used at Wisconsin since my arrival. The boys like the "short but fast" workouts. We believe, too, in short, fast roadwork sessions, rather than the old-fashioned and tedious five-mile jogs.

Probably one of the biggest boosts for Wisconsin boxing has been the caliber of competition we have been able to schedule. Being the only Big Ten school that sponsors intercollegiate boxing we are not confined in the least. There are four good boxing leagues in the country, and we usually meet the best teams of each. We meet Penn State, Syracuse and Virginia, the three most consistent winners of their league. For years we met West Virginia, the perennial champions of their conference. Louisiana State and Southwestern Louisiana Institute are the powerhouses of the South and often we have both of them on our schedule. Washington State has been the Pacific Coast Champion the past seven years and we have met them every year since 1935. Also Idaho and San Jose are strong and have been good opponents.

We have had up to 125 boys out during a season and the question has often been asked how it was possible to get so many boys interested in boxing and keep them that way. I have never cut a boy off a squad, my theory being that as long as the boy feels he is doing himself some good he can stay.

Taking those long trips doesn't hurt the interest of the candidates a bit. The boys at the beginning

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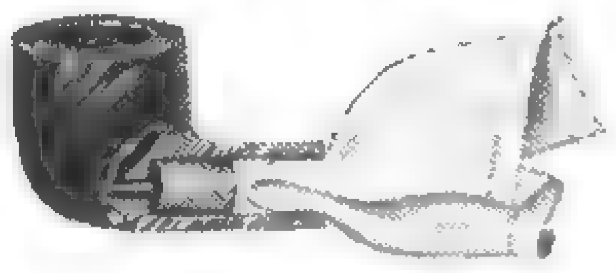

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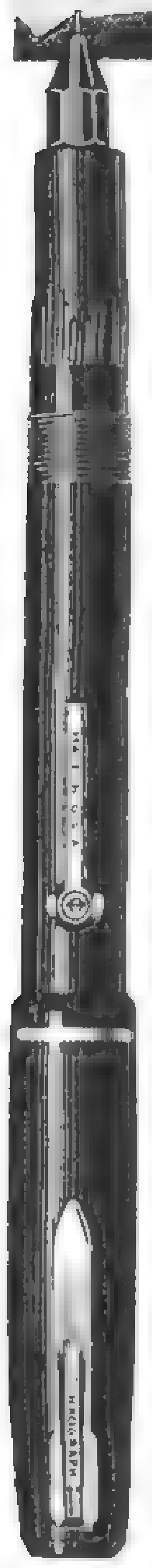

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of the season don't ask, "Whom do we box?"; they always ask, "Where do we travel to box?" I remember when Jack Murray, our All-Conference center in football, reported for boxing, he said, "I'm going to make the team, I've always wanted to see Virginia, and this is my chance!" It's join the squad and see America first; the long trips are arranged during a vacation period so we have no complaints from the professors.

There is always that matter of winning or losing that decides "how big the house." In this angle, we have been very fortunate in that a Wisconsin crowd in our twelve years has never seen us lose a boxing match. That tie with St. Thomas in 1933, and one with West Virginia in 1934, were the closest a Wisconsin fan has come to seeing a defeated Wisconsin boxing team. Our twelve-year record has been sixty wins, five losses, three ties and seventeen individual National Champions.

Friday night has definitely become "fight night" during the winter months at Madison. The towns surrounding Madison within a range of fifty miles, such as Sun Prairie, Columbus, Evansville and Beloit, practically close shop on fight night and join the caravan into Madison to enjoy the bouts. We often get reservations from Milwaukee, Chicago and Green Bay, and one St. Paul fan, Jim Simons, "just by coincidence" always has business in Madison on Fridays during the season. Several times our huge field house has been sold out four and five days in advance of the dual meet, and that means 15,000 people. We sell all our ringside seats in advance of the season to the same individuals each year. The old "faithfuls" that helped us promote the sport at the inception get the seat priorities. Those that entered the service requested and have been promised the same seats after the war.

It is not difficult to see why our boys fight just a little bit harder with such loyal fans behind them. Ten fans in 1940 followed the team to Sacramento, California, for the National Tournament.

In 1939, the first time Wisconsin had the National Tournament, four Wisconsin boys came through out of a possible eight championships, to break the previous record of two champions from the same school. The 1942 team tied this record of four champions at Baton Rouge, and the 1943 Wisconsin team, not to be outdone, and again with the Nationals at Wisconsin, showed Badger fans five National Champions out of eight possibles.

Motion pictures have been taken of all our bouts the last six years and besides being instructive, have been popular with the civic and social gatherings throughout the state. We also send them out to the high schools throughout Wisconsin that have boxing. A few years ago only twenty high schools had boxing; now 200 are going strong.

Harry Stuhldreher, our athletic

Continued on page 190

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and you!

Boxing Boom at Wisconsin

Continued from pages 62-189

director, gave me the idea of using an Ediphone at the ringside to point out the errors and each week the boxer is given a typed copy of his errors and strong points of the previous week. From the movies we also pick out the officers of our "Chin Up and Hands Down Club," with five points to the president, and so on down the list. A boxing coach's first instruction is: "Chin down, hands up and seat off the canvas," so naturally, about the middle of the round, the chin goes up and hands come down, which is ideal—for your opponent! The movies help very much to get this point across and rest assured none of the boys enjoy becoming an officer of the club for even a week. "Appropriate" gifts are presented the boys with the largest number of points during the annual banquet sponsored by the Downtown Seconds Club and the Madison Business Association.

While we are proud of the record of the Badger boxers in the ring, and the popularity the sport has attained at Wisconsin, the real satisfaction for a coach lies in the boys he has seen come in raw and uncertain, and then go out of the game with poise, confidence and manliness. Ninety-five per cent of our boys come from small towns and farms throughout Wisconsin. They are boys who must earn their board and room to stay in school. There are no "rides" for boxers at Wisconsin or for that matter, at any of the schools we meet.

I'll always remember Charlie Zynda, not a boxer, but a "fighter who wouldn't take no for an answer." He caught a couple of tough rights against an Eastern Champion, and between rounds, when I wanted to stop the bout, he remarked, "We've been in tougher ones before, Coach!" He jumped off the stool at the bell, swung a short overhand right and the bout was over.

Little Jackie Gibson, son of Professor Gibson, our 120-pounder who never weighed over 115, was boxing Teddy Kara of Idaho, a former Olympic champion and one of the best amateurs I have ever seen. I wanted Jackie just to last out the match and told him to keep boxing and moving away. His reply was, "Coach, you always said you can't win going backwards!"

When the boys return from service, look for a high school and college boxing boom all over the country the same as we have already had at Wisconsin. The N.C.A.A. Boxing Rules Committee has done a splendid job in bringing about a perfect set of rules and safeguards. When a boxer is cut in any way, the bout is stopped and given to the boy winning at that point. With the large special model high school and collegiate glove that we all

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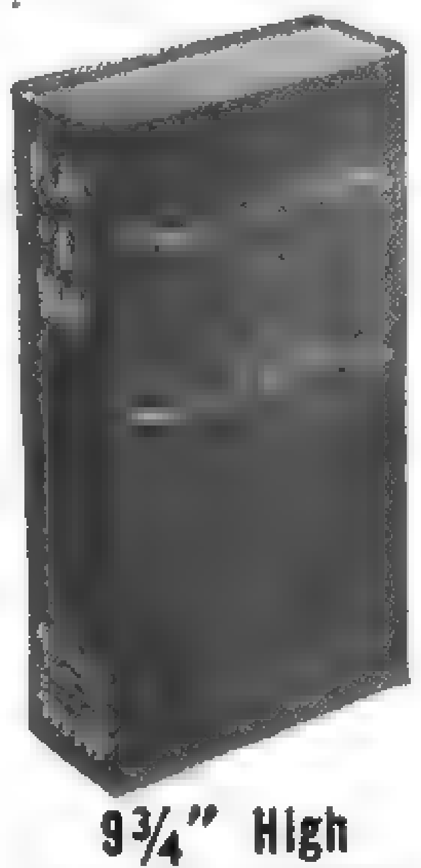

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use, cuts and knockdowns are minimized, as most of the padding is across the hitting surface. Referees are instructed to err on the side of caution and one-sided matches are immediately stopped. A boy knocked down must take a nine-count, thereby allowing him to recover sufficiently. The coach has his boys in shape for the three two-minute rounds and they are properly trained to be able to protect themselves at all times. And, if there are still "die-hards" that object to boxing even though the Army and Navy have considered it a "must" to all men, I refer them to two Doctorates written at Columbia University and San Jose College, both of which placed boxing seventh on the list of sports in comparative injuries. These were written after exhaustive study and both give a very fair picture of competitive sports in relation to injuries.

Daily I receive letters from my former "battlers" now in service all over the world. Naturally I am more proud of the record they are making today in the "big fight" than for all the National Championships they brought to us at Wisconsin.

Take for an example, Omar Crocker, perhaps the greatest all-around college boxer in history, and our captain in 1941. He had chosen the Army for his life's work before Pearl Harbor. Today he has changed from a college boxing captain to a captain in the artillery, and was decorated for bravery at Buna Village. "Woody" Swancutt, Crocker's sparring mate, and two-time National Champion, changed his 1940 boxing captain's uniform into that of an Army aviation cadet. A premed student, he had another year to compete, and he undoubtedly would have been the first three-time Intercollegiate Champion. Today he is a major and was the Number One pilot of Bolling Field for a year. He was chosen to fly Lord Mountbatten from Canada to Washington, D. C., and "Woody" for a time was General Knudsen's private pilot on the general's inspection tours. Swancutt's arch rival in the 155 class, Heston Daniels of Louisiana State, is also an Air Corps major. He was with Doolittle over Tokyo; has been knocked down three times over France and Germany and escaped every time. Clay Hogan, 127-pounder from Oshkosh, Wisconsin, has been decorated for extraordinary bravery dive bombing over Bougainville. Billy Marquardt, 165-pounder from Two Rivers, Wisconsin, worked his way through school, finished with practically a straight "A," took Greek "for a pipe course." Today he's a lieutenant in the Navy and is decoding messages in six languages. I could go through a long list of military achievements of my Wisconsin boxers and I know that all other coaches could do the same with their boxers. And all of us are proud of each and every one of them! ##

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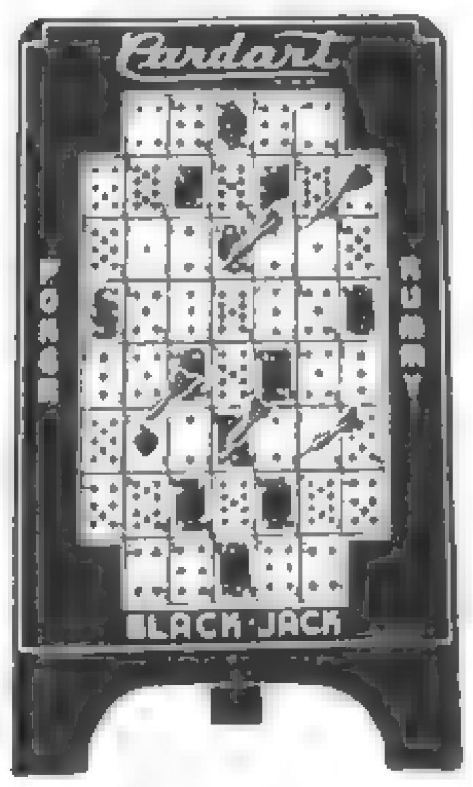

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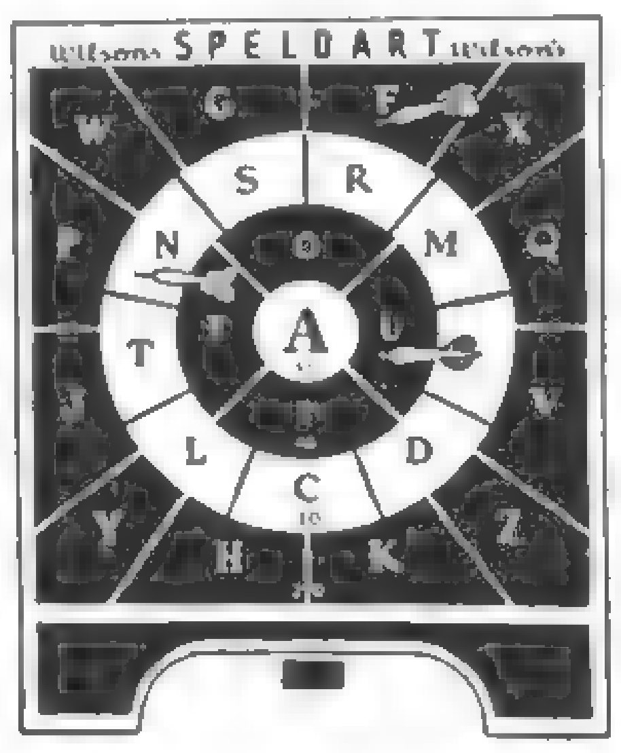

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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

OCTOBER 1944

Abels, Robert 18
Adler Shoes for Men 24
Allen Edmonds 193
Alligator Co., The 129
Alpagora (Stratbury Mfg. Co.) 170
American Airlines, Inc. 21
American Optical Co. (Cool-Ray) 182
Angostura-Wuppermann Corp. 180
Apple Jack Brandy (Speas Co.) 186
Arch Preserver Shoes (E. T. Wright & Co., Inc.) 121
Arlington Mills 144
Arrid 132
Arrow (Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.) 101
Arrow Importing Co. (Ayrostar) 145
Ascot Toiletries (Solon Palmer) 164
Augusta Knitting Corp. 192
Ayrostar (Arrow Importing Co.) 145

Bacardi Imports, Inc. 14
Barclay & Co., Ltd., Jas. (Corby's) 126
Bass & Co., G. H. (Weejuns) 153
Bell Watch Co. 8
Berke Cake Co., Inc. 31
Bielzoff Products Co., D. J. (Red Horse) 163
Biltmore Pipe Co. 24
Blatz Brewing Co. 158
Book-of-the-Month Club 9
Bostonians (Footsaver Shoes) 176
Botany Worsted Mills:
  "500" Fabric 114
  Wrinkle-Proof Ties 13
Bristol-Myers (Mum) 139
British Walkers (J. P. Smith Shoe Co.) 169
Brown-Forman Distillers Corp. (King) 30
Brugal Rum (Park & Tilford Import Corp) 130
Burger, Joseph 18

California Sportswear Co. 154
Calvert Distillers Corp. (Lord Calvert) 102
Camels (R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.) IV cover
Cameo Vineyards Co. (Croix Royale) 26
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc. (Nuyens) 177
Castle Hats (O'Rourke of California) 156
Catalina Knitting Mills 165
Cheney Brothers 109
Chicago Daily News, The 131
Cisco, Inc. (Sportville) 146
Claristine (Leroux & Co., Inc.) 194
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. (Arrow) 101
Cohama Tie Fabrics 125
Colt-Cromwell Saddle Soap 186
Columbia Walescraft Co. 24
Comptone Co. (Oculens) 24
Consolidated Lobster Co., Inc. 26
Continental Briar Pipe Co., Inc. (Royal Duke) 175
Cool-Ray (American Optical Co.) 182
Cooper Safety Razor Corp. (Kant-Rust Blades) 188
Coopers, Inc. (Jockey) 155
Corby's (Jas. Barclay & Co., Ltd.) 126
Coronet Brandy (Schenley Distillers Corp.) 134
Cosmopolitan Mfg. Co. 183
Courtley, Ltd. 166
Crawford Watch Co. 16
Crompton-Richmond Co., Inc. (Top-Flight) 184
Croton Watch Co., Inc. 140
Curtis Shoe Co., Inc. 184

Delapenha & Co., Inc., R. U. (Myers's Rum) 26
Dennis Co., The Martin (Lexol) 16
Detective Book Club 23
Disney Hats 191
Distinctive Creations, Inc. 8
Dobbs Hats 25
Doniger & Co., David D. (McGregor Sportswear) 36
Don Q Rum (Schieffelin & Co.) 154
Doppelt & Co., Charles (Dopp-Kit) 151
Drueke & Sons, Wm. F. (Play-a-Way) 190
DuBouchett (Many, Blanc & Co., Inc., Ltd.) 174
Dunhill of London, Inc., Alfred 167
Dunlap Hats 105
Dutch Masters 141

Continued on page 193

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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

(Continued)

Eagle Clothes.................. 157
Eaton, Charles A. (Etonic Arch). 183
Electric Auto-Lite Co., The..... 17
Enger-Kress Co................ 166
Eterna Watch Co. of America... 164
Etonic Arch (Charles A. Eaton) . 183
Expanso Belt 145

Fellman, Ltd. (Fel-Mocs)....... 24
Fields & Co. (Readinjack)...... 8
"51" (The Parker Pen Co.)...II cover
Florsheim Shoe Co., The........ 4
Footsaver Shoes (Bostonians).... 176
Forstner Chain Corp............ 193
4711 Perfumes................. 161
Foster Bros. Sportswear Co...... 172
Frank & Meyer Neckwear Co. (Regal).................... 139
Frankfort Distillers Corp. (Four Roses)................ 11
Freeman Shoe Corp............ 159

General Shoe Corp. (Jarman).... 20
Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc. (Kentucky Tavern).......... 147
Globe Aircraft Corp............ 117
Globe Novelty House (Royal London).................... 16
Glover Co., H. B............... 143
Goebel Brewing Co............. 181
Grelva, Inc. (Krashe)........... 16
Gripper Fasteners (Scovill Mfg. Co.).................. 171

Haig & Haig (Somerset Imp., Ltd.) 173
Hamilton Watch Co............ 186
Hanan & Son, Inc.............. 187
Harley-Davidson Motor Co...... 187
Harper, I. W. (Bernheim Distilling Co., Inc.).......... 22
Harris Tweed Assn., Ltd........ 142
Hart Schaffner & Marx......... 29
Hartmann Trunk Co........... 174
Harvey's (Park & Tilford Import Corp.).............. 185
Havana Club Rum (R. C. Williams & Co., Inc.) 160
Hesson Guard Milano........... 188
Heublein & Bro., Inc., G. F. (A-1 Sauce)................ 32
Hickok Braces................. 113
Hilgers & Co., J. (Rex Hunters Dog Powders).............. 18
Holeproof Hosiery Co.......... 103
Hollis Co. (Klipette)........... 18
Hollycourt (M. Linkman & Co.).. 144
Hollywood Polish Co........... 8
House of Heywood, The (Matrix Shoes) 156
Hull Mfg. Co.................. 16

Inkograph Co., Inc......... ... 189

Jantzen Knitting Mills......... 135
Jarman (General Shoe Corp.).... 20
Je Reviens.................... 190
Jockey (Coopers, Inc.).......... 155

Kant-Rust Blades (Cooper Safety Razor Corp.).......... 188
Kaywoodie Co.............III cover
Keepsake Diamonds (A. H. Pond Co., Inc.).............. 158
Keith Co., George E. (Walk-Overs) 146
Kellogg Co., Robert W......... 18
Kelly's, Jimmy................ 31
Kentucky Tavern (Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc.).......... 147
King (Brown-Forman Distillers Corp.)..................... 30
Kingston Watch Co............ 18
Knox Hats.................... 12
Kuppenheimer................ 149

Laird & Co.................... 26
Lakeland Mfg. Co............. 193
Lamb Knit Goods Co., The..... 155
Leon & Eddie's................ 26
Leroux & Co., Inc. (Claristine)... 194
Lilianelle (Pinaud Parfumeurs)... 118
Linguaphone Institute 18
Linkman & Co., M. (Hollycourt) . 144
Lion of Troy (M. Nirenberg Sons, Inc.)................. 159
Literary Guild of America, Inc... 15
Longfellows (Penn Tobacco Co.). 181
Lord Calvert (Calvert Distillers Corp.).................... 102
Lubin-Weeker Co., Inc. (Weldon) 122

Continued on page 194

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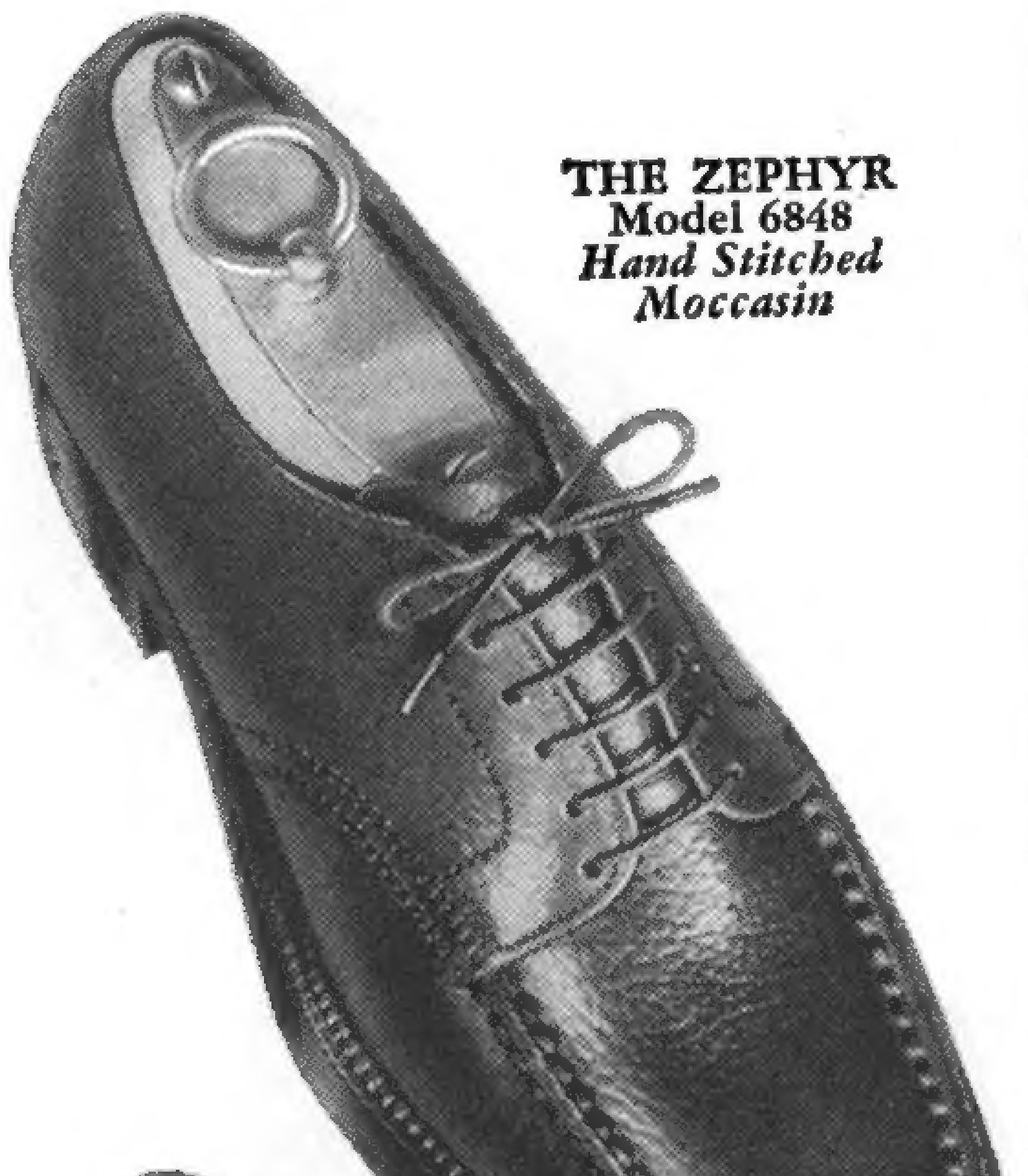

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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

(Continued)

- MacFadden Foundation........ 16
- Many, Blanc & Co., Inc., Ltd. (DuBouchett)........ 174
- Marlboro Cigarettes (Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc.)........ 163
- Marlboro Shirt Co., Inc........ 175
- Martin Co., The Glenn L........ 3
- Marxman Pipes........ 18
- Mathey-Tissot........ 157
- Matrix (The House of Heywood). 156
- McCurrach Organization........ 37
- McGregor Sportswear (David D. Doniger & Co.)........ 36
- McKesson & Robbins, Inc. (L. N. Renault & Sons, Inc.)........ 179
- Meeker Co., Inc., The........ 170
- Merito Wines (National Distillers Products Corp.)........ 182
- Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer........ 33
- Middleton, John (Walnut Tobacco) 173
- Mido Watch Co. of America, Inc.. 143
- Monarch Mfg. Co., The........ 116
- Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., Philip:
  - Country Doctor........ 8
  - Marlboro Cigarettes........ 163
  - Philip Morris........ 128
- Mount Hope Finishing Co. (Wat-a-tite)........ 180
- Mum (Bristol-Myers)........ 139

- National Distillers Prods. Corp:
  - DeKuyper's Delecta........ 26
  - Merito Wines........ 182
  - Old Angus........ 171
  - Old Crow........ 140
  - Penn Maryland........ 38
  - Ron Merito........ 168
- National Briar Pipe Co........ 26
- National Magic Co........ 8
- Nettleton Co., A. E........ 161
- New York Sun, The........ 119
- Nirenberg Sons, Inc., M. (Lion of Troy)........ 159
- Nor-East (Wembley, Inc.)........ 120
- Noymer Mfg. Co........ 189
- Nuyens (Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.)........ 177

- Ogilvie Method........ 8
- Old Angus (National Distillers Products Corp.)........ 171
- Old Crow (National Distillers Products Corp.)........ 140
- Old Fitzgerald (Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Inc.)........ 191
- O'Leary, Inc., Lydia (Cover-Mark Spot-Stik)........ 16
- Omega Watches........ 160
- O'Rourke of California (Castle Hats)........ 156

- Pacific Mills........ 150
- Pal Razor Blades........ 18
- Palmer, Solon (Ascot Toiletries).. 164
- Paris Free-Swing Suspenders (A. Stein & Co.)........ 153
- Park & Tilford Distillers, Inc:
  - Booth's House of Lords........ 32
  - Brugal Rum........ 130
  - Harvey's........ 185
  - Private Stock........ 115
  - Reserve........ 27
  - Vat 69........ 104
- Parker Pen Co., The ("51")...II cover
- Penn Maryland (National Distillers Prods. Corp.)........ 38
- Penn Tobacco Co. (Longfellows).. 181
- Pennstate Cigar Corp. (Wedgewood Panetelas)........ 32
- Peper Tobacco, Christian (London Dock)........ 31
- Personna Precision Blades........ 192
- Phillips-Jones Corp. (Van Heusen) 137
- Phoenix Socks........ 193
- Piedmont Shirt Co. (Wings)........ 165
- Pinaud Parfumeurs (Lilianelle)... 118
- Pioneer Belts........ 108
- Play-a-Way (Wm. F. Drueke & Sons)........ 190
- Plaza, The........ 31
- Pleetway Pajamas........ 168
- Plummer, Ltd........ 24
- Plymouth Mfg. Co........ 178
- Pond Co., Inc., A. H. (Keepsake Diamonds)........ 158
- Portis Bros. Hat Co........ 172
- Private Stock (Park & Tilford Distillers, Inc.)........ 115
- Pulvex Flea Powder........ 24

- Rabsons........ 32
- Rainfair, Inc........ 152
- Red Horse (D. J. Bielzoff Products Co.)........ 163
- Regal (Frank & Meyer Neckwear Co.)........ 139
- Reis & Co., Robert (Scandals)........ 169
- Remington Arms Co., Inc........ 28
- Renault & Sons, Inc., L. N. (McKesson & Robbins, Inc.)........ 179
- Reynolds Tobacco Co., R.J. (Camels)........IV cover
- Riondo Rum (Somerset Imp., Ltd.) 138
- Rogers Imports, Inc........ 142
- Rolfs "Director" Billfold........ 162
- Ron Merito (National Distillers Products Corp.)........ 168
- Ronrico Corp........ 32
- Ronson Lighters........ 187
- Roper Knitting Co. (Scotty Kote) 152
- Royal Duke (Continental Briar Pipe Co.)........ 175
- Rumpp & Sons, C. F........ 178

- Samsonite (Shwayder Bros., Inc.) 127
- Scandals (Robert Reis & Co.)........ 169
- Schenley Reserve (Schenley Distillers Corp.)........ 111
- Schieffelin & Co:
  - Don Q Rum........ 154
  - Hennessy........ 32
- Schnefel Bros. Corp. (La Cross).. 8
- Schrank & Shaw (Cistercienne)... 31
- Scotty Kote (Roper Knitting Co.) 152
- Scovill Mfg. Co. (Gripper Fasteners)........ 171
- Seagram-Distillers Corp. (7 Crown) 35
- Season Skipper (C. B. Shane Corp.) 107
- Sellers Co., Ltd. (Van Merritt Beer)........ 26
- own (Seagram-Distillers Corp.) 35
- Shane Corp., C. B. (Season Skipper)........ 107
- Shedd Bartush Foods, Inc. (Old Style Sauce)........ 31
- Shwayder Bros., Inc. (Samsonite) 127
- Simpson, Inc., J. B........ 141
- Skinner & Sons, Wm........ 188
- Smith Shoe Co., J. P. (British Walkers)........ 169
- Somerset Importers, Ltd:
  - Haig & Haig........ 173
  - Riondo Rum........ 138
- Southern Comfort Corp........ 32
- Speas Co. (Apple Jack Brandy).. 186
- Speidel........ 191
- Sportville (Cisco, Inc.)........ 146
- Stein Bros. Mfg. Co. (Stebco)... 190
- Stein & Co., A. (Paris Free-Swing Suspenders)........ 153
- Stetson Shoe Co., Inc., The........ 179
- Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Inc. (Old Fitzgerald)........ 191
- Stone-Tarlow Co., Inc........ 16
- Stratbury Mfg. Co. (Alpagora)... 170
- Studebaker Corp., The........ 123
- Sugar Mfrs'. Assn. (of Jamaica), Ltd., The........ 31
- Swank, Inc........ 106

- Taylor Corp., E. E........ 189
- TexTan........ 185
- Time Mart........ 24
- Timely Clothes, Inc........ 177
- Top-Flight (Crompton-Richmond Co., Inc.)........ 184
- Tripler & Co., F. R........ 151

- Van Heusen (Phillips-Jones Corp.) 137
- Vat 69 (Park & Tilford Import Corp.)........ 104

- Walk-Overs (Geo. E. Keith Co.).. 146
- Walnut Tobacco (John Middleton) 173
- Wat-a-tite (Mount Hope Finishing Co.)........ 180
- Webster Cigars........ 19
- Weejuns (G. H. Bass & Co.)........ 153
- Weldon (Lubin-Weeker Co., Inc.) 122
- Wembley, Inc. (Nor-East)........120
- Westminster Socks........ 176
- Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co........ 194
- Whittemore's Shoe Polish........ 16
- Wildroot Co., Inc........ 110
- Williams & Co., Inc., R. C. (Havana Club Rum)........ 160
- Wilson Sporting Goods Co........ 192
- Wings (Piedmont Shirt Co.)........ 165
- Wood & Sons, Inc., J. R........ 162
- Wright & Co., Inc., E. T. (Arch Preserver Shoes)........ 121
- Wyler Watch Agency........ 167

- Yale, George........ 16

- Zenith Radio Corp........ 7

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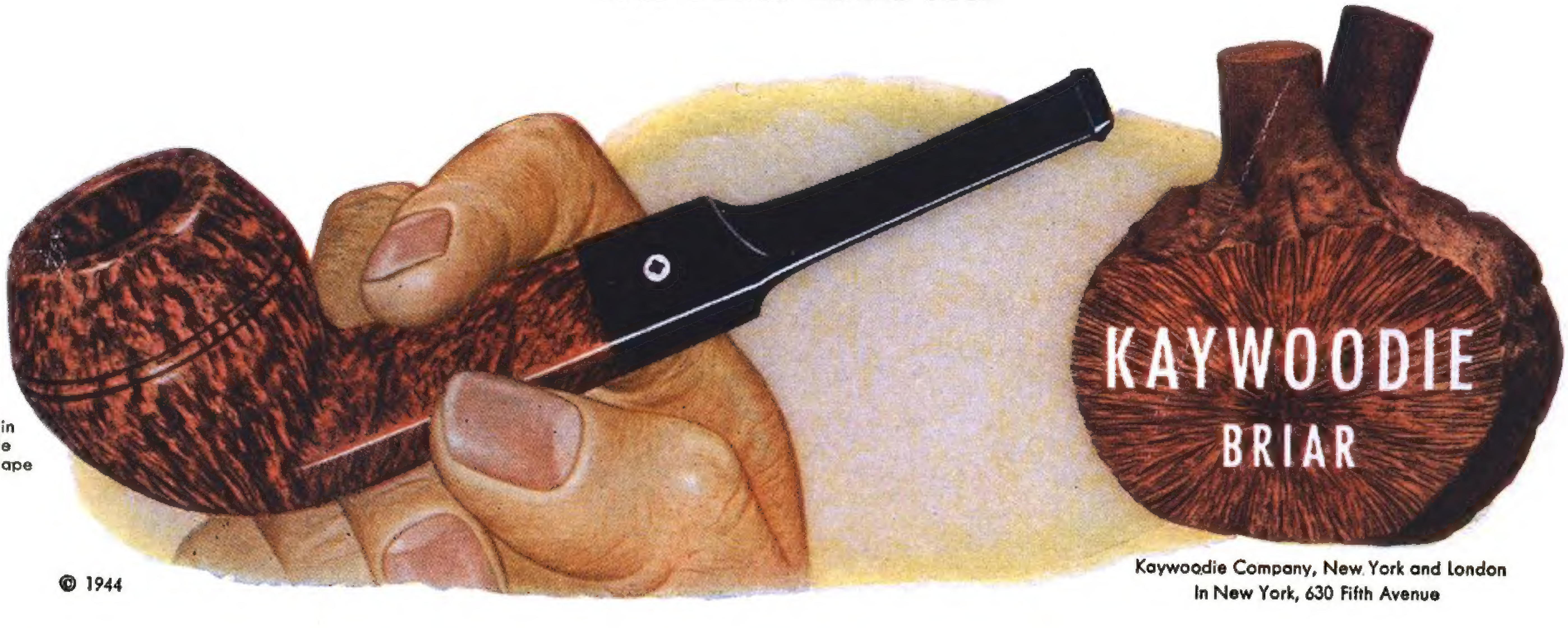

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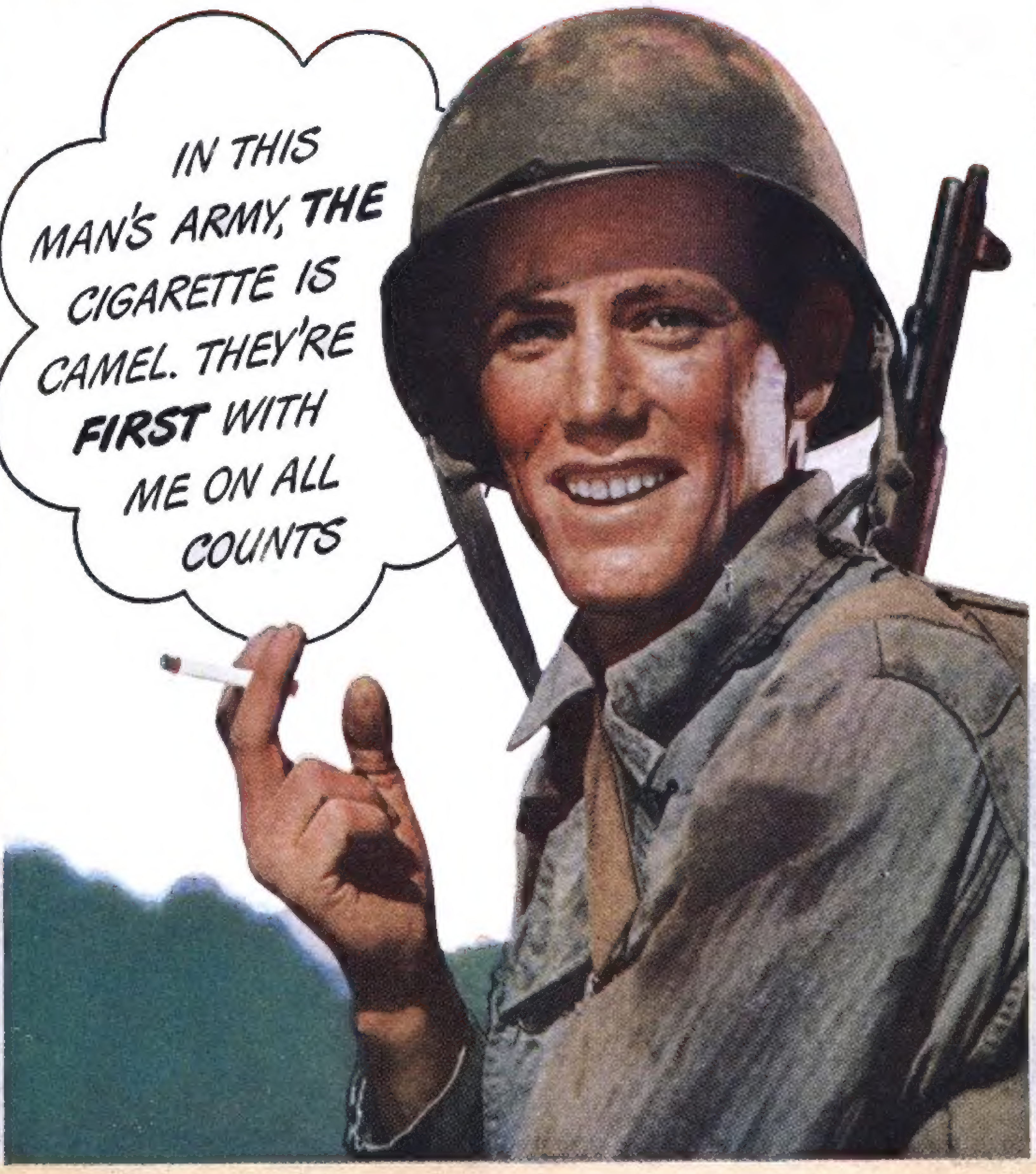
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